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June 21, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

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He was a lesson to her

SHE certainly learned something that evening. And that was: Never to accept an evening's invitation to dance unless she had danced *before* with the man who asked her. He seemed very fond of her and almost monopolized the entire evening, but by the end of the party he was almost revolting to her. He would be the last to suspect why.

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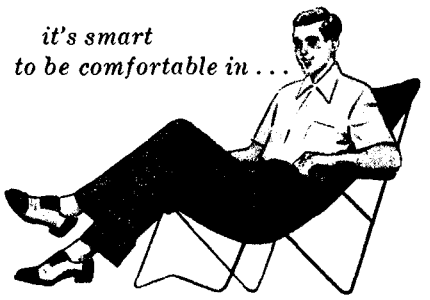

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June 21, 1952

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The handsome blond couple enjoying the swimming pool with their twenty-one-month-old baby daughter, Jan, are the Jackie Jensens, of Oakland, California, and the sports page headlines. Husband Jackie is the onetime University of California All-America fullback who now plays major-league baseball for the Washington Senators. His wife, the former Zoe Ann Olsen, is one of America's finest divers. The winner of 14 national diving championships, she'll seek her second U.S. team berth at the Olympic tryouts July 4th, 5th and 6th in Indianapolis. For more pictures of this All-America family, turn to page 24.

Week's Mail

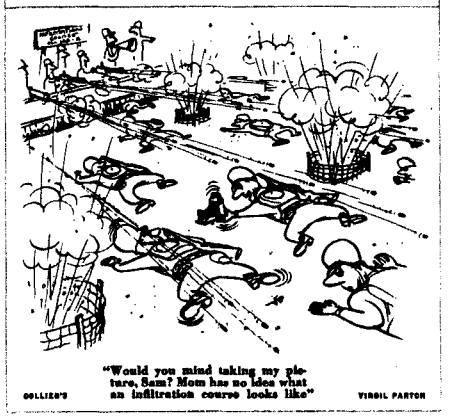
Reconsideration

EDITOR: I had almost completed arrangements with a company which manufactures campaign buttons for a thousand (for a starter) reading: "I don't like anybody." Then I read your Harriman article (The American Who Knows Stalin Best, May 3d). Now, I don't know.

J. W. ANDERSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.

True to Life

VIP'S WAR



EDITOR: All of the members of the 18th Infantry Regiment, a unit of the famous First Infantry Division, got a big lift from Virgil Partch's Infiltration Course cartoon, and thought you and your readers might appreciate seeing what the real thing looks like.

The enclosed picture was taken as Company "I," 18th Inf., squirmed through the clinging mud of our regimental "Confidence Course" recently.

The courses, which feature negotiation of barbed-wire obstacles, overhead machine-gun fire, and demolition charges to simulate shell fire, have been redesignated "Confidence Courses," with a stress on building the soldier's confidence in his ability to survive under battle conditions rather than "infiltrating" enemy lines.

LIEUT. MARION D. JOYCE, Aschaffenburg, Ger.

Exposing the Clip Joints

EDITOR: Congratulations to you and Mr. William J. Slocum for bringing that excellent article Honkytonk, U.S.A. (Apr. 26th)

(Continued on page 10)

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Never risk lives to save minutes! *The penalty for losing a race with a train . . . or a streetcar . . . or a truck . . . is often death!*

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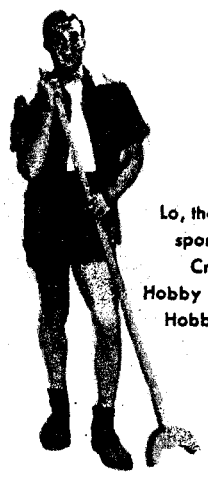
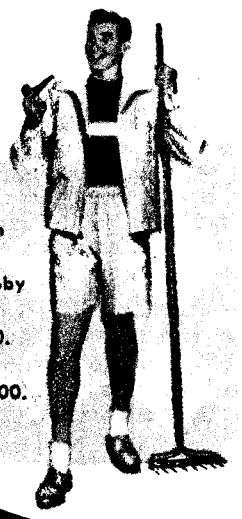
Out for the Summer IN BRENTWOOD HOBBY JEANS of U.S. ROYAL FABRICS



Lo, the seasoned sportster in his smart Crawford Royalon set. Hobby Jac—$8.50. Hobby Shorts—$4.00.



Double in denim for those casual hours. Burbank Hobby Jac—$6.00. Palmetto Hobby Shorts—$4.50. Also colorful T-shirt—$2.00.

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Russia's Phony Stamps

By MICHAEL MacDOUGALL

EVERY day, U.S. stamp enthusiasts contribute a sizable sum to the Kremlin's coffers. No record exists of the exact amount they shell out for Soviet stamps, because stamps come in duty-free; but estimates vary from $2,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year—either way, a handsome piece of change.

In Moscow, where office space is at a premium, a large building has been designated for the use of the Soviet Philatelic Agency. The United States too has a Government Philatelic Agency. But there the resemblance ceases. American stamps are issued primarily for postal purposes. In Russia most adhesives are created for sale to foreign collectors.

To extract every dollar possible, the Soviet indulges in practices which philatelists deem questionable, to say the least. One is to issue the identical stamp both perforated and imperforate, thus doubling the salable number among the same clientele without extra expenditure.

Many collectors hold that a stamp is not a stamp until it has been canceled. To cater to these, the Soviet agency peddles tremendous quantities of stamps which, although "canceled," have never been used. Any American dealer can supply "used" Russian stamps with full gum on the back. Had they been legitimately used for mailing, the gum would have disappeared when they were soaked off the envelopes.

The average Russian never even sees all the stamps put out by his government. He uses the regular issue. Unchanged since 1929, these stamps have none of the pictorial appeal of the so-called commemoratives. They're small, badly centered and poorly printed.

The Soviet citizen who used certain Russian commemoratives would be asking for a quick trip to the salt mines. In 1943 and 1944 the U.S.S.R. issued stamps featuring the British and American flags. Cold War or not, these sets are still on sale in Moscow. But what would happen to the tovarisch rash enough to frank his mail with these reminders of democracy?

Some Russian stamps never see Russia. In 1939, a set of two picturing the Russian Pavilion at New York's World's Fair was on sale at the fair. Reliable report was that these stamps were made, "canceled" and sold in New York.

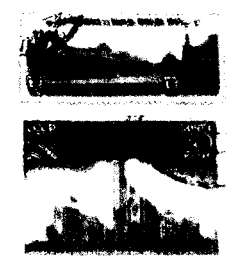
Russian philatelic chicanery reached a new high when the U.S.S.R. popularized a remote province to peddle more stamps. Tannu Tuva, a wild Asiatic region, inhabited by 100,000 people, largely illiterate nomads, has virtually no communications, but it has issued dozens of gaudy labels: there isn't a single known public airfield in all of Tannu Tuva, but that didn't stop the Soviets from issuing a set of air mails.

If a country can be said to counterfeit its own stamps, Russia has done it. In 1921 the Soviets issued four semipostal stamps for famine relief; in 1922, four more to encourage agriculture. (Semipostals are sold for more than postage value; the added revenue goes to the cause designated thereon.) Both sets sold well. Then came the war and German bombers. The plates were destroyed. After the war, the Soviet Philatelic Agency received numerous orders for these issues. Dealers were informed none were available.

But obviously it hurt to forgo so many beautiful American dollars. Expert Russian engravers were ordered to duplicate the original plates, and soon the coveted semipostals reappeared on sale.

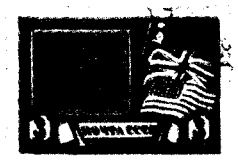
When keen-eyed philatelists noticed minute differences between the stamps bought before and after the war, loud squawks ensued. The Soviet Philatelic Agency disclaimed any connection with the fraud, and promised swift punishment to the culprits. Sale of the phonies was stopped. But the memory of easy money lingered on. Recently counterfeit sets of the air mails Russia first issued in 1933 have appeared in America. Treasury agents have traced these spurious stamps to Belgium. Thence, presumably, the trail led back to Moscow. The Soviets have profited by experience; they now sell the counterfeits through a third party. Either way, it's still exchanging valuable dollars for valueless paper.

The issuance of perforated and imperforate stamps of the same type increases sales without extra cost



Gum on back of Russian postage stamps tips off fact that these "canceled" stamps haven't been used

Tannu Tuva, a province under rule of Soviet, has no known airfields, but it still peddles air mails



Despite Cold War, U.S.S.R. still sells stamps to foreigners showing its wartime friendship for Allies

Stamp showing a Russian sculpture at 1939 World's Fair was reported made and "canceled" in N.Y.

Ordinary Russians never see most U.S.S.R. stamps, and they must use badly printed issues like this one

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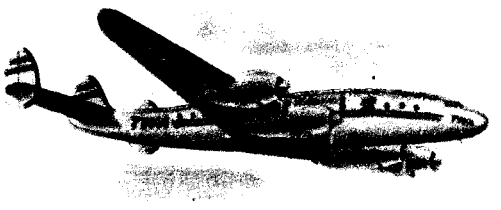
How to make the smallest problem out of traveling with little ones

Most problems of travel with children evaporate — in the air. Aboard a giant TWA Constellation Skyliner, awe-struck youngsters are too busy *seeing* to be heard from. And smooth Skyliner speed gets you there before they grow restless or weary. TWA Family Fares ease money problems, too.
You pay half-fare Monday through Wednesday for family members who fly with you . . . and babies go free as the air.



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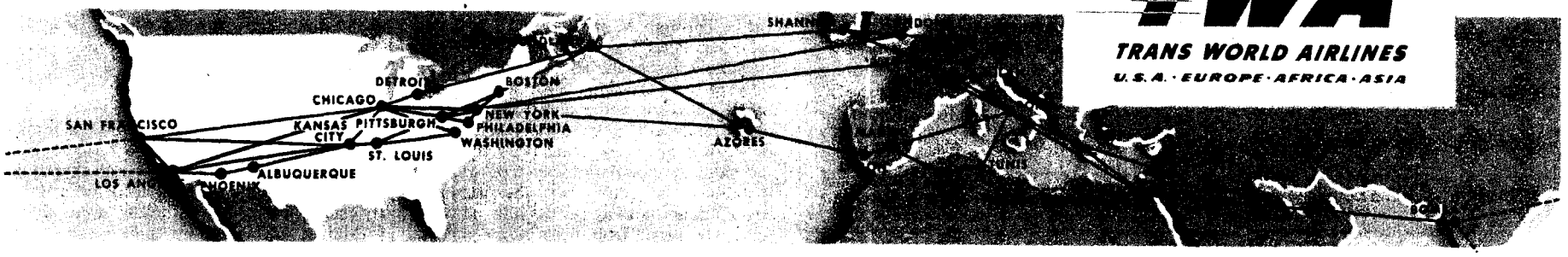

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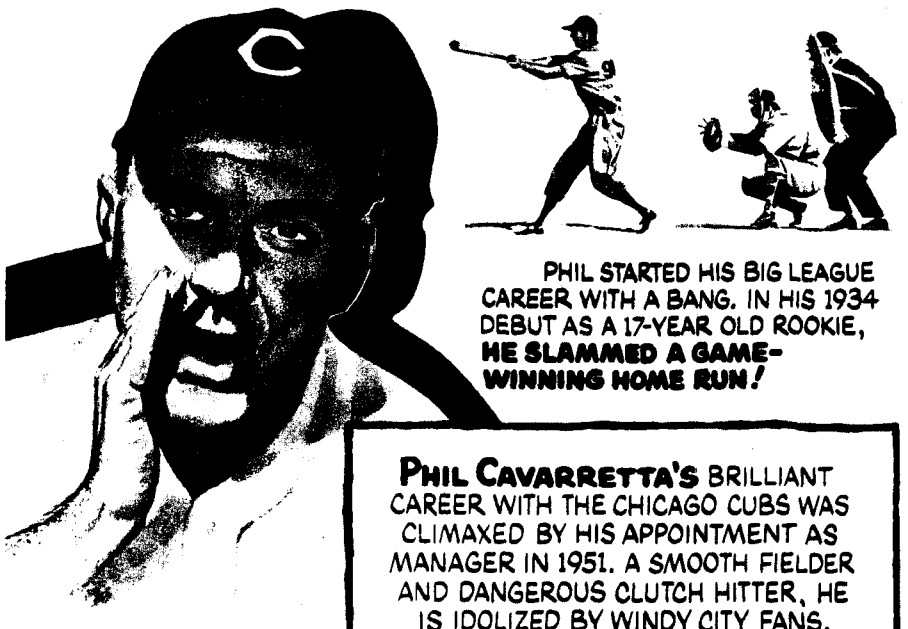
CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Phil Cavarretta



PHIL STARTED HIS BIG LEAGUE CAREER WITH A BANG. IN HIS 1934 DEBUT AS A 17-YEAR OLD ROOKIE, **HE SLAMMED A GAME-WINNING HOME RUN!**

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look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! **use Gillette Blue Blades** WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

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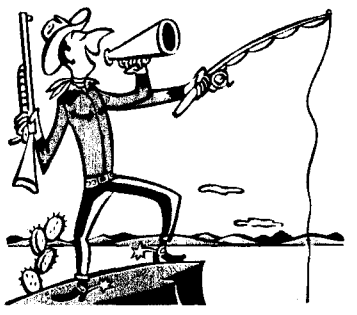
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Receipt is hereby acknowledged of a vociferous but interesting ballyhoo of the Southwest Sports and Vacation Show held in Dallas, Texas. In that state, it reliably informs us, hunters shoot 40,000 white-tailed deer annually, a mere tenth of the annual crop. Also thousands of quail, geese, wild turkeys, ducks and other winged game. And without making much of a dent in the vast numbers available, either. "A Texan,"



writes Mr. Dan Lovetre, sending a quote from the Dallas Morning News, as verification, "is happy with fishing tackle in one hand and a gun in the other." To which Mr. Lovetre adds: "In our third hand we carry a megaphone."

★ ★ ★

And Miss Blossom Horowits, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, wonders whether you noticed that F.D.R.'s dog, the late Fala, did not leave a single hint for future historians on what went on at the North Atlantic meeting of his master and Mr. Churchill.

★ ★ ★

Just to show you how dumb we are, we were shocked to hear Senator Ed Johnson (D., Colo.) denounce General Eisenhower for the $7,900,000,000 Mutual Aid Program demand upon us taxpayers. And all the time we thought it was a Turnip Day project by a fellow named Truman.

★ ★ ★

Doubtless it's the mean streak in us but we applaud the comment of a girl reporter in New Orleans who listened with ill-concealed scorn to an arriving Brazilian journalist's declaration that, in his opinion, United States girls are "too masculine." Said she, with what is reported to be a sigh: "Somebody's got to be."

★ ★ ★

This increasing habit of recreant public servants, former and current, of failing to show up for questioning by Congressional committees is getting on the nerves of Mr. W. Jerome Lamb. He writes from Salem, Oregon, that ill health is the customary excuse for their inability to tell where they got the dough. "Has everybody forgotten," demands Mr. Lamb, "that there are excellent hospitals in most of our prisons?"

★ ★ ★

The train was rolling successfully westward. Through Minnesota and North Dakota, Mr. Peter Flood tried hard to engage the fellow across the aisle in polite but intelligent conversation. Got a few yeps, nopes, guess-sos and mebbies, but nothing you'd really call a beneficial exchange of ideas. But presently came the long, silent and almost populationless trek through Montana. The fellow across the aisle broke down about halfway across the powerful state. He turned from the window and said to Mr. Flood: "Seems like a mighty lot of yonder out there."

★ ★ ★

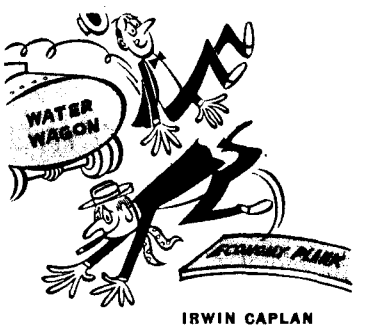
For light summer reading, warranted not to corrode the intellect and as a pleasant antidote to the howlings from political platforms, you probably can't do much better than Best Sports Stories of 1952, published by E. P. Dutton & Company. Naturally we don't say this merely because Collier's is represented twice in this book, but so long as that's so we suggest you read Tom Meany's Hard Luck Bill Keeps Pitching (Collier's for July 28, 1951) and Stanley Woodward's There Never Was a Football Upset (Collier's for December 1, 1951).

★ ★ ★

Inspired by our recent account of an Oklahoman who had invented a suction trailer to follow cotton trucks and gather up what they drop, Mr. C. H. Floyd advises us from Cason, Texas, that, aided by four Mexican boys, he used to do the same thing—but by hand—making $25 a day. Old stuff for Mr. Floyd, whose real claim to fame is that "five years ago in Shreveport, Louisiana, I cut down a full-grown oak tree using only a razor blade." Doesn't say why. Prodigies of such dimensions are not to be unexpected from steady readers of Collier's. For example, Mr. Dick Purry, of Roanoke, Virginia, says he's manager of a center fielder who hit 55 home runs in 56 times at bat in the past two years. Fifty-sixth time he hit merely a triple and was so ashamed of himself that he took to the woods. Hasn't been seen since, which is why Mr. Purry hasn't been able to deliver him to the New York Yankees, who have offered $100,000 for him. Anyway, that's what the man says.

★ ★ ★

It's the opinion of Olin Miller in the Atlanta Journal-and-Constitution that it's



IRWIN CAPLAN

almost impossible to tell which is the slipperiest: a seat on the water wagon or an economy plank in a political platform.

★ ★ ★

We were about to dismiss as nonsense a query from Mr. Len Englebrecht, of Wilmington, Delaware. Mr. Englebrecht asks us, "How many times have you been killed on week ends?" But Mr. Englebrecht had just received a booklet devoted to highway traffic slaughter in which it was frankly stated that "people get killed more frequently on Saturdays."

★ ★ ★

Maine farmer driving through Oklahoma got to talking to an Oklahoma farmer. He agreed that Oklahoma soil was blacker and richer than Maine soil. Conceded that fatter crops were produced in Oklahoma than in Maine. In fact he was taking a beating

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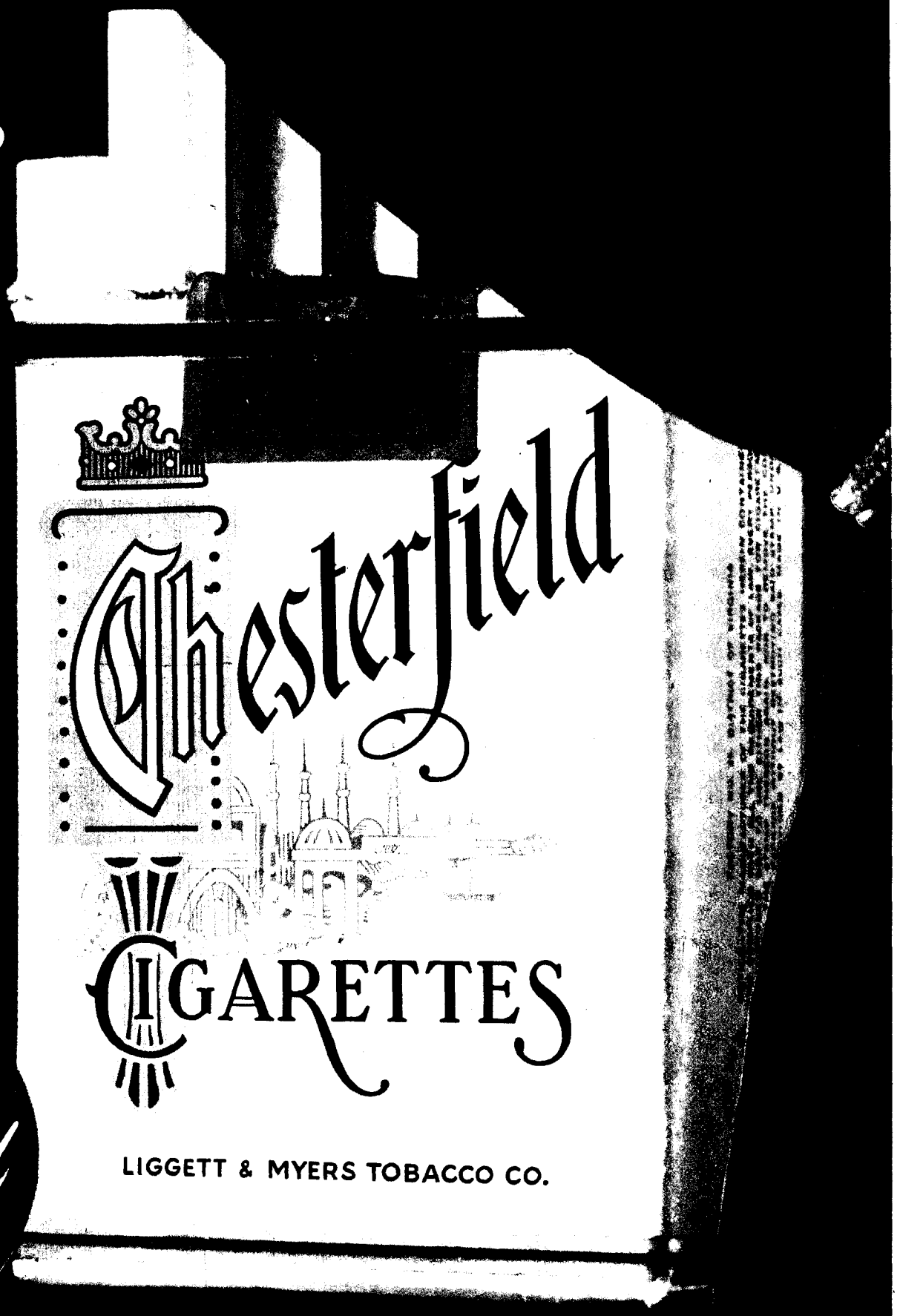
THE CURTAIN'S UP

Chesterfield First Cigarette to Name All its Ingredients

WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS pre-tested by laboratory instruments for the most desirable smoking qualities . . .

KEPT TASTY AND FRESH by pure, costly moistening agents proved by over 40 years of continuous use in U.S.A. tobacco products as entirely safe for use in the mouth—natural sugars and chemically pure, costly glycerol — *nothing else.*

HIGHEST PURITY CIGARETTE PAPER—the best that money can buy.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR *Chesterfield*

Scientists from Leading Universities *Make Sure* that Chesterfield Contains Only Ingredients that Give You the Best Possible Smoke

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"REPEL-O-TIZED" NORTHCOOL

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WATER REPELLENT
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SUMMER SUIT

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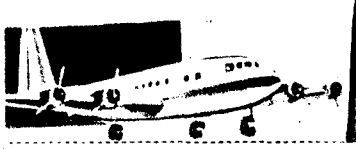
EXTRA TROUSERS $9.50

"REPEL-O-TIZED" makes NORTHCOOL the *most perfect* suit! PERFECT because water rolls off . . . spotting substances wipe off without staining. PERFECT because "*Pattern-Master Designing*" makes it the best fitting suit of its kind—regardless of price. PERFECT because you get exclusive patterns, colors. PERFECT because it keeps you cooler—the fabric has 34% more porosity. Buy "REPEL-O-TIZED" NORTHCOOL.



"NORTHCOOL"—Baltimore 1, Md. DEPT. C

Send names of stores in my area featuring NORTHCOOL. Send FREE "True-to-Life" style booklet.

NAME_____

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CITY_____ ZONE____

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on point after point until he hauled from his pocket a report from the United States Weather Bureau which said that Oklahoma's the windiest state in the Union. "Guess I'll stick to Maine," said he. "In Maine a man can go to bed at night reasonably certain that the land will still be there when he gets up in the morning."

★ ★ ★

And here's a bit of superior advice from Mrs. Ruth R. Peters, of Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Peters has just won a prize for driving 117,671 miles without a single accident. Says she—and please, all drivers, pay attention: "I drive as if everybody has the right of way except me."

★ ★ ★

As Mr. Fred Schultz read the piece by David Bareuther in the Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Gazette, his enthusiasm soared. Mr. Bareuther wrote in classic simplicity how to repair sagging and groaning floors, what to do with balky doors and in particular told his readers just how to save money by fixing things themselves. But Mr. Bareuther let Mr. Schultz down badly at the end of his article. "However," concluded Mr. Bareuther, "if you're not skilled at carpentry, it is safer to have a reliable carpenter."

★ ★ ★

One of the artists who help make Collier's a thing of publishing beauty, and who understandably wishes that his name be withheld, just told us of a model reporting for work. She began taking her clothes off, preparatory to posing. He told her no, that the work didn't demand the sacrifice that day. She put on her coat again and sat down. Suddenly the sound of footsteps outside. "Hurry, undress," whispered the artist. "My wife's coming."

★ ★ ★

A pretty desperate-looking citizen walked into police headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska, crying, "I give up." Desk sergeant asked him what he'd done. "Nothing," he replied. "I've just finished reading the papers. I just give up. That's all."

★ ★ ★

Gilbert Love, in the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Press, insists he came across the following ad displayed in another newspaper: "Lost: Will the gentleman who picked up fur coat at Frankstown Avenue last night please return the blonde?"

★ ★ ★

Not much else of burning importance, except that one of our co-workers on this magazine—Mr. John Concannon—discovered he had squirrels in his attic. We are not referring to that occupational disorder so common in journalists. There are squirrels (Sciurus vulgaris) under the roof of his house. Seeking relief, Mr. Concannon telephoned several government agencies. Presently a lady in the New York State Conservation offices suggested bombarding the creatures with camphor balls. If this didn't work, she said, burning sulfur candles in Mr. Concannon's attic might be effective. There was, of course, the modest danger in this latter treatment of setting fire to the house. In any event, the lady added, the government would be pleased to send Mr. Concannon a squirrel trapper's license. We'll let you know.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

to the American public. In my opinion, it should be read by every man in military uniform, for so many of them who are away from home and lonely are taken for suckers while innocently searching for a few hours of entertainment and friendly companionship.

I sincerely hope this article will inspire some of our civic leaders to wage a war against these joints which thrive on fun-loving individuals. JOE SALTER,
Holloman Air Force Base, N.M.

Fence-y Fiction

EDITOR: Congratulate Lawrence Williams on a fine piece of writing. A Man of Peace (May 3d) is one of the best fencing stories I have ever read. I am putting it in a scrapbook so it will become part of our reference library at the American Academy of Arms. It did not contain a single technical error and should inspire favorable comments from fencers all over the country.
ROY S. TINNEY, Hampton, Va.

. . . Was the instructor Lafleur one of the rare men with their heart on the right side, or it is a "paintographical" error?

I used to fence a great deal in my younger days (now seventy-six), and always carried my heart on the left side, ever since I was born. BARKELEY ST. JOHN GREEN,
Veterans' Home, Napa County, Cal.

Custom may have changed since Mr. Green's fencing days, but artist Tom Lovell's placing of the heart is no mistake. Research revealed that the right-side location is customary. The explanation: to a right-handed duelist (which most of them are) a heart on the left side of the jacket would not be visible half the time.

Voters' Preference

EDITOR: In your May 3d editorial Throw Off Those Shackles, the impression is given that every voter must cast his ballot for the candidate or candidates whose name or names are printed thereon. In 41 years, in which I have very seldom missed voting either in a primary or a general election, I have never seen a ballot printed here that did not have blank spaces for the voter to write in his own personal selection for as many as each block called for.

Whether or not this is the state of affairs in other states, I do not know, but I do know that this fact is not known by many even here in my home state.
RALPH C. ZELL, Beaver Falls, Pa.

The main point of the editorial, which reader Zell apparently missed, is that Collier's deplores the fact that only 15 states have compulsory Presidential primaries, and that the delegates of only 10 of those 15 states are bound to abide by the preference of the voters.

Korea's Ernie Pyle

EDITOR: Bill Mauldin's Up Front articles brought us close to Korea, where our son is now stationed.

I've been sending the articles on to him. They were reminiscent of Ernie Pyle in their sympathy and humor. They also seemed to hold tangible information of value to the men there and the families here.
ALICE G. DONAHUE, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Reader Response

EDITOR: I thought you would like to know that I have received numerous fine compliments upon the article Jet Genius, in the May 3d issue of Collier's.

I realize an article of this type is difficult to handle and am therefore glad to hear from men qualified in the literary field that they believe this is a very happy combination of human interest and semi-technical information.
E. H. HEINEMANN, El Segundo, Cal.

Mr. Heinemann, the subject of the article, is chief engineer of the Douglas Aircraft Company's El Segundo plant.

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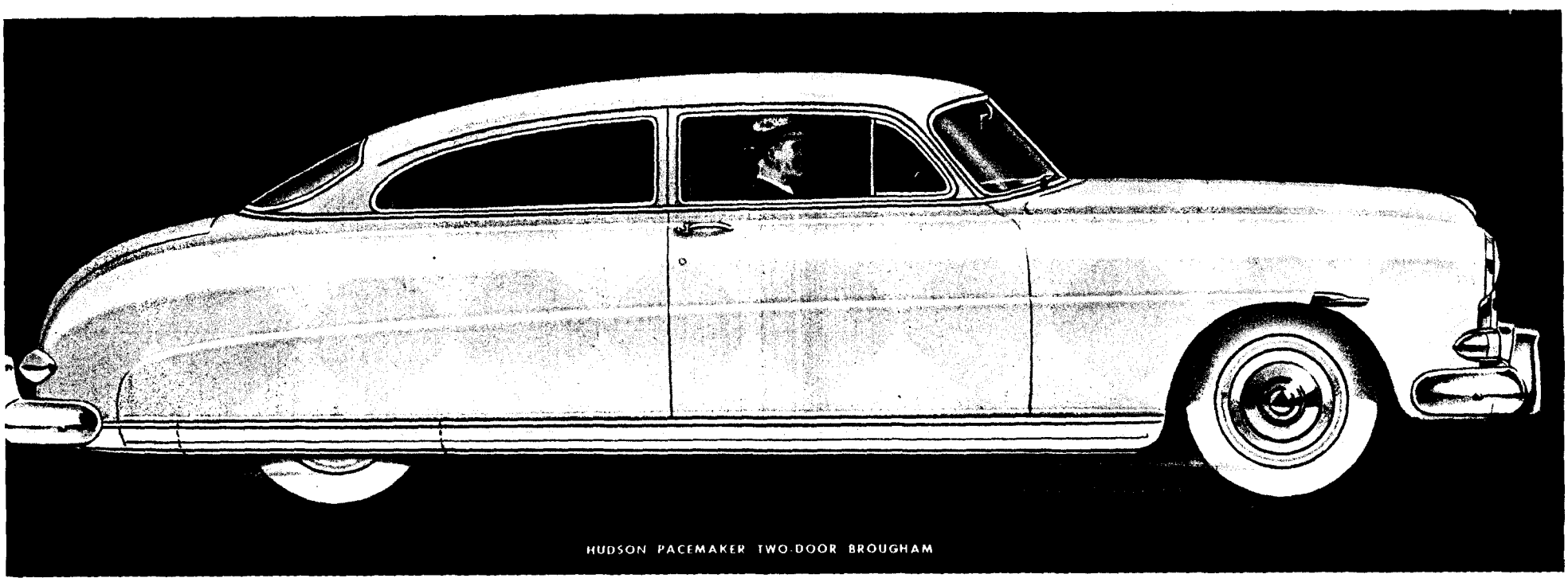
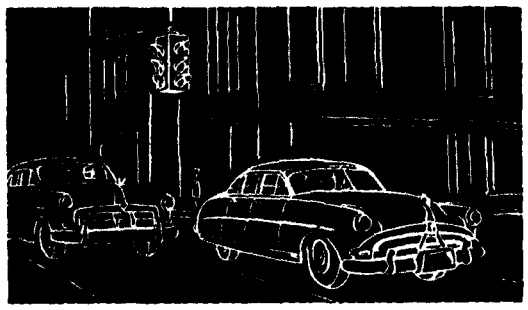
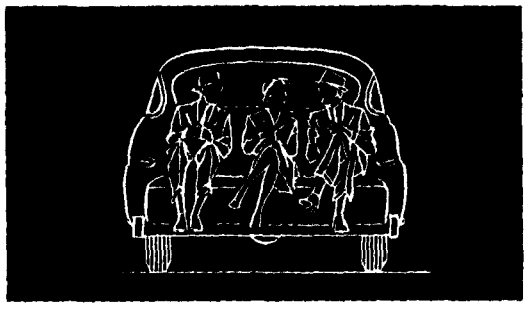
Power is just a part of Hudson glamour



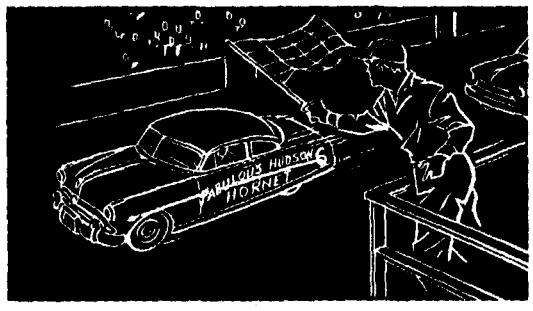
HUDSON PACEMAKER TWO-DOOR BROUGHAM



Hudson's great high-compression engines are world-famous performers! You enjoy lightning-like getaway and a sustained flow of smooth, silent power at any speed. But Hudson offers you more—much more!

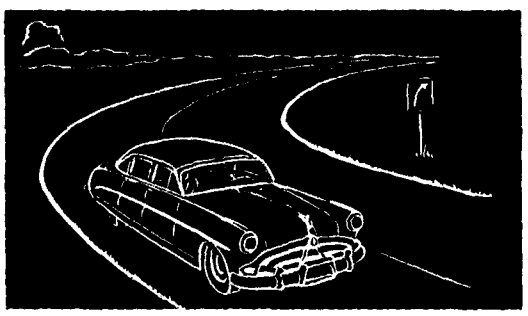


Only Hudson has "step-down" design in the Monobilt body-and-frame*. This basically new and better way to build automobiles makes possible fresh, streamlined beauty—the world's best and safest ride. *Trade-mark and patents pending

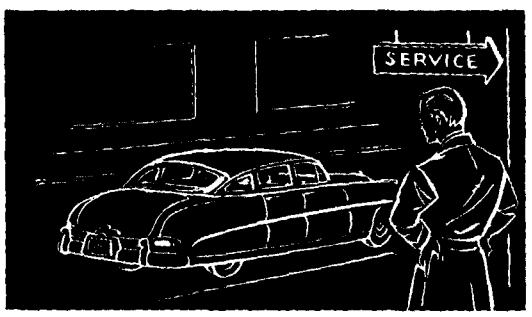


You can't beat a Hudson for power, stamina, safety! Victory after victory in grueling stock-car races has proved it! Already national champion, the Hudson Hornet now offers the added performance-plus of Twin H-Power†, Hudson's amazing new engine development. †Optional at extra cost

To drive a Hudson is a pleasure you'll never forget. Remarkable over-all car balance, America's lowest center of gravity and geometrically perfect Center-Point Steering give matchless ease of handling and a feeling of security no other car can match.



A Hudson hugs the road as though it loved it! You feel safer, you are safer with steel-girder protection front, sides, top and rear. Exclusive Triple-Safe Brakes give you the finest hydraulics backed up by a reserve mechanical system ready to take over automatically from the same pedal.



Hudsons stay young longer—are practically strangers to the service station! Highest-quality construction and the use of special, more durable materials give you new economy of operation. Visit your Hudson dealer and try a Hudson yourself —the most glamorous car of this or any year!

HUDSON

$2248.42

HORNET • COMMODORE 8 AND 6 • WASP • PACEMAKER

Standard trim and other specifications and accessories subject to change without notice.

Factory town delivered price of the Hudson Pacemaker Two-Door Brougham. Transportation costs and local taxes, if any, to be added. White sidewall tires an extra-cost option. All prices subject to change without notice.

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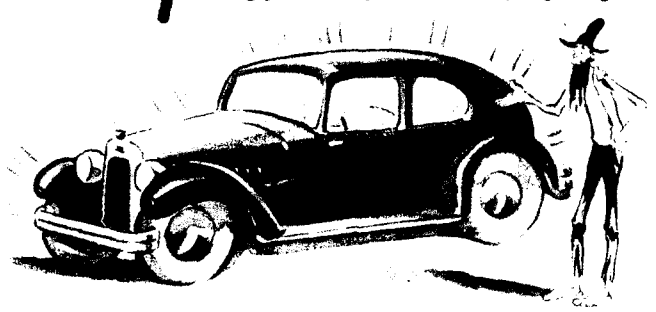
No bother a-tall

to give your car long-lasting wax protection!

"It'll take Gran'maw 'bout 20 minutes to do the car. No tellin' how long it'll take to finish Gran'pap!"

Johnson's Car-Plate waxes any car in 20 minutes!



Spread it on—*no rubbing*—**let it dry!**
Wipe it off—*no rubbing*—**that's all!**

Johnson's Car-Plate is the remarkable auto wax described in Reader's Digest. Its shine is as bright and long-lasting as a hard-rub professional wax job costing $15 or more! Don't delay. Wax your car the easy way. Pick up a can of Johnson's Car-Plate today.

Car-Plate CLEANER...New, better, faster!

Developed especially to clean and condition the finish of your car for a perfect Car-Plate wax job. New Car-Plate Cleaner safely removes all greasy road grime—goes on and off with minimum of effort!

Protect your car's chrome trim. Clean with Johnson's Chrome Cleaner—protect with Johnson's Car-Plate.

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SNACK

By MARTHA BLANCHARD

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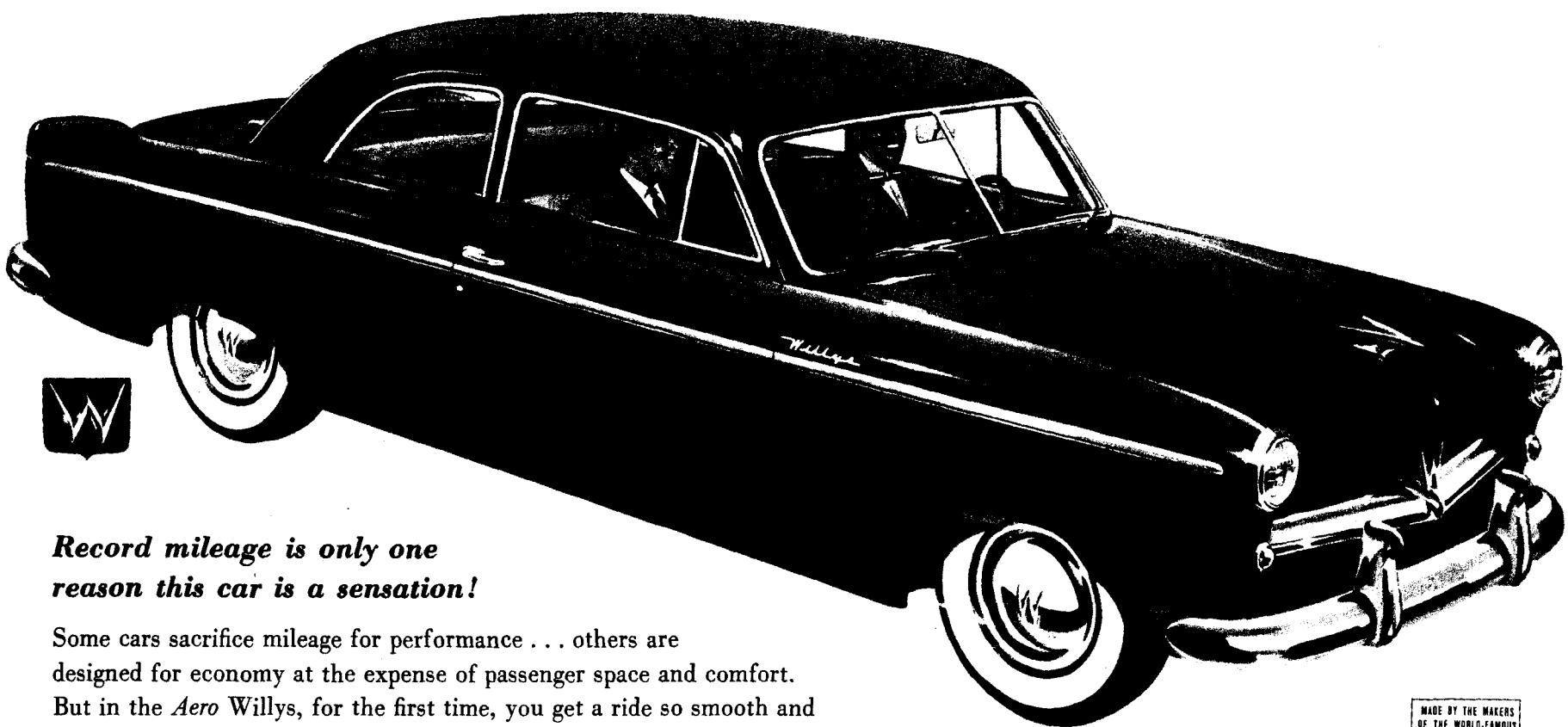
Up to 35 Miles on a Gallon!

The Aero Willys

7.6 COMPRESSION HURRICANE 6 ENGINE

DRIVER SEES ALL FOUR FENDERS

61-INCH-WIDE SEATING, FRONT AND REAR

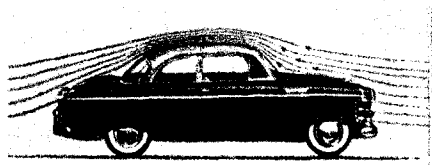


Record mileage is only one reason this car is a sensation!

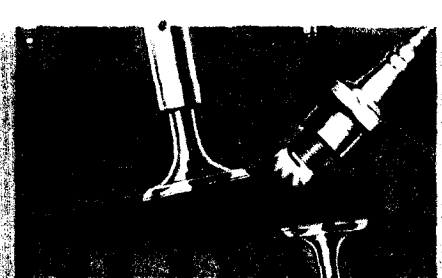
Some cars sacrifice mileage for performance . . . others are designed for economy at the expense of passenger space and comfort. But in the *Aero* Willys, for the first time, you get a ride so smooth and silent you feel airborne . . . spacious seating for six . . . surging pickup and thrilling speed . . . and mileage up to 35 miles per gallon with overdrive*! To get *everything* you want . . . get an *Aero* Willys.

Equipment, specifications and trim subject to change without notice. *Optional equipment, extra. White side-wall tires, optional when available.

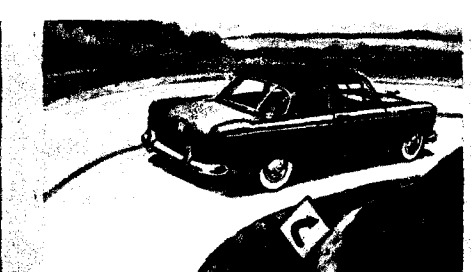
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS **Jeep** with billions of miles of tough service



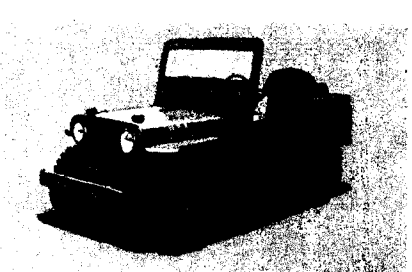
Aerodynamic Design and low 5-ft. silhouette minimize wind drag, adding to both speed and fuel mileage.



New Hurricane 6 Engine, F-head design with 7.6 compression, one of the world's most efficient power plants.



Panoramic Visibility and low (23-in.) center of gravity make the *Aero* Willys safer to drive and easy to park.



Production for Defense is our business, too—military Jeeps, jet-engine parts and many other products.

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"for the Sweetest Running Engine this Side of Heaven –

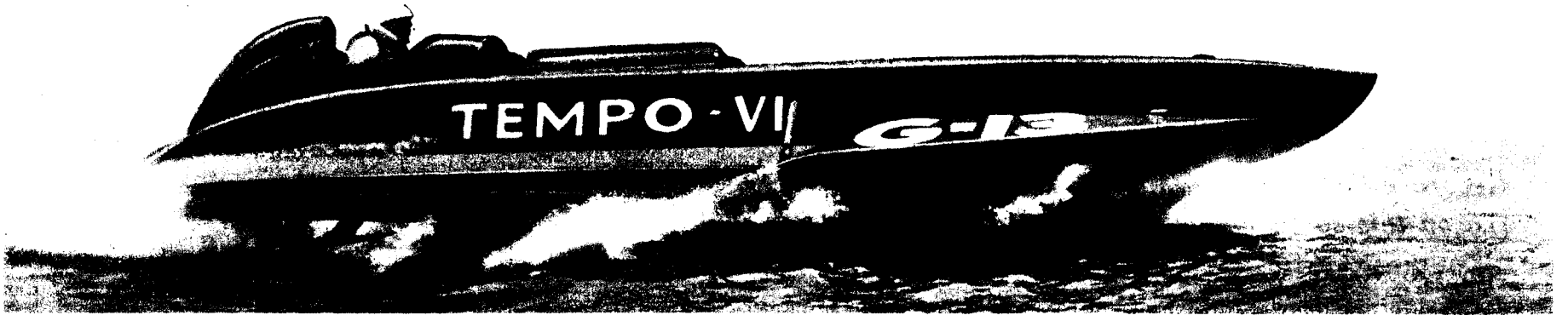
Use

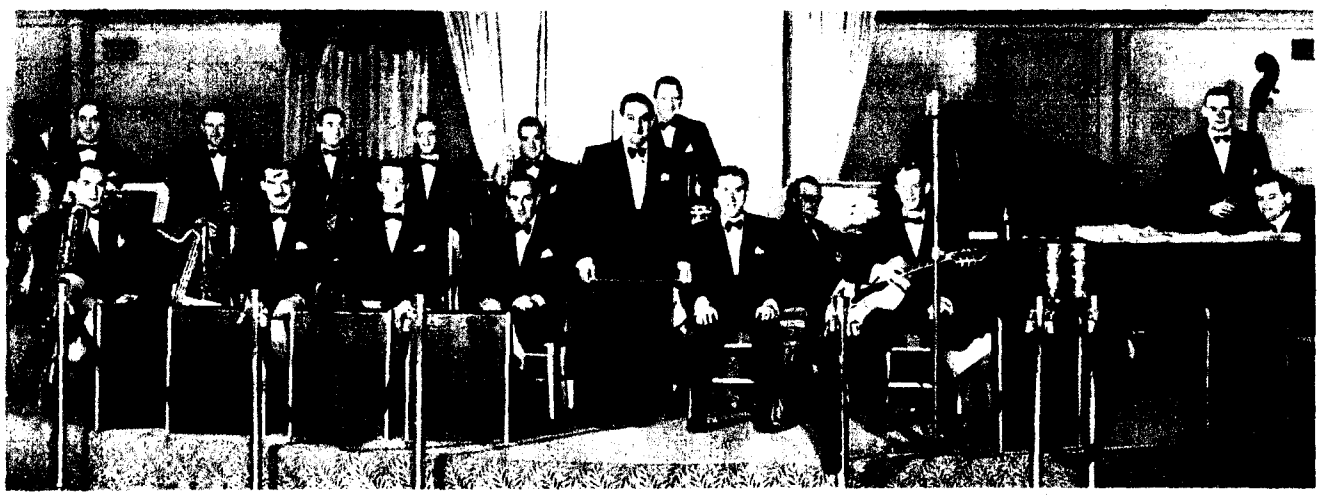
CHAMPION

Spark Plugs"

—GUY LOMBARDO

The popular leader of one of the country's favorite dance orchestras, Guy Lombardo, has long been a figure in American power boat racing. The former Gold Cup Trophy winner and power boating's number one driver in 1948 piloted his Champion-equipped TEMPO VI to decisive victories in both the 1950 and 1951 National Sweepstakes Trophy races.





The Sign of Dependable Service!

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS DEMAND CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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A IS FOR ATOM

By ROBERT CAHN

A dozen times, the awesome mushroom has risen in view of these youngsters, 25 miles from the Nevada test sites. Here's the story of our most atom-wise kids

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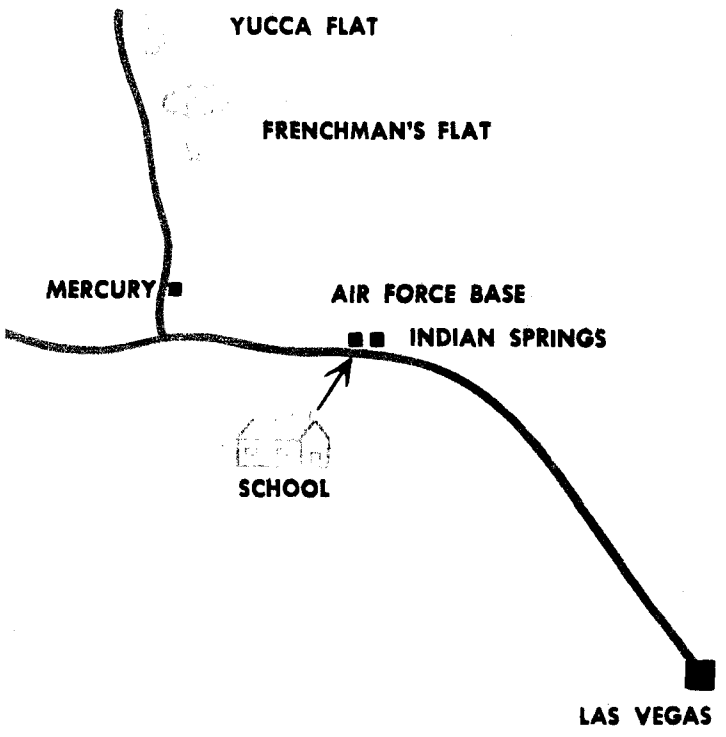
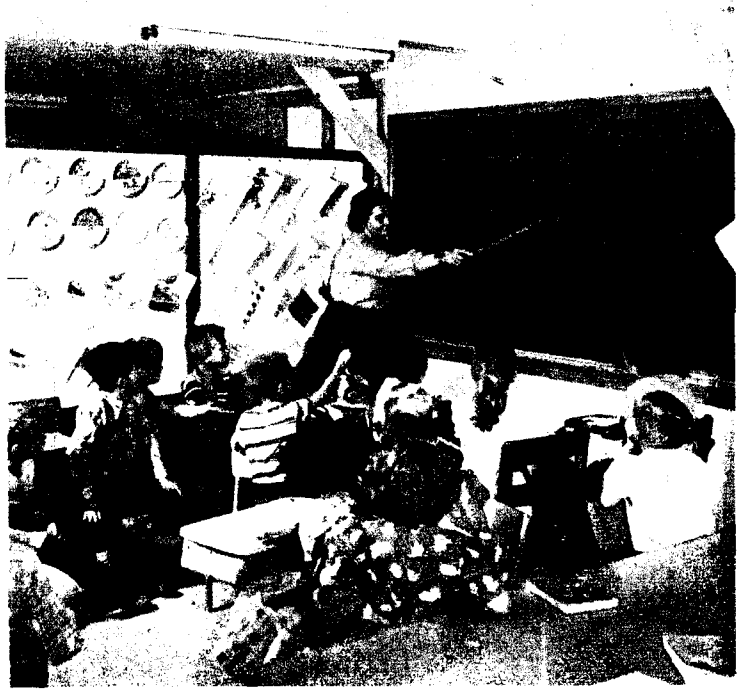


AL TARTER

Indian Springs (whose permanent population is 17) and adjacent air base are 42 miles from Las Vegas



Mrs. Elsie E. Beiler teaches primary graders the atomic alphabet: "A is for atom," "B is for bomb"

Children take to the blackboard to show how blast looked. For other impressions see opposite page

"Like a giant firecracker" . . . "All purplish" . . . "It was as big as this room" . . . "It scared us so, we fell down"

SEVERAL months ago, the people of the nation learned with some interest that for the first time combat troops were to witness an atomic bomb test from close up. But to the youngsters at Indian Springs Public School, near Las Vegas, Nevada, such an experiment was old-hat. They already had seen, from less than 25 miles away, more atomic bomb blasts than anyone in the world except for the handful of nuclear scientists and technicians who set them off.

To these first-generation Atomic Age kids, the firing of another A-bomb at the Nevada proving ground now creates hardly more than an excuse for a recess to watch the mushroom clouds. From their two-room schoolhouse—a converted supply room at the Indian Springs Air Force Base, a security area attached to the closely guarded atomic testing grounds—the children have witnessed four atomic blasts in the last few weeks. Some of the children have seen as many as a dozen of the atomic test detonations held in Nevada.

The first-graders, says one of the school's two teachers, Mrs. Elsie E. Beiler, learned to spell "atom" and "bomb" before they learned "mother." Some of the seventh- and eighth-graders are so aware of the atom and its significance that they actually engage in lively, impromptu discussions on such subjects as whether or not we should drop a bomb on the Russians before they drop one on us.

Even some children's games have changed. "When I was a kid we used to puff up our cheeks and pop them with our fists and say, 'This is our apple,'" says Mrs. Beiler, whose husband is a construction man at the atomic installations. "Now the kids pop their cheeks and say, 'This is our atom bomb.'"

Starting last October, when the influx of atomic, military and construction personnel brought more than 200 families into the area, the Indian Springs school had become an unplanned experiment in the indoctrination of young children to atomic bombs.

"The children at this school, by their sheer proximity to the tests, are getting the same type of psychological indoctrination we are giving some of our combat troops," an Atomic Energy Commission spokesman commented recently. "If all the school children in the nation could witness an A-bomb blast, it would do much to destroy the fear and uncertainty which now exist."

Eighth-grader Dick Bower, thirteen, says he was once told at an atomic bomb drill in a southern California school that there was a possibility the whole earth could be blown up if enough such bombs were exploded. "I was really scared when we moved up here," Dick says, "but I have seen a couple of bombs go off now and it's just ordinary."

Although there have been 132 students attending the school at one time or another since it opened last fall, the shifting of families is so great that only one of the children, third-grader Carol Ann Starnich, eight, has been steadily enrolled. The maximum attendance at any one time was 67; and the minimum, 27. Last month there were 35 students —20 of them in the room containing the first through third grades, and 15 in grades up to eight.

About half the students have been from families of military personnel, either from the 4901st Support Wing (Atomic) or the 4925th Test Group (Atomic), special detachments from Kirtland Air Force Base, Albuquerque, or from the permanent Air Training Command personnel at the Indian Springs Air Force Base. Most of the other pupils are from families of construction men employed at Mercury, within the atomic proving ground, and living in trailers at Indian Springs, 42 miles northwest of Las Vegas.

Only a handful of children are actually long-time residents of the area: Indian Springs—which consists of a gas station, auto court, souvenir shop and café nestled among some cottonwood trees—has a current permanent population of 17.

Although the school is a public institution, operated with Nevada state tax funds, it is situated within the air base, and comes under the security regulations of the Atomic Energy Commission and Air Force. Youngsters from families living off the base must be escorted to and from the main gate of the Air Force Base by an Air Police guard and cannot wander away from the school.

Except for an occasional rehearsal like that pictured on page 15, intended to show the children what to do when actually under a nearby atomic attack, there are no special atomic safety drills held. Once, last fall, when the AEC thought the blast effect might shake the school, the children were told to stay home during an atomic test (test explosions early in 1951 had broken some windows at Indian Springs), but most of the time the children are merely given a recess to watch an atomic explosion. The blast sites have been from 20 to 35 miles from the school building, depending on whether the bombs were set off over Frenchman's Flat or Yucca Flat, both to the northwest of Indian Springs.

"On the first of last fall's tests, I was told not to say anything about it but to release the children for a 'fire drill' just before 9:20 A.M.," recalls Mrs. Nevin Bartley, teacher of the upper five grades and wife of the proprietor of Indian Springs's gift shop. "But as soon as we got outside, the youngsters said it was going to be an A-bomb test. Then, when it happened, they kept asking me questions I couldn't answer. It's difficult keeping one jump ahead of these Atomic Age youngsters."

The Indian Springs school children take great pride in being so close to the bomb tests, says Mrs. Bartley. "Every youngster likes to feel his school is superior," she says. "These children, living on the desert far from the city, have few of the advantages that city kids have. But seeing these bombs seems to make up a little for the things they miss."

Children Tell About Their Reactions

"I guess I've seen at least a dozen bombs," says Carol Ann Starnich, the veteran of the school, who has lived in Indian Springs for some time and was watching atomic explosions before some of the other youngsters had any idea what an atomic bomb was. Carol Ann is the adopted child of local people; she came originally from a gypsy family, and she has black hair, dark eyes and wears earrings. "The first time," she says, "we were playing hopscotch and heard a big plane and saw a flash. It scared us so, we fell down. Then we saw a great big cloud. Then we played hopscotch some more. I'm not scared now."

Lewis Larsen, nine-year-old third-grader, has watched four bombs go off. "I was home sick the first time," he relates. "I was sitting on the steps of our trailer when I saw the flash. Daddy made me wear dark glasses—but I didn't really need them. It looked like a big cloud coming on top of the mountain."

Therrel Hunter, nine, in the third grade, has also seen several blasts. "The first one was like a giant firecracker. I think they are made of steel, with white powder like in cannon shells."

Bruce DeWald, eight, also in the third grade, recalls: "I was boxin' with Pat Donovan and we saw a big cloud of dust come up in a puff. It was as big as this room." (The room, which occupies about half the school building, is about 20 feet square.)

Joann Jiles, twelve, sixth grade, a cute blonde, says, "The first time I saw one—it was all purplish —I was really surprised when I didn't hear anything. Then I saw the dog next door having a fit and my dad said it was because its ears were more sensitive and it could hear the sound."

Seeing the Marines who took part in the recent simulated combat test maneuvers has left its mark on the children. A group of four school kids were discussing the future. "I'm goin' into the Marines," said one eight-year-old. "Me, too," said another. He was echoed by a third.

"Not me," said the fourth. "I'm goin' to be a rodeo rider and earn $100 in five minutes riding broncs."

"Aw, you mean you're not goin' to fight for your country?" said the first, disgustedly. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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Rare, striking color photo of atomic explosion, by Collier's John Florea, is shown with kids' crayon versions. Clockwise from upper left, they're by Gary Buckner, 9; Dick Bower, 13; Lewis Larsen, 9; Charlotte Ray, 12, and Mary Agnes Cordova, 9

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The notion that the mother-to-be should eat for two is nothing but a myth—and excuse

How True Are Those

Is a virile father more apt to conceive a boy than a girl? How much exercise is safe for a pregnant woman? What about the Rh factor? Does reading good books influence the baby?

THERE'S magic in the words, "I'm going to have a baby"—more magic than you'd think. Those words apparently have the power to transform nice people into ghouls; a woman can scarcely get the news out of her mouth before otherwise intelligent people are telling her tales of Mongolian idiots, three-day labors, varicose veins, false pregnancies and hospitals which make a practice of mixing up babies.

Even her best friend tells her not to raise her arms above her head ("You'll strangle the baby in its umbilical cord"), not to watch crime programs on TV ("Do you want to produce a juvenile delinquent?"), not to take baths, or enjoy sexual intercourse, or drink red wine or smell paint.

Such old wives' tales of pregnancy would be funny if they weren't so dangerous. The ease and pleasure of the average woman's first pregnancy depend in large part upon her mental attitude, and nothing is so disturbing to her mental well-being as the worry and fear produced by misinformation. At best, if she believes half of what she hears, she's going to give her husband a trying, unnecessarily inconvenient nine months.

You may think that you are immune to old wives' tales. You've read a book, or had a baby, and you know better. Don't be too sure. The Pandora's box now includes a whole new set of "scientific" superstitions—about the Rh factor, about painless childbirth, about predetermination of sex. Test yourself on these 25 statements—some true, some false—before you discount the damage old wives' tales can do even in *your* family.

1. If the father is virile, he's more apt to conceive a boy than a girl.

It's true that the father determines the sex of the child, once and for all, at the moment of conception, but the result is a matter of pure chance; his virility has nothing to do with it.

Conception takes place when an egg released from one of the mother's ovaries is penetrated by one of the half billion spermatozoa ejaculated by the father. The female egg contains 24 chromosomes. One of the 24, different from the others, is the carrier of sex; it is called the X chromosome, and it is the same in every egg. Each male sperm also includes a sex chromosome, but it can be either of two types—either X or Y.

When a sperm with an X chromosome unites with the X-chromosome egg, the result is a female. When a sperm with a Y chromosome penetrates the egg, the X-Y combination makes a male child. Each ejaculation of spermatozoa contains an *equal* number of X and Y type sperm. A big, lusty cave man produces no greater proportion of Y's than a slight, effeminate-seeming man. So it's pure chance which type, X or Y, will fertilize the egg.

People who stopped to remember these basic facts of genetics would not make jokes about fathers of all-girl families, nor would kings cast off royal wives for "failing" to produce male heirs. Remember your X-Y's, too, next time you hear that

The first stirring of her baby's life can be a woman's most poignant moment. "The idea of having a baby takes . . . emotional adjustment, even when the child has been long hoped for"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANCIS REISS

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... OLD WIVES' TALES ABOUT PREGNANCY?

By DR. ALAN F. GUTTMACHER with MARY SCOTT WELCH

"It's dangerous for a pregnant woman to smell fresh paint." This is just another false yarn

you can arrange for a boy or a girl, as you wish, by timing the conception early or late in the woman's fertile period.

2. It's dangerous for a pregnant woman to indulge in any physical exercise more strenuous than walking.

Nonsense. Childbirth calls for good muscle tone, and women who "go into training" for it by taking specific exercises have more comfortable pregnancies, more efficient labors and better post-partum figures. Sports that take her out into the fresh air (and take her mind off her middle) are good for the normal mother-to-be.

Some conservative obstetricians rule out activities which call for twisting or fast starts and stops —many recommend taking it easy during the first three missed menstrual periods—but most doctors probably subscribe to this generality: during pregnancy, a woman can safely do anything she's used to doing, so long as she doesn't let herself get overtired. That is, pregnancy is not a good time to take up tennis, but an experienced player might better continue to play than sit by the fire and go soft. A lady weight lifter or a high diver might need special instructions, but the average woman worries unnecessarily about the exercise involved in housework and Sunday-in-the-park.

3. Rh-negative blood in either parent produces a stillborn child—if not in the first two pregnancies, then certainly in the third.

This is a "new wives'" tale; until 1940 no one had ever heard of the Rh factor, but it has had so much publicity recently that a whole new body of folklore has risen around it. The facts are these: about 15 per cent of the Caucasian race lack a blood factor common to the rest of us (the ratio is even smaller in other races); they are called Rh-negative. Their lack is of no importance unless they are given blood transfusions of Rh-positive blood. A first transfusion builds antibodies which fight the Rh-positive blood; subsequent Rh-positive transfusions can therefore cause a lot of trouble—the home-team blood fights the visiting-team blood, with the result that red cells are destroyed and the blood system is poisoned.

If an Rh-negative mother carries in her uterus an Rh-positive fetus, and if the Rh factor from the fetus finds its way into the blood stream of the mother, the effect may be like an Rh-positive transfusion upon the Rh-negative mother. Her blood builds antibodies. If a future baby is Rh-positive, and if again the fetal blood invades the maternal blood, the resulting battle can damage the infant's red cells. In extreme cases, the child *is* stillborn, but more often the child can be saved by a prompt replacement transfusion of Rh-negative blood.

Now, the important thing to note in the foregoing, admittedly complicated explanation is one word—*if*. If an Rh-negative woman (one in seven) is married to an Rh-positive man (fewer than one in eight American marriages); if the husband transmits an Rh-positive gene (and there's a 25 per cent chance his spermatozoa will be Rh-negative, even though he is Rh-positive); if the Rh-positive blood of the fetus gets over into the mother's blood stream (a very big if, for normally the blood of the fetus and the blood of the mother are entirely separate); and then *if* this unlikely string of circumstances is *repeated* in a later pregnancy, then, only then, need the Rh factor be of concern.

Even for the iffy 13 per cent (Rh-negative women mated with Rh-positive men), the odds are about 12 to one that none of their children will be affected in the slightest. For the population as a whole, the chances against losing a child from Rh complications are 400 to 600 to 1!

4. All pregnant women have strange cravings for odd foods.

Many—by no means all—do have weird cravings, ranging from the conventional urge for strawberries at midnight to a dramatic yen to eat wallpaper paste. Nobody knows why. Tests have shown that rats instinctively correct their diets when pregnant or nursing, selecting the foods which their bodies need for the motherhood job; it just might be that the woman who craves hot-fudge sundaes feels a need for quick energy. But some doctors (and not a few husbands) suspect that the basic craving is for attention.

One thing is certain: the craving won't upset the baby's stomach, give him an allergy to the chosen food or trouble anyone except the mother—and, of course, the long-suffering father.

Fable says the expecting shouldn't exercise, but sports in the open air are good for them

Don't go shopping for dresses before baby is born. No one can predict what its sex will be

5. The mother-to-be must "eat for two."

What the "strawberries at midnight" idea is to husbands, "eating for two" is to obstetricians. It's nothing but a feeble excuse for the pregnant woman to eat everything in sight, and it plays havoc with the doctor's job of limiting his patient's weight gain to about 20 pounds.

Many of the complications (and most of the discomforts) of pregnancy stem from overweight; it is not unusual for a normally fat woman to be put on a diet so that she comes out of pregnancy weighing less than when she went in. Fat or slim, the woman who doubles her food intake multiplies her troubles.

The old wives have it *half* right, however. The mother-to-be should "eat for two" in the quality of her food, not the quantity. That is, good nutrition is twice as important as usual during these nine months; two lives depend upon it. The fetus, it is true, is a parasite; if it doesn't get what it needs from the mother's daily diet, it draws from her reserves, depleting her bones and blood and general health. A mother has to be starved almost to death before the fetus is seriously *(Continued on page 73)*

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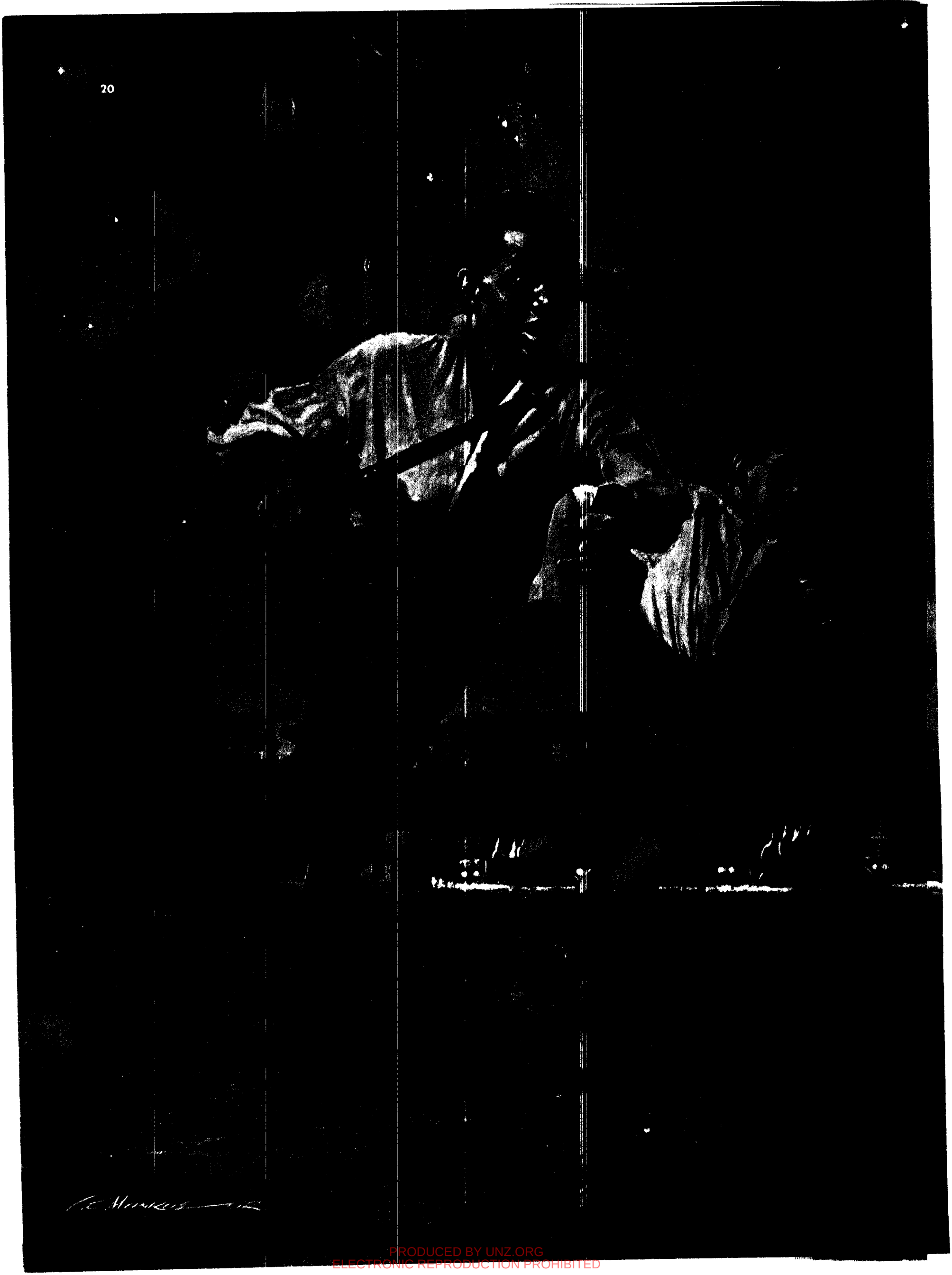

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Mess with the Marshal!

John William and I, we were best friends. We played Tom Mix and Buffalo Bill, fighting the badmen of the West. But now we had a new kind of badman: white-robed, dangerous—and real

I HAD put in for a Daisy pump gun for Christmas. John William had put in for one, too. There had been a couple of dandies down at R.D. Malfers' General Store before Christmas. They had been sitting right there in the window. John William and I had hung around in front of R.D. Malfers' store looking at those pump guns one Saturday until R.D. Malfers had come out and run John William off. I didn't get a Daisy pump gun for Christmas. John William didn't get one, either. I got a Boy Scout knife. I liked that Boy Scout knife. But it couldn't hold a candle to one of those Daisy pump guns. John William, he got a pair of Sunday shoes for Christmas. He didn't care a thing in this world about those shoes. He said he'd been going to Sunday school barefoot all his life. He said he'd just as lief keep on doing it. But he said his uncle wouldn't let him go to Sunday school barefoot any more.

John William wanted for us to run away. He wanted for us to go on over to Sarasota and get jobs feeding beasts of the jungle at the circus. But I wouldn't go with him.

After Christmas those air rifles were still down at R.D. Malfers' store. They weren't there in the window any more. But they were there on the inside. I saw them when I went into R.D.'s store with Papa to help Papa tote a few bags of chicken mash out of the store and throw them onto the bed of our pickup truck.

After we had toted the last sacks, Papa went back into the store. I went with him. I watched R.D. Malfers fill out the credit slip. It always seemed to pleasure R.D. Malfers somehow to fill out those credit slips. He had a tight, pursed-up way of writing words and figures that always put me in mind of his tight, pursed-up face.

Papa signed the credit slip.

R.D. Malfers looked at it, gloating, like. "Well, Lonnie," he said, "I wish you luck with your tomatoes."

"Man, I need it," Papa said.

I reckon he did, too. The frost had ruined his last crop. The crop before that had been flooded out by heavy rains. Papa had said that one more ruined crop of tomatoes would see the end of him as a dirt farmer. He had said that one more frost or flood would more than likely lose us our place and send him back to picking fruit. He had said that one thing he had vowed was never to clamber up another man's fruit tree as long as he lived. But he had said he reckoned he'd have to eat those words if he had bad luck with his tomatoes one more time. Unless, he had said, R.D. Malfers would carry him another year. Which he certainly did doubt.

"Papa," I said now, "can I have a licorice stick, Papa?"

"Let the boy have a licorice stick, R.D.," Papa said.

R.D. gave me a licorice stick. "That will be a penny," he told Papa. Papa fumbled around in his purse, found a penny and gave it to R.D.

R.D. looked around the store to see if anybody was listening. "You with us tonight, Lonnie?" he croaked.

Papa stared at the flies crawling over the licorice sticks and jawbreakers and candy hearts in R.D. Malfers' candy counter. "Well, I don't hardly think I can make it, R.D.," he said.

R.D. picked up the pad of credit slips. The chicken mash and the other things that Papa had ordered were still on the top slip. R.D. tapped the edge of the counter with that pad. He stared at Papa. Papa stared back at him for a minute. Then

his eyes shifted to where R.D. was tapping the edge of the counter with that pad.

"And then, on the other hand, I reckon I might make it, R.D." Papa said.

"Loy Randall's house. Seven o'clock."

Papa cleared his throat. He shuffled his feet once or twice. "Well, I'll be seeing you, R.D.," he said.

Papa and I went out to our pickup. We started driving the five miles out the clay road to our place. I said, "Papa, how come R.D. Malfers is making you go on over to Loy Randall's place tonight?"

"What do you mean, 'making' me!" Papa bellowed. "R.D.'s not making me. He's asking me!"

I waited for Papa to cool out before I ventured another question. "What's going on over to Loy's, Papa?"

"Meeting."

"What kind of a meeting, Papa?"

"I'm a suck-egg mule if you can't ask more questions than a woman, boy. A man-meeting, that's what."

I didn't say another word all the way home. . . .

After I had done my chores and had my supper, I got my old, rusty, lever-action BB gun from under my bed and went on down to the crossroads where I always met John William. Just before the crossroads there was a big moss-hung live oak tree. Just as I passed the oak tree, I felt something cold and hard against my back and I heard John William say, "Reach for the sky!"

I dropped my air rifle and reached for the sky. Then I dropped to my knees and turned on John William. "Mess with the United States Marshal!" I grunted. I grabbed John William's legs. He tossed his air rifle to one side as I threw him in the sand of the road. We scuffled there for a spell. One time John William would be on top. The next time I would be on top. After we had got to panting and sweating some, we stood. We brushed the sand out of our hair. Then we picked up our BB guns and started on down the road.

"Where we going, John William?" I said.

"It don't make no never mind to me," he said.

"I'm Tom Mix," I said.

"I'm Buck Jones," he said.

I pointed to old man Howard's twenty-acre block of orange grove beside the road. "I saw them rustlers ride into that draw," I whispered.

"What'll we do, Tom?" Buck said.

"You go that-a-way, Buck," I said. "Outflank 'em. Me and Tony'll ride straight on down that draw."

I rode straight on down the draw. Buck came in at a full gallop from the flank. We met in the middle of the draw. In five minutes we had wiped out that gang of rustlers.

WE WERE thirsty then. It was January, but it was a warm Florida night. We pulled half a dozen of old man Howard's oranges from a tree. We sat on the warm ground and leaned against the trunk of that tree. We peeled those oranges with my Boy Scout knife and ate them. They tasted mighty good.

I stood and wiped the blade of my knife on my britches. "How," I said to John William. "Me Osceola."

"How. Me Sitting Bull."

"Paleface war party on Cherokee Trail," I said.

"Ugh," Sitting Bull said.

The Cherokee Trail was the hard road beyond Rance Gillon's pasture land. We crossed the pasture land, running low. When we got close to the far side of the pasture, we went to our bellies. We squirmed to within a hundred feet of the Cherokee Trail. We took cover, side by side, behind the trunk of a chinaberry tree. There was a barbed-wire fence between us and the Cherokee Trail.

Pretty soon we heard the point of the paleface war party coming down the trail. It was knocking and snorting and we saw it coming, and anybody else might have thought it was Rance Gillon in his old, beat-up pickup truck. But we knew better. We waited until the point of the column was abreast of our position. Then we fired. The BBs splattered off the side of Rance's old pickup. Rance slammed on his brakes. Our ambush had been successful. We reckoned we had broken up that paleface war party. Rance was out of his pickup now. He was headed for the barbed-wire fence.

We took off, running low, back across Rance's pasture. We saw a herd of *(Continued on page 38)*

The column of night riders left the hard road and went through the Negro quarters without stopping. There wasn't a thing out that road they were on but John William's uncle's house

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

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The United States of Europe

A HOPE FOR PEACE

European federation, says the writer, promises to restore the Continent's economic health, political stability and capacity for self-defense—and benefit us, as well

By BEARDSLEY RUML

WHEN our own United States was formed, it contained less than 4,000,000 people. Today, by contrast, the nations of France, Italy, Western Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxembourg include some 160,000,000 people. The governments of these countries have embarked upon a course of action which is aimed at the political and economic union of their respective countries.

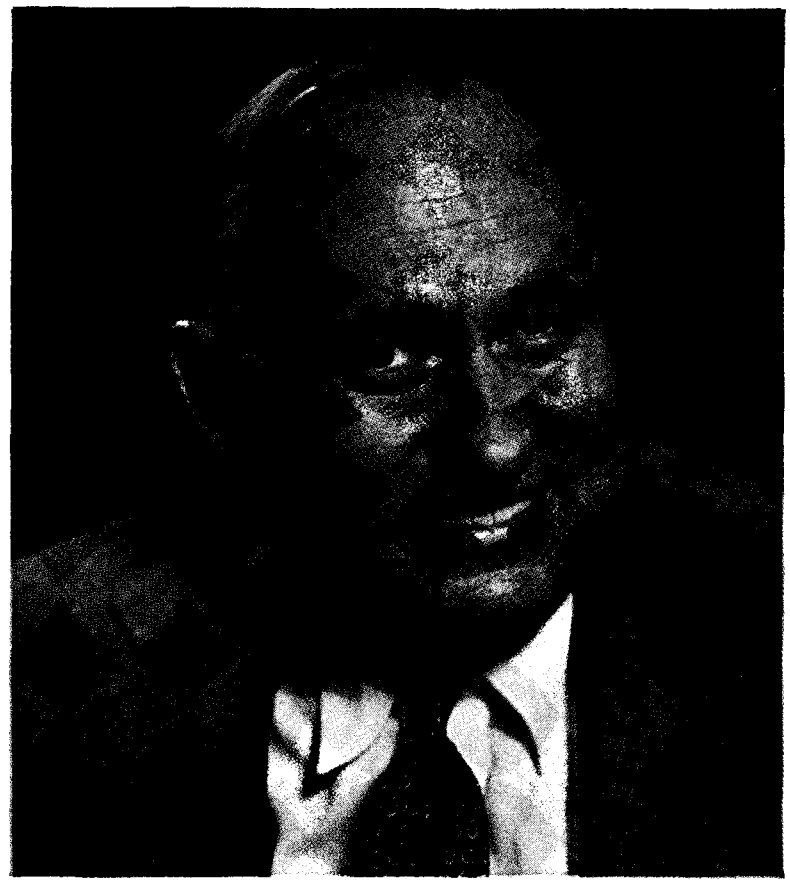
An act of political creation of profound historical importance is now occurring in Western Europe.

Today many Americans are asking three questions: "What is meant by European union?" "Why should we care about European union?" "What, if anything, should we do about it?"

European union is not a new postwar idea. It has been a living and a growing movement for many centuries. A suggestion for a voluntary United States of Europe was approved by Henry IV, King of France, in 1638. A century and a half later, the German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, discussed a similar idea. And in 1929 a Premier of France, Aristide Briand, proposed a European union on behalf of his government.

In its long history, Europe has experienced other unification movements of a very different character. These were the short-lived empires of Napoleon Bonaparte and Adolf Hitler, built by conquest and maintained by force.

Today, in contrast, the emerging union of the Western European nations is a voluntary one based on mutual respect, consent, and recognition that unification is necessary for survival. If wisely devised and successfully protected, this new European union, the product of our own times, may be expected to have a long and fruitful development.



Best known as the originator of the pay-as-you-go income-tax plan, Beardsley Ruml is a fiscal expert, writer and educator who has long been interested in proposals for a united Europe. He is director or trustee of numerous corporations and organizations and is adviser to a variety of governmental and economic groups

As long as the states of Western Europe were individually able to discharge the responsibilities of sovereignty, European union could be nothing more than a romantic ideal. But, in 1940, long-established national states fell with rapidity before the Nazi armies. After the war, an increasingly large number of thoughtful people throughout the world realized the truth of what a smaller number had been saying for many years: that the persistent weaknesses of the nations of Europe were not the transitory effects of two world wars within a generation, but were signs that many of Europe's national states could no longer live independently as economic and political units. This understanding made European union a short-time goal of practical policy.

The leading statesmen of postwar Europe vigorously espoused the cause of union. Churchill in England, Schuman and Monnet in France, Adenauer in Germany, Sforza in Italy, Spaak in Belgium gave thought and eloquence to the promotion of European union. Associations of private citizens sprang up throughout Western Europe, with membership across boundary lines, to crystallize public sentiment in its favor.

While private citizens were informing public opinion and devising concrete proposals directed toward union, public officials and government leaders were also active. Practical difficulties and practical solutions of these difficulties were explored in new intergovernmental agencies like the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, the Council of Europe, the European Payments Union, and the European Coal and Steel Community (Schuman Plan).

These international organizations in Western Europe have come into being only within the last five years and they have already built up a body of practical experience in the joint exercise of national sovereignty. They have unified Western Europe economically and politically to a degree without precedent in Europe's modern history. Already certain specific and separable economic and defense functions are being handled by "supranational" organizations, agencies which are to a greater or lesser extent above the national governments which created them.

However, the possibilities of further progress in unification in the strictly economic and defense fields seem to be coming to an end. The recent agreement, now waiting ratification by national parliaments, among the governments of France, Italy, West Germany and the Low Countries to merge their armed forces in a common European army revealed that the essential features of a unified defense establishment could be achieved only if a formal political and economic union were also in the process of being developed. For a common foreign policy, a common military budget, a central procurement agency, a united Chiefs of Staff, standardization of weapons, training and military doctrine—not to mention the requirements of loyalty, discipline and sacrifice—would be unthinkable without a full union.

And so the final agreement under which the European army is to be created pledges its six member governments to try to form such a union during a transition period of three years. Sometime before the end of that period, these countries expect to hold a constitutional convention to work out the political details of the union.

Americans, when they have thought about it at all, have taken a friendly interest in the growth of the European union movement. We are convinced that our own history has amply justified our own federation of states. And we can see no other hope that Europe's troubles can be overcome.

But beyond this friendly interest, there is recognition that the United States has a deep concern in the progress of European union. Americans want to help build an effective world order—a workable world economy in which we and others can prosper, and a world political system in which all will be secure. To this end, the restoration of Europe's economic health, political stability and capacity for self-defense is essential.

We have recognized, in a series of aid programs culminating in the Marshall Plan, the need for a rapid infusion of working capital into these countries in order to prevent the collapse of their economies. The revival of Western Europe means rising productivity, a more equitable division of income, heightened morale and confidence in the future, greater economic freedom and incentives for increased initiative and enterprise.

This revival of Western Europe's economic health, political strength and capacity for defense is a vital condition for checking decisively Soviet aggression, for maintaining world peace and for promoting world prosperity—in all of which the United States has a deep concern.

For the achievement in Western Europe of economic self-support, of effective democratic institutions and of successful measures of defense, a political and economic union is clearly indispensable, now that its separate national states have shown that they are no longer capable of attaining these goals individually.

This union must embrace at least the industrial heart and the principal intellectual and population centers of the *(Continued on page 60)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

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"Anson Heth and most of his crew are hunting you," Julia said. "Bill Tench was murdered last night. Heth thinks you did it"

SADDLE BY STARLIGHT

Now they were calling Sam Holley a murderer. They were trying to say Sam had killed Bill Tench. He might have wanted to, but he hadn't. And he was the only one who knew he was innocent

The Story: Menaced by squatters who wanted to homestead their ranges, the ranchers of the North Basin, led by SAM HOLLEY, foreman of Six-Up ranch, had banded together. They refused to give up land they had fought the Indians for, even though the government now declared it public land, and they had evicted ne'er-do-well DICK RAINEY and his sister, JULIA, from Six-Up. The ranchers knew most of the squatters were egged on by HUGH GANLEY, a surveyor who hoped to make work for himself resurveying land. And Sam knew it was Ganley who had persuaded Sam's fiancée, VIRGINIA TALCOTT, that the ranchers were wrong and that she should break with Sam.

The uneasy alliance between the ranchers was weakened when Sam broke up a brawl between two of Ganley's toughs and BILL TENCH, foreman for ANSON HETH. Heth resented Sam's interference as well as his suggestion to Heth's wife, ELEANOR, that she hire Julia to help around the house. He ordered her to fire Julia, and she refused.

Ganley was delighted to have Julia in the enemy camp. Acting on her information, he ordered his toughs ALBIE MEACHAM and OTEY BLISS, to stake a claim on land belonging to EMMET HACKBARTH, the most timid of the ranchers.

Meanwhile, Sam encountered Tench in a bar and was goaded into fighting him. Sam threw him into the street, where he lay unconscious until Meacham and Bliss, both drunk, happened upon him and beat him to death.

III

AT THE age of forty-eight, Will Ferrin, one of the North Basin ranchers, had learned something that small children know and forget, and that, almost too late, the very old relearn. It was that the hour when daylight is breaking is the finest hour of the day.

Even before his Ute cook got up to build her breakfast fire, Ferrin was out of his cabin and on the prowl. His place, the Rafter F, shouldered against the Elk Mountains at the head of a meadow where File Creek left the high timber, and Ferrin's first morning move was to make a slow circle of his place. The story he read each morning in the dew-wet grass or in the snow, as the seasons dictated, held an endless fascination for him.

This morning, as he stepped out into the dawn, he looked across the meadow and saw the doe and her two fawns grazing at its far end. He had missed her only five days this summer, after which she showed up with her spider-legged twins.

He watched them with pleasure for a minute, then walked out past the sheds and corrals, heading upcreek. No sound broke the morning stillness, except the far cry of a jay up in the timber, followed by the distant chattering of a squirrel. The boulder-strewn creek was broad and shallow here, and Ferrin walked its *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

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ALL-AMERICA FAMILY

IN OCTOBER, 1949, when Zoe Ann Olsen, of Oakland, California, was just eighteen, she married a husky twenty-two-year-old named Jack Eugene Jensen. It was a marriage of two young and handsome champions. For the newlyweds, who already had their full share of honors and awards, the future looked as bright as a silver loving cup. Jackie, nationally famous as a collegiate football star, was on his way up to baseball's major leagues. Zoe Ann, one of the world's most spectacular divers, had just won her 13th and 14th U.S. championships.

Today, almost three years later, the team of Olsen & Jensen is capturing even more sports headlines than before. After a happy, busy time-out to get her twenty-one-month-old daughter, Jan Kay, started in life, Mrs. Jensen is again in training, for the U.S. Olympic tryouts to be held in Indianapolis the first week end in July. Jackie, a key figure in one of the season's biggest baseball trades, has hopped from the New York Yankees' green pastures to patrolling the outfield for the Washington Senators.

The move to Washington is only the latest high spot in young Daddy Jensen's amazing two-sport career. His hard-charging play as the University of California's star fullback in 1948 made him a unanimous All-America football selection, and sparked the team through an undefeated year and a postseason visit to the Rose Bowl. Came spring and baseball, and the Pacific Coast League's Oakland Club offered him a reported $40,000 bonus to switch his interest from the gridiron to the diamond. Jackie took the job, and by 1950 was playing major-league ball in New York. His turn with Washington this year gives him his first real chance to establish himself in the majors. Playing full time, he believes he can build himself into an important name—and a lot of fans agree.

Less versatile, but just as spectacular as her husband, Zoe Ann has concentrated on one sport only—diving. First stepping onto a springboard at the age of six, Zoe Ann won her initial U.S. senior title when she was fourteen. Her two most important teachers have been her father, Art Olsen, who has helped coach many leading divers in the Pacific Northwest area, and her mother, Norma, a member of an A.A.U. swimming committee. In the '48 Olympic games, their daughter missed the three-meter women's diving title—symbol of international superiority—by only half a point in the final scoring.

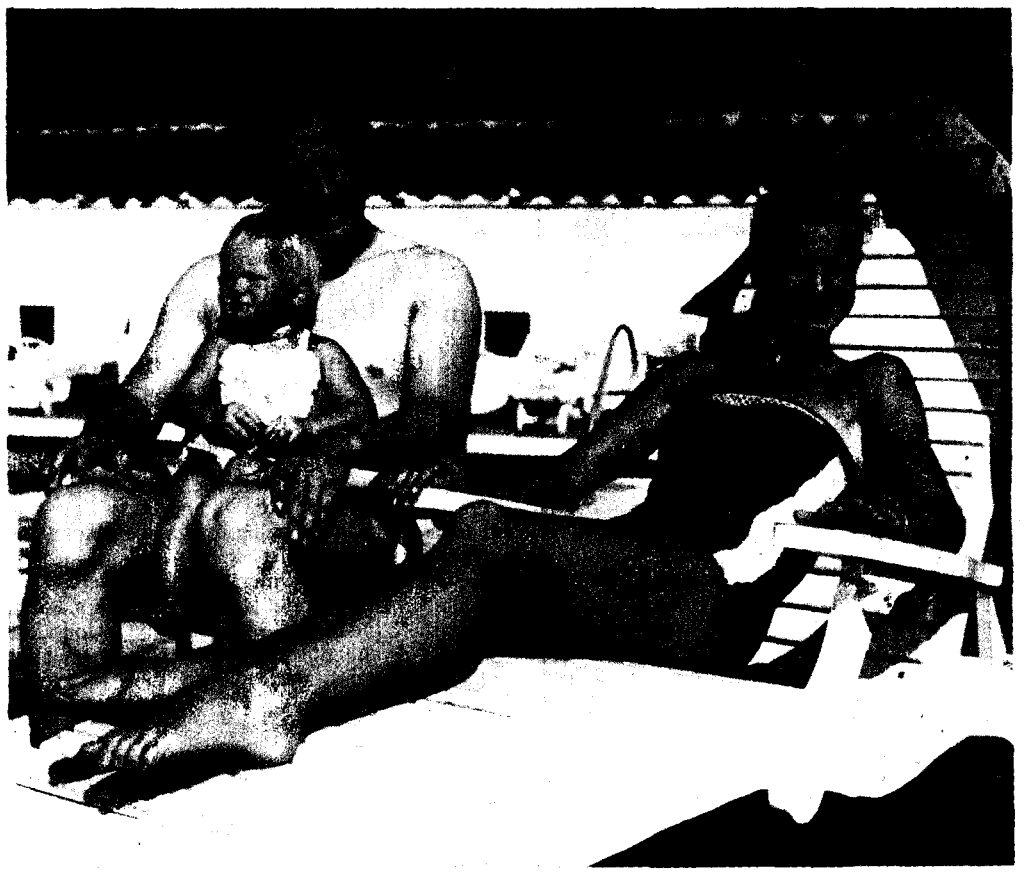
While little Jan Kay has so far voiced no athletic ambitions, she is, with the gentle prodding of her proud grandparents, rapidly becoming a water-baby. "Zoe and her folks started Jan off in the bathtub," says Jackie, "and last winter in Florida, she was starting to paddle around the swimming pool."

As a baseball wife, Zoe Ann has learned to put up with frequent separations from her husband. But this year the athletic Jensens are having even less home life than usual. Little Jan is with her grandparents in California. Jackie is caught up in the Senators' baseball travels. And Zoe Ann is in Washington, D.C., training for a chance at the Olympics title that eluded her four years ago.

If she does make the American squad, Zoe Ann will be off on a road trip of her own. And husband Jackie will be proudly helping his big-league wife pack her bags for the journey to the Olympic games in Finland. This could be the All-America Jensens' biggest year.

HOWARD COHN

Wife of baseball star Jackie Jensen, Zoe Ann Olsen Jensen has won 14 U.S. diving titles, a 2d place in '48 Olympics



All the Jensens feel at home in an aquatic setting. Jackie was a lifeguard when he first dated Zoe Ann. Just 21 months old, daughter Jan Kay has no fear of water

Collier's for June 21, 1952

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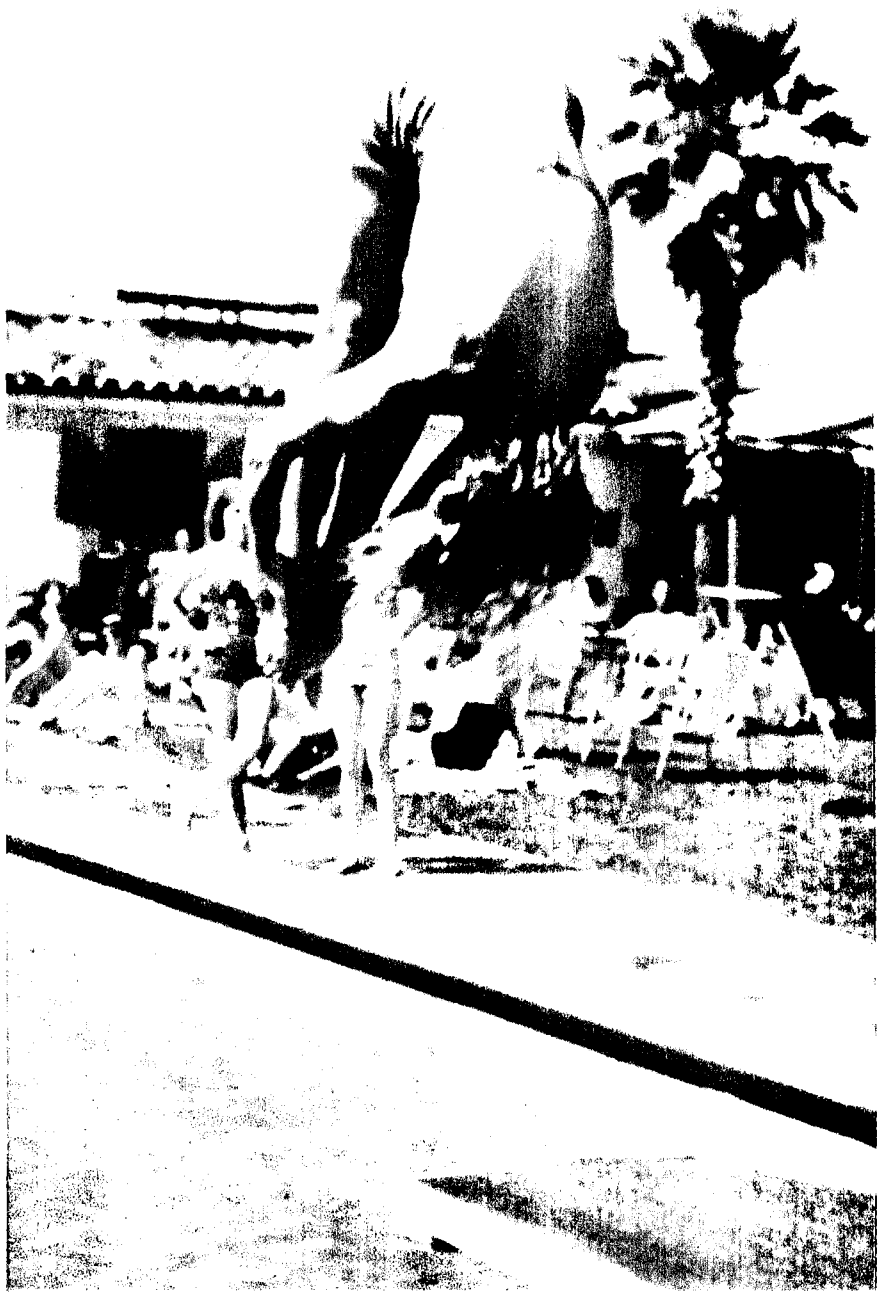
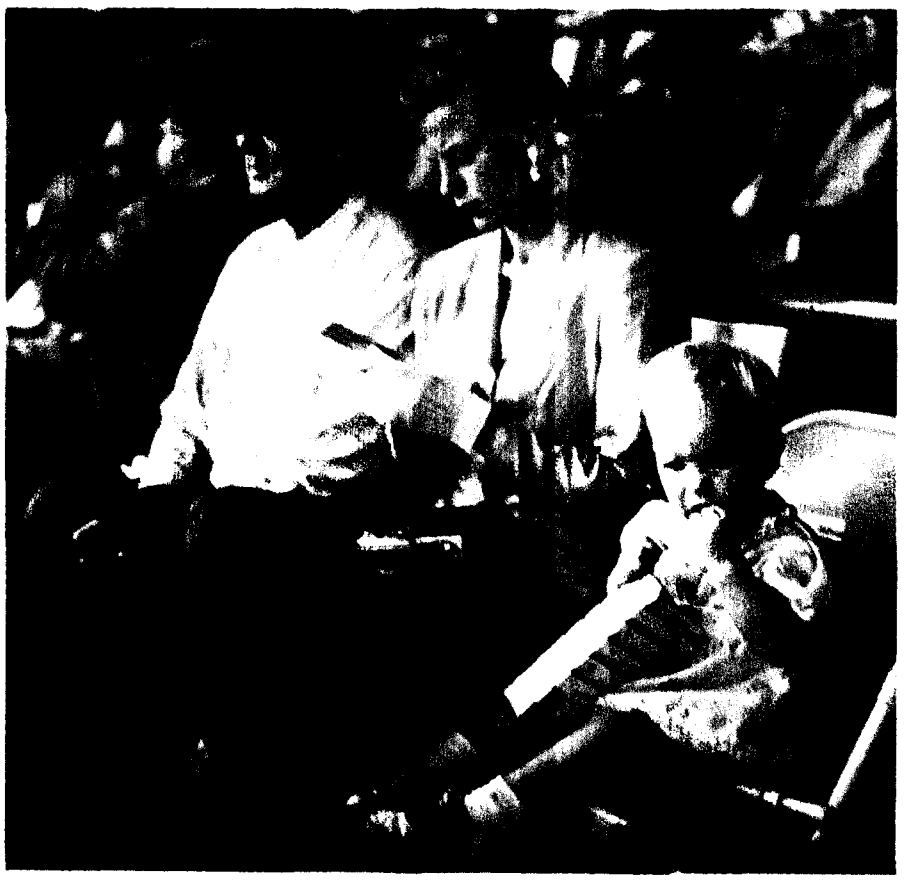


Constantly practicing, Zoe Ann here executes perfect back jackknife. Though out of competition two years, she's trying for '52 Olympic team

IKE VERN

Outfielder Jackie Jensen and wife watch Senators practice in Washington. Traded from Yankees, Jackie hopes to prove he's star material this year

Playing in the sand, little Jan is oblivious to her sports heritage. Zoe Ann doesn't want her to be a champion. "It's too much work," she says



Jackie's own cheering section—Zoe and Jan—try to get to as many games as possible, but at present Zoe is in training and Jan is in California

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOIS AND JOE STEINMETZ

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Dear

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Miss Lovelorn

I shouldn't have meddled. I should have left love to the experts. But it did give me a charge to see my stuff in print—even if I had to sign it "Bashful" and "Desperate"

By FRED DICKENSON

FROM where we sit on the copy boys' bench, the whole vast panorama of the city room, as they say, is spread before us. It isn't maybe so vast, being about fifty feet across and considerably cluttered up with busted chairs and typewriters the Confederate Army must have been glad to surrender; but we fleet-footed messengers see all, and there are days when more interesting stuff goes on around the News-Bulletin than ever gets into the paper.

The only people who know more office secrets than we do are the telephone operators, which is understandable because they are always on the Erie in case somebody faints while making a date with the blonde in classified and they might have to notify the emergency squad. It hasn't happened yet, but it could, and meanwhile they pick up plenty.

However, as I mentioned, we on journalism's lowest rung get around, not only in the city room but in all the little cubbyholes too, like where old Doc Hooker makes up the crossword puzzles and spills coffee on them, and the morgue, where the cheesecake and hatchet-slaying art winds up in a fascinating pile; except the librarian screams bloody murder if you even touch her old pictures.

Holler, "Boy!" a few times, and you will see what I mean. About the fifth or sixth time you holler, one of us will be at your side, ready to do your bidding, be it get you clips, take your copy up to the desk, or put out the fire you have set throwing matches in the wastebasket.

We also sometimes appear when you don't holler, maybe trying to bum a pass or slinging mail around, and that is how I happened to waltz into the lovelorn office one day and catch Willis McK. Johnson, the picture editor, trying to kiss Laura Hollis.

Well, of course he let go and they both jumped back, like the referee just ordered them to break. Laura Hollis looked embarrassed, pretty and flushed; but Willis McK. Johnson's tricky little mustache practically lit up and he glared as if he would be personally happy to spike me on the nearest dead-hook.

"Why don't you knock before you come in?" he snapped.

Now, if anybody knocked on the doors around the News-Bulletin, half of them would fall off and the other half would jam. You never would get the mail distributed. So I gave him the old I-don't-know-from-nothing look, dropped a batch of letters on Laura Hollis' desk, and started out.

"Oh, Gil," she called. "I wonder if you would do something for me?"

"Sure, Miss Hollis."

"Nosy kid," Johnson muttered.

She held out the copy for her Dear Miss Lovelorn column and said, "Will you drop this at the desk and when you get a chance bring me some coffee?"

I took the copy and a quarter and looked for some sign I should hang around; but they were all business now, and she seemed to have Johnson pretty well calmed down.

So I kept going, because we have to be diplomatic in our position, and you'll see why when I say that five minutes later, waiting for coffee in the local chew-and-choke, I found myself next to Art Turner, the copyreader.

"If you've been writing phony letters to Miss Hollis," Art shouted, "tell her that I had nothing to do with it." He got hold of my necktie and twisted it. "Go on," he shouted. "Tell her!"

"How's it going, Scoop?" he said, giving me the big hello. Art Turner was always friendly and relaxed, but he had a squared-off, serious face and a pair of shoulders that made people careful about kidding around. What I liked about him most, naturally, was that he would take a minute occasionally to give me a few pointers on handling a story; so that someday I could get a job as a reporter.

"Okay," I said. I was glad that it was copy he read instead of minds, because I liked him too much to have him know what I had just seen in the lovelorn office. The way Art Turner felt about Laura Hollis, he might have left half his sandwich right there and joined the Foreign Legion, and I never would make the news side. "Everything under control?" I said.

He grinned. "That's keeping it short," he said. "You won't go wrong that way."

The counterman was going to put cream in the coffee, and I caught him just in time. "Hold the cow," I said. "It's for Miss Hollis."

Art Turner's expression changed instantly, and he stared at the container as if it had become a golden chalice on its way to the princess, with her fortified nectar. "No cream," he said reverently, as if he must remember that. "Any sugar?"

"One. Level."

He nodded thoughtfully, as I measured it.

ON THE way back to the city room, I thought: Well, what are you going to do? Here's Laura Hollis patching up our readers' broken romances as Miss Lovelorn, and she doesn't even know Art Turner's heart would bust a Geiger counter at fifteen feet on account of her.

I admit he kept awfully quiet about it as far as she was concerned, worshiping from afar, you might say. But all the men on the copy desk winked every time he offered to read copy on her column, because they usually try to duck anything written by the ladies, who can turn out some surprising lines in their innocence; and it's good night if the stuff ever gets into the paper.

They figured only love would make a copyreader stick his neck out like that, and I knew they were right.

And who had the inside track with Miss Lovelorn herself while Art Turner labored over her column? Willis McK. Johnson. There, as the politicians say, was a man who. A man who had rushed every girl on the staff and was never going to marry any of them so long as he had himself to love, honor and cherish.

A couple of Johnson's girls, I'd heard, had held out until termites got into their hope chests; and they had only given up and grabbed insurance salesmen or tree surgeons when you couldn't see the wall for the handwriting.

I liked Laura Hollis and didn't want to see that happen to her, especially when I knew how Art Turner felt, but I guessed it was mine not to reason why.

"Thanks, Gil," she said, when I gave her the coffee. She had put on her glasses to read the new lovelorn letters, and she looked like a little girl playing schoolteacher. Johnson was gone.

"Need anything else?" I said. "I won't be by until next mail delivery, about two thirty."

"No, thanks. The aspirin is still holding out." She made a face at the pile of letters. "How can people get into so much trouble?"

"You get more letters than the reducing diet department," I told her. "I counted them."

She jabbed an envelope with the opener, like Errol Flynn going after a pirate. "Diets are what I should send them," she said. *(Continued on page 32)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT

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Only 450 miles from Pole, frozen flowers decorate grave of Charles Hubbard, arctic pioneer who died with eight others in tragic crash

Brave men built our polar outposts and brave men staff them. Isolated at the top of the world for months on end, they dare hazards from blizzards to bears, with death a constant companion

By BILL DAVIDSON

Last week, Bill Davidson told of his flight into northern Greenland, where top U.S. arctic experts, in collaboration with the Danes, are establishing a string of vital airstrips and weather stations

THE northernmost, permanently settled Americans in the world today are a small group of volunteer civilian weathermen, who with Canadian counterparts, maintain an important outpost called "Alert," on the northern tip of Canada's Ellesmere Island, at the edge of the Arctic Ocean just 450 miles from the North Pole. Recently, photographer Lew Merrim and I flew in to Alert in the first resupply plane to land there in six months —a C-54 in which we shared the cabin with 10 sacks of mail, 16 drums of Diesel oil, one weather instrument, three cases of frozen meats and one case of cigars.

As the plane wheeled in over the frightening, frozen expanse of the Arctic Ocean toward the airstrip hacked out of the rock and ice, a startling sight caught my eye. On the very end of Cape Belknap, which points like a finger toward the North Pole, I spotted nine white crosses in a neat row—and on one of the crosses I was sure I saw a wreath of flowers, although I knew there weren't any flowers growing within a thousand miles of this dismal spot.

Later, we risked frostbite in the 20-degree-below-zero cold to ride out to the graves, on a sled attached to a tractor driven by a bewhiskered giant from Seabrook, Maryland, named Ira Beckner. Sure enough, on the most prominent of the crosses was a wreath of beautiful red flowers. They were frozen garden-fresh by the numbing cold, but when I touched them they crumbled into brittle fragments.

I then learned that these were the graves of the men aboard a Royal Canadian Air Force bomber which had crashed on July 31, 1950, trying to fulfill a resupply mission similar to ours. The flower-bedecked grave was that of an extraordinary American from Washington, D.C., named Charles Joseph Hubbard, who had been an arctic explorer at the age of fourteen, an All-America football guard at Harvard in 1922 and 1923, a commander in the Navy, a colonel in the Air Force, and an adviser to Presidents. The flowers had been flown up from the United States and then carefully dropped by parachute in the total darkness of last Christmas Day, because (as I later learned) Hubbard was the father of all these arctic weather installations on the northern rim of the Western Hemisphere—which form an important part of our main defenses in this area.

As his own untimely death at the age of forty-eight indicates, living in the late Colonel Hubbard's installations is not easy. In the fall of 1947, for

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

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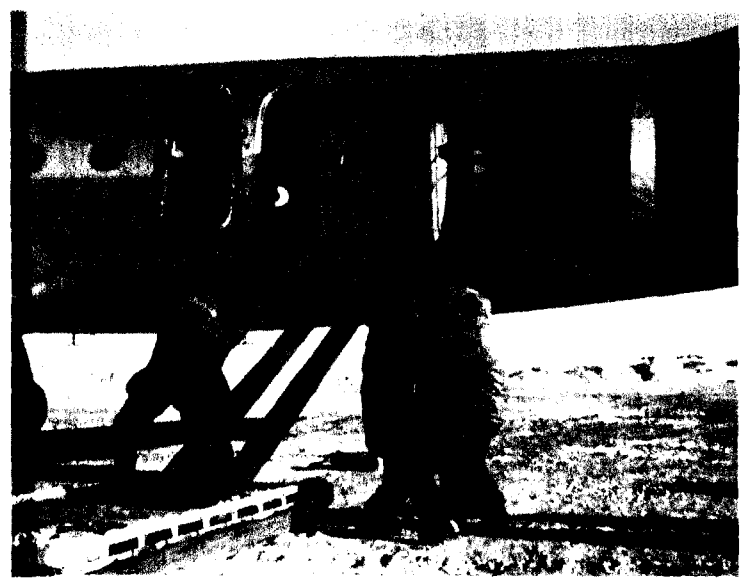
Crack arctic pilot Capt. Robert Campbell (at extreme left rear) and his crew in front of their C-54 plane

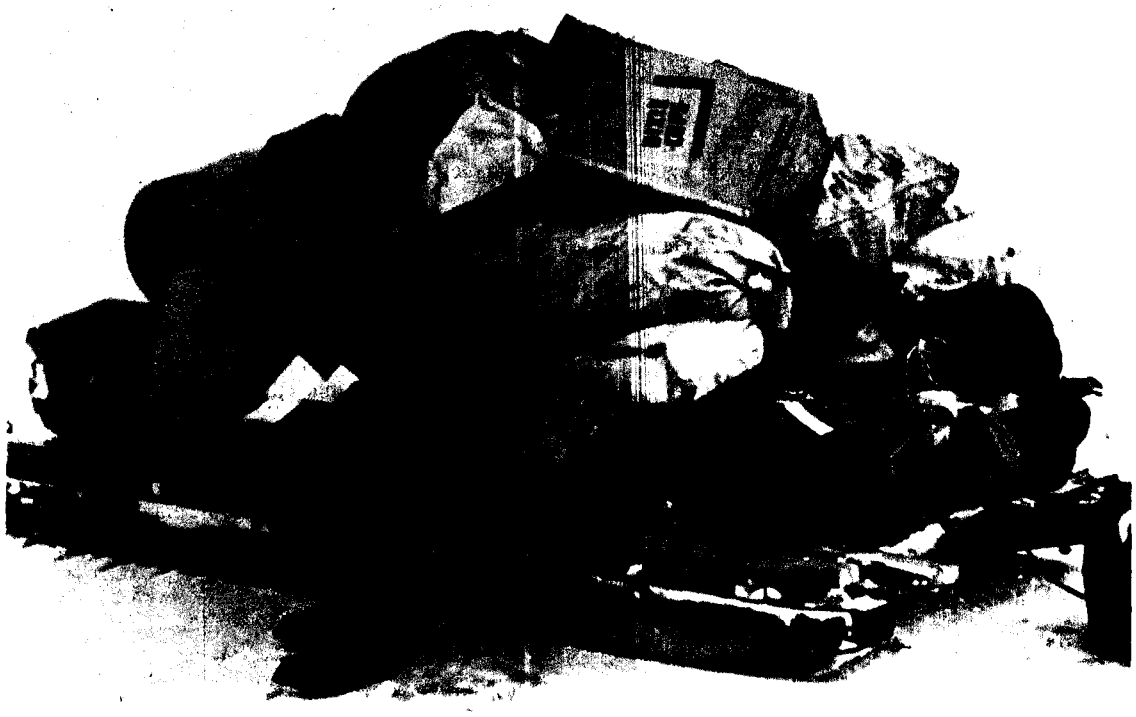
Warner Chapman, Gulfport, Fla., executive officer at Alert, with skin of wolf killed near the installation



Campbell's crew struggles to unload bulky 1,600-pound generator brought in to Alert in "Operation Resupply"

Jim Tarver, of Kerrville, Tex., sends up weather balloons at Alert, some 2,500 miles north of U.S.—closer to Pole than any other inhabited spot in Western Hemisphere

John Melvin, of Toronto, sits on first equipment brought in to Eureka station in six months (supply planes must wait for end of Dark Period) and catches up on his mail



"Blowtorch" Morgan (l.) and Cecil Courtney (r.) with two new arrivals headed for one-year stint at outpost

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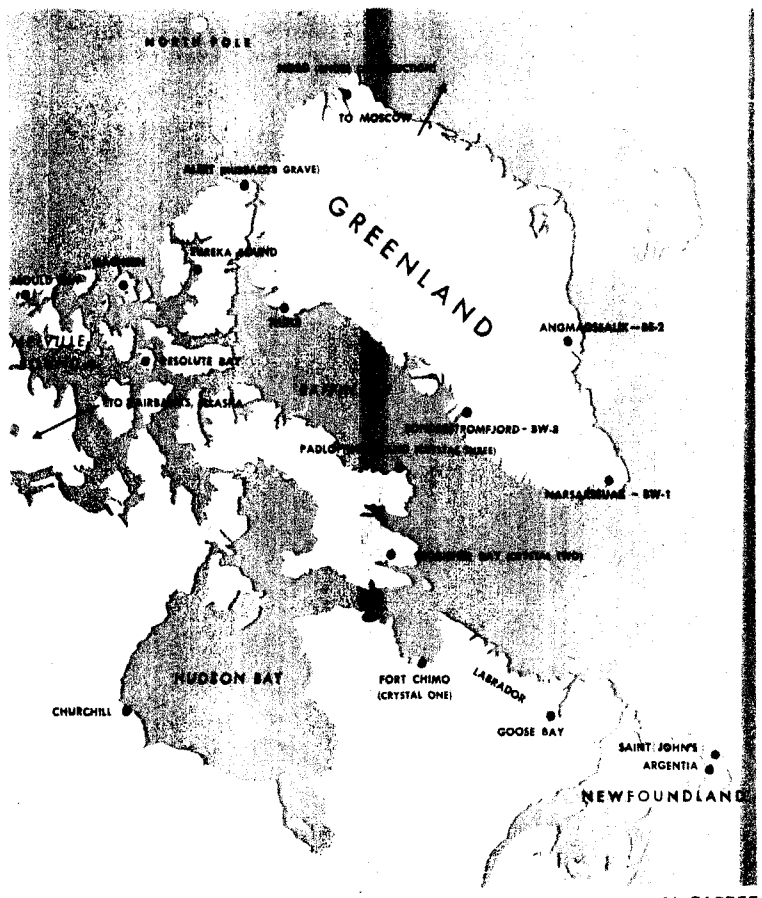
Collier's Bill Davidson (l.) and photographer Merrim



AL TARTER

Bases marked Crystal, BW, BE (Bluie West, East) are World War II "steppingstone bases." Others are new

U.S. WEATHER BUREAU

The late Charles J. Hubbard, photographed at Thule just before boarding airplane for fatal trip to Alert

instance, a Canadian weather technician named Ted Gibbon stepped out of the barracks in the joint Canadian-U.S. station at Resolute Bay to record his morning weather observations. It was the period of 24-hour-a-day darkness and Gibbon couldn't see more than a few feet in front of him, but suddenly a giant white form loomed up in the blackness outside the door.

Gibbon just had time to loose one scream before a bone-crushing blow to the side of the head felled him and sharp claws ripped into his arm. The scream awakened the cook, who ran out to see a 1,000-pound polar bear standing over the unconscious Gibbon, licking his blood. The cook hit the bear with an ax, but this had no effect except to cause the beast to turn on him. Luckily for the cook, at that moment the Canadian officer in charge fired a rifle shot at the bear from just inside the doorway. The bear toppled dead, and Gibbon was immediately flown to a hospital in Montreal to have a metal plate fitted into his skull.

Strewn with Wrecked Supply Planes

No less than 16 planes have crashed trying to supply these ends-of-the-earth stations in the few years of their existence. There are so many aircraft wrecks strewn around the Resolute Bay station that the personnel have taken to using the fuselages of crashed C-54s and C-82s as storehouses.

Not only that, but the men often cannot go out into the intense cold and wind for more than a few minutes at a time. Once, at a joint Danish-U.S. station in northern Greenland, it took radio operator Stanley Whiteman, of Watertown, Connecticut, 30 minutes to crawl 50 yards on his hands and knees from one building to another. Most awesome of all, the installations are so remote—in areas where not even Eskimos live—that the men often go for as long as eight mind-scarring months at a time without seeing a new face.

Nothing, however, illustrates better the sacrifices which we and our Allies are making to maintain Hubbard's stations at the top of the world than the following series of incidents which began in 1948 at the isolated Eureka Sound installation, on Canada's Ellesmere Island. On Christmas Eve, a fire started in an overheated oil stove in the generator room at the outpost. Within four minutes the flames had enveloped the generator room, garage and mess hall—virtually putting the station out of business and leaving the men with no electricity and little food or heat in the 60-degree-below-zero cold.

The U.S. Air Force's Newfoundland Base Command then decided to fly new generators and supplies to the Eureka outpost (despite the fact that airplane landings are hardly ever attempted during the dangerous Dark Period), and a C-54 took off from Saint John's with the new equipment. The big four-engine plane landed at Resolute Bay to refuel—and a tire blew out. It was impossible to fix the tire in the paralyzing cold, so the pilot, Colonel Charles McCorkle, of Washington, D.C., decided to fly to Fairbanks, Alaska—the nearest main base—to get another wheel. But in taxiing, a second tire on the same side blew out and the plane was abandoned at the end of the Resolute runway.

The Newfoundland Base Command then ordered another C-54 to fly the 1,935 miles from Saint John's to Resolute with two new wheels. Plane number two arrived four days later, unloaded the wheels, and took off again. But then it was discovered that an engine on plane number one had been so badly affected by the intense cold that it would not start. So pilot McCorkle had to unload all passengers, equipment and extra gear and fly on three engines to Goose Bay, Labrador, 1,500 miles away, where there were facilities for changing engines indoors.

Meanwhile, plane number three—a C-54—was sent up to Resolute, to load the stranded passengers and half of the equipment. It then took off for Greenland, where it was found that the cold had wrecked a magneto in one of its engines. The C-54 carried a spare magneto, but it turned out to be one for the wrong side, so plane number four had to fly up with the correct magneto for plane number three.

But by then the gasoline tanks on plane number three were sprung by the cold, and it had to be taken south to reseal them. The passengers and equipment were loaded on plane number five, which was sent up from Saint John's. This time they landed successfully at Eureka Sound with only *part* of the supplies necessary to revitalize the burned-out station, but they couldn't take off again to pick up the second load in Greenland because of a bad carburetor. So plane number six—a B-17—flew over and dropped a carburetor by parachute. It took 11 hours to get plane number five's engines started in the bitter cold and, when it arrived at the base in north Greenland, the aircraft was deemed unsafe for the return trip. Finally, the job was completed when plane number seven (another B-17) landed at Eureka on February 21st—58 days after the fire.

Despite these incredible hardships, we and the Canadians have managed to dig in on a long front just south of the North Pole—with joint installations at Mould Bay on Canada's Prince Patrick Island; at Isachsen on one of the Sverdrup Islands, some 330 miles to the east; at Eureka Sound on Ellesmere Island (another 240 miles farther east); and at Alert, northeast of Eureka Sound on the same big Ellesmere Island. At Nord, a new installation is now being constructed by the Danes with our help, on the northeast tip of Greenland, just 550 miles from the nearest Russians on Franz Josef Land and only 2,000 miles from Moscow. Backing up this chain of stations on the very shores of the Arctic Ocean are Resolute Bay in Canada and the main U.S. installation in northwest Greenland—the main supply bases for the outposts.

Each of the outposts consists of a weather station, with an airstrip to resupply it. The stations are invaluable in predicting weather for peacetime air operations, since the arctic is known as the "weather factory of the world" and storms and disturbances usually pass over the outposts on their way to affect the North Atlantic and Europe. Their vital position in wartime is obvious.

In World War II, for example, the Germans nearly turned the tide in Europe by timing their Battle of the Bulge offensive in accordance with a weather report received from a secret German arctic weather station probably established in the wastes of northeast Greenland. The German attack coincided with several days of zero-zero flying weather over the Ardennes Forest area, and before our fighter bombers were able to get into the air to stop them, the Panzer divisions had burst through Allied lines almost to the Meuse River.

The development of the U.S.-Allied installations at the top of the world was much less deliberate, almost haphazard. It all began in August, 1941, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill met "somewhere in the Atlantic" for the announced purpose of formulating the so-called Atlantic Charter.

A Plan to Beat German Sub Menace

Actually, the meeting was held off the naval base at Argentia, Newfoundland, and one of their chief problems was to devise a means of licking the German submarine menace which was preventing badly needed fighter planes from reaching England by ship. They finally came up with a daring plan—to build a string of airfields across subarctic Canada, southern Greenland and Iceland, so that short-range fighter planes actually could fly from the West Coast aircraft plants of the United States to Prestwick, Scotland, hopping from field to field over the entire 6,000-mile distance.

One of Roosevelt's top aides at that conference was the late General Henry H. Arnold, then chief of the Army Air Forces. General Arnold, somewhat staggered by the enormity of the project that had been dropped in his lap, stopped off at the naval base at Quonset Point, Rhode Island, and by one of those freak accidents of fate, happened to meet Charles Hubbard, who had just been recalled as a lieutenant commander in the naval reserve. When the general learned that Hubbard had spent years exploring north Labrador and the arctic, he said, "Brother, you're just the man I'm looking for," or words to that effect. He then arranged to borrow Hubbard from the Navy and bestowed on him the high-sounding title, "Special Assistant to the Commanding General."

Hubbard immediately began to help assemble as many of the Western World's top polar experts as could be found. The Norwegian-born Bernt Balchen, Admiral Byrd's pilot *(Continued on page 70)*

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Cultivating friendships. Over the years, many, many men have found that an acquaintance with Four Roses soon ripens into loyal friendship. Four Roses, in fact, has made so many friends that today people buy more Four Roses than any other whiskey at or above the Four Roses price—even more than most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you rather drink Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

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Dear Miss Lovelorn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

"They might do more good. I swear I think some people go looking for trouble instead of happiness on purpose."

I kicked that one around back in the city room, and later, just for fun, I checked up to see where her next day's column was. It had cleared the desk, and the slot man had it with a pile of stuff he was dealing out. He made like he was going to give it to somebody else for a minute, as a gag, and then he slid it over to Art Turner.

"Have a little hearts and flowers," he said.

Turner only smiled quietly and reached for a new pencil. He didn't ruffle easy, except with girls, I guess. For the next fifteen minutes, reading copy, you could see he was the happiest guy in the world.

During the slack that afternoon, I pretended that I was taking a big holdup over the phone from police headquarters, and I wrote it up with all the regular stuff—clocklike precision and sixteen terrorized and all—and when Art Turner was getting ready to go home I showed it to him.

"That's not bad, not bad," he said, in his serious way, studying it as if it were the real McCoy. "Watch out for expressions like this 'most heinous depredation in the annals of crime,' though, unless the chief shoots himself in the foot. You won't have any adjectives left for a bigger story. And you don't say how much they stole."

"I forgot that. It's always something."

He gave me a clap on the back that made me think I'd been hit by the getaway car. "You're coming along," he said. "Just keep plugging. Someday, Heaven help you, you'll be a newspaperman."

THAT was what I intended to be, and one like Art Turner, if possible. He wasn't like the other copy clerks, which is what you call a man on the rim if you want to get him hopping mad. You see, copyreaders like to think of themselves as experts fixing up the dumb mistakes of the writers; and the writers say if the copyreaders could do anything else they wouldn't be on the copy desk. They love each other.

Art Turner didn't take sides, because he was switching around from job to job so he would know everything, and you could tell he planned to go places. Once in a while, between editions, he even studied stuff instead of playing the word game.

Running copy and coffee-to-go is a long way from by-lines, but I was pretty sure by now what I wanted to do. You usually take the job in the first place because you think newspapermen get free passes for everything; then, by the time you find out that the managing editor grabs all the Annie Oakleys so he can take deserving millionaires to the game, it is too late.

That's because you have heard the fire alarm ring and you have jumped over to the card file and yelled the box location to the desk. Waiting for the takes, you have hung at the shoulder of the top rewrite man, looking from the clock to the clattering keys and wondering how he does it without knocking the ashes off his cigarette.

When those presses finally roll, with a thunder that sends waves from the shaking floor right through the top of your head, and you grab the first dozen for upstairs—still wet, with that wonderful smell of newsprint and ink—you're sunk.

So now you know why I stuck around, unhonored and unprinted too, and where I got the yen to see some of my own words in the News-Bulletin, an ambition that ordinarily would stop few presses; but the way it worked out, I caused more excitement than they had had around there since the General Slocum disaster.

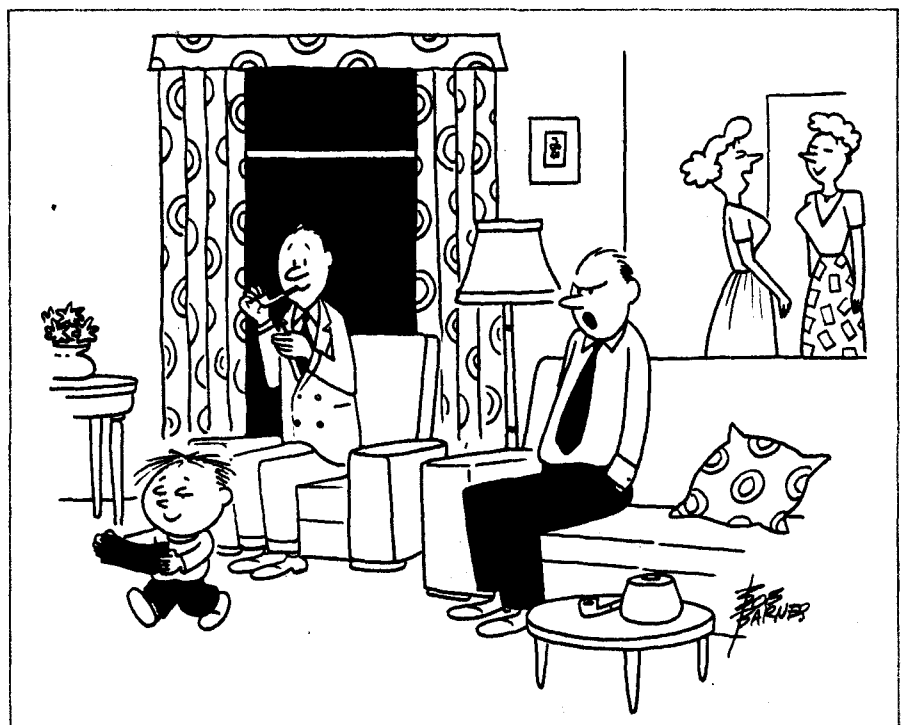
Art Turner, we soon found out, might be no ball-of-fire at promoting himself with the fair sex, but he wasn't entirely helpless. By reading Miss Lovelorn's column, he got the excuse to go down and ask questions about something he'd pretend he didn't understand—not insinuating the copy wasn't clear, which wins no friends and influences no lovelorn editors, but just to have a friendly business talk.

You can bet there would be no reason for anybody to knock while Turner was there. He was so serious and reserved, a girl would never guess he didn't have the nerve to ask her to go out but would decide he regarded her as mentally bowlegged and let it go at that.

Sometimes they would talk over the problems people wrote in about, like "Worried," who said she was going to be thirty-two her next birthday and didn't Miss Lovelorn think it was about time that her mother let her have dates?

Oddly enough, Art Turner always had good ideas for other people, and I noticed Laura Hollis leaning on him more and more. Once she came up and asked his advice right there on the copy desk. The back of his neck got red, and I thought some of the other guys were going to choke. They all must have edited the same paragraph ten times before she went away; but there was a very loud silence when she did, because Art Turner looked as if he would gladly whip up some mincemeat of copyreader for the cooking department and please give him an excuse, that's all.

I wished I could help, but I came up with nothing but blanks until the afternoon Willis McK. Johnson took Laura Hollis away from him just when it seemed Art Turner was going to try for the jack pot.



COLLIER'S — **"Takes after his mother—although not quite as much yet"** — BOB BARNES

THEY were talking at the water cooler, and Turner was staring at her like a hungry man would case a seven-course blueplate special when Johnson came up and pushed his way in. "How about solving my problem, beautiful?" he asked Laura.

She smiled an apology to Art Turner and turned to Johnson. "Write me a letter."

"This won't wait. It's whether I dance with you or the headwaiter tonight."

Miss Lovelorn always advised her customers to face the facts of life, and she was honest enough to practice what she preached—the fact at the moment being that it was Johnson or nothing. "I've always been sorry for headwaiters," she said. "It's bad enough that they're on their feet so much without having you on them, too. What time?"

"The usual."

They walked away together with that too-calm air you associate with old married couples and people who believe in permanent engagements. Art Turner downed a quick hooker of water and hardly glanced at my version of a double trunk murder.

"Another time, Gil," he said hollowly. "Save it for me."

That was when I decided to write the letters to Miss Lovelorn. It wasn't only that my career was at stake; I liked Art and Miss Hollis, to say nothing of the chance of lousing up Willis McK. Johnson. I wrote the first of the letters that night, after everybody had gone, using the typewriter back in the financial department, where there wasn't any more chance of someone coming in and catching me than there was of the President making our business editor Secretary of the Treasury so he could stop the Washington bungling and save the country from ruin.

My first letter went like this:

Dear Miss Lovelorn:

I am a girl 24 years old, though my friends say that I look like nearer 20, and I have never written to anyone before like this, but I am at the end of my rope. My trouble is my boy friend. We have been going steady for a long time, but he has never once mentioned marriage.

He comes over 365 nights a year, and sometimes we look at television or go for a walk. Then I fix something to eat because restaurants make him nervous.

Believe me, Miss Lovelorn, I am getting tired of my friends saying to me, "Aren't you married yet?" The way they say "yet" I could scream.

How can I discover his intentions once and for all? Nobody else calls me any more. I'm afraid someday I'll be an old bag holding the same if this keeps up.

I signed it "Desperate" with the financial editor's desk pen and addressed a plain envelope to Miss Lovelorn. That night I hopped off a bus in an outlying section and dropped it into the mailbox.

Sure enough, it came through the mail next day and I left it on Laura Hollis' desk. She must have regarded it as an emergency case, because she answered it right away.

When the paper came off, I read my own letter six times. There it was, in type and everything. At last I had written something for the News-Bulletin, and I knew how Shakespeare must have felt. Her answer was good, too.

Dear Desperate:

There is nothing more disastrous for a girl than to see the precious years slipping past while she wastes her time with a "boy friend" such as you describe. A man whose intentions are serious and honorable will lose no time in making them known.

From the situation you outline, I would say that your "boy friend" is psychologically immature and incapable of playing the adult role in life for which marriage calls. He has become a habit with you, which is probably his only goal, and, like most habits, he's a bad one.

You owe it to yourself to force him to choose between your hand and his hat. You mention leap year, and need I remind you that this is one? Using that threat, I think you can make him show his colors. If it scares him off, it is much better that you find out now. While he clutters up your life and sofa, he is keeping other, more eligible, suitors away.

SO FAR, so good, I thought. Laura Hollis never asked people to follow advice she wouldn't take herself, and that certainly was a column which she might have written while she was staring into a mirror. I watched them like a hawk, and it was only a couple of days later that it paid off.

She was going through the current newspaper files when Johnson eased over to bask in her company, and I decided it was a good time for me to clean out some of the older issues where I could hear. As I tuned in, Johnson was saying, ". . . can't say I've noticed."

"Well, it has," Laura Hollis said. "It's come down to where you can furnish a whole apartment for a couple of thousand dollars. Look at this ad."

Johnson gave it a quick gander, as if it might bite him. "Uh-huh," he said. He kept right on going past the furniture ad. "Say, here are sport jackets for fifty bucks."

The corners of her mouth turned up in a little smile. "Never mind that," she said. "This broadloom is very good at ten dollars a yard. You'd want broadloom, wouldn't you?"

Johnson started slightly but rallied with the know-how of an old campaigner. "Never thought much about it," he said briskly. "Have you seen the ice show yet?"

"Why, Willis," Laura Hollis said. She seemed to be enjoying herself. "I believe you're trying to change the subject. You know what year this is, don't you?"

"Election," Johnson said hoarsely.

"And something else." She sidled closer, and for the first time since I joined the News-Bulletin, I saw Willis McK. Johnson moving *away* from a girl. He skittered sidewards and poised like a deer at the sound of a hunter.

"It's the year, Willis, when a girl can ask a—"

"Excuse me," Johnson said. "If that eight-column layout isn't cleared in five minutes, it's my neck. . . ."

He staggered off with the shaken air of a man who has experienced a near thing. Laura Hollis was still smiling when she walked away. While I was her witness, nobody would ever be able to say that Miss Lovelorn handed out romantic prescriptions that she was afraid to test herself.

For days, Johnson stayed far away from the lovelorn department, and every once in a while Laura Hollis would take a good windup and write a piece blasting men who take up the courting time of innocent maidens without any plans for slipping a ring on the proper finger.

The road was clear for Art Turner, and I could hardly get caught up on my stalling, watching to see if he would do anything about it. But whatever his problem was, it didn't seem to make any difference if the competition disappeared. He read copy on the Miss Lovelorn column, and had long talks with Laura Hollis in her office, but

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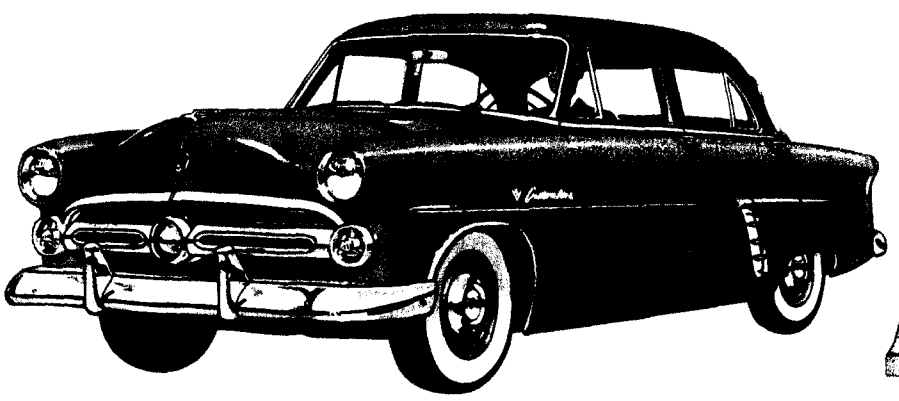

"It's long, low and lovely!"
"Everything about it says quality!"

New Quality-Built Bodies bring new beauty and safety to the low-price field! They're longer! They're wider! They're stronger! They come in the widest variety of body style, color and upholstery combinations of any low-priced car.

Coast to coast success... it's the Ablest car on the American Road... '52 Ford!

"Ford's Strato-Star V-8 whisks you up hills in a wink!"

New Power—Six or V-8. The newest, most modern Six! It has free-turning overhead valves and it's the only all-new, low-friction, high-compression Six in the industry. Ford's high-compression Strato-Star V-8—now 110-h.p.—is the most powerful engine in its field!

"Dust, drafts, discomfort are 'has beens' when you hit the trail!"
"And no 'jingle jangle' on rough dirt roads!"

New Automatic Ride Control really "gentles" the bumps! And a new lower center of gravity and a wider front tread help take the tilt out of turns!

New Full-Circle Visibility really "lets in" *all* the scenery! You'll find a huge, curved one-piece windshield, a car-wide rear window, narrower posts all around . . . side windows that are picture-window big. Here's visibility unlimited!

"Forward or backward you get broad vision all the time!"

"Nips in and out of tight parking places in a jiffy!"

You can pay more but you can't buy better!

White sidewall tires optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim, subject to change without notice.

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he got lockjaw when it came to speaking up for himself. I think if he was cast on a desert island with a beautiful girl, he would go out with a shark.

So I wrote another letter:

Dear Miss Lovelorn:

I am a young man (but not getting any younger), and I have a terrible problem which I could never tell you face to face, but perhaps you can help me. I am in love with a girl and I think she likes me, but I am too embarrassed to tell her how I feel.

I do not understand why I am like this, but I can't seem to get over it, and I am afraid she will go out of my life without learning my real feelings. How can I let her know what is in my heart?

I hope you can help me.

I signed it "Bashful" and dropped it in the mail that night. So far, the campaign had cost me six cents, because I couldn't send the letters with the regular office mail. I hoped more results would show soon. Of course, getting printed in the News-Bulletin was worth something, and here was advice Art Turner would be sure to read.

SHE answered in a couple of days. Bringing the copy up, I spotted it, and it was interesting to watch Turner when he started to read it.

Dear Bashful:

Your problem of being too shy to let the object of your affections know how you feel is not new, as you must suspect. A similar case, involving Captain Miles Standish, a brave man, and a girl named Priscilla, has become a classic example. It has also shown us what not *to do, such as sending a friend named John Alden or anybody else to speak for you. He may get the girl.*

Modern psychology would explain Captain Standish's trouble (and yours) as an exaggerated fear of rejection brought on by unfortunate early conditioning. You anticipate a refusal where happy acceptance may be waiting.

So much for analysis. Now, the cure. Approach your goal by easy stages. For instance, send her some flowers. You do not even have to sign your name. Let it be from an "unknown admirer." Later, you can identify yourself.

But meanwhile, between sending the flowers and admitting that you are the secret admirer, you can make conversational progress. Surely you can say to her, "It's a lovely day." Sooner or later, this can lead to the observation, "There is a good picture at Loew's State," or some such, and express the wish that she will see it with you. Before you know it, you will have reached the point where you can say, "Will you marry me?"

There will be more than 1,600,000 marriages in the United States this year, and you can be certain that some of the bridegrooms were just as shy as you, so it can be done. Good luck.

Turner read the column like it was the magic formula for turning old bus transfers into World Series ducats. He jumped up and went over to the water cooler, came back, and read it again. He sharpened six pencils, studied the bulletin board, which hasn't had anything new on it since the NRA regulations, and read it a third time.

He read the column a few more times before he let go of it, and it was a safe bet that he had memorized every comma. That afternoon, when I showed him my feature on the monkey that escaped from the zoo—I had a lot of sharp stuff in it like more fun than a barrel of people, etc.—he was higher than I had ever seen him, and I wasn't sure that I liked it. You know how they always say the deceased was in excellent spirits just before doing a swan dive out of a blimp? Art Turner seemed too hi-de-hi for comfort.

"Why, Gil, my boy," he said, "this is the most extraordinary monkey-escapes-from-zoo story since the golden age of Frank Ward O'Malley. Conceivably, it could rank with any of the ferry-boat-lost-in-fog or egg-truck-overturns-in-mishap stories of journalistic history."

"Hey," I said, "you feel all right?"

"Never better. Something, I believe, like Columbus when they told him that Hoboken was dead ahead." He handed back my story. "I would file this under P for Pulitzer."

"Thanks," I said, backing away. "Thanks very much."

He laughed recklessly. "Don't mention it. A pleasure. Any time." Then, for a minute, he stared out the window. He took a deep breath. "It's a lovely day," he said.

Next morning there was a basket of flowers on Laura Hollis' desk that looked like they were burying a gangster. Oddly, she didn't seem too happy about them, and sniffed when I wondered out loud where they came from.

"Some people don't get thoughtful until it's too late," she said. She couldn't help being Miss Lovelorn when she talked about things like that. "I do hope that you will be thoughtful when you are interested in a girl, Gil. Before it is too late, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll try."

Her next question almost made me drop the mail. "Is Mr. Johnson at his desk?"

She thought Willis McK. had sent them! That was something I hadn't figured on. What was worse, he was the kind of a guy who would take the credit, too, if nobody knew any better.

"Yeah, he's there," I said, thinking of poor Art Turner, who looked like he was going to become the most secret admirer of all time.

You could tell she was pleased by the idea that "psychologically immature" was trying to square himself, though. It might be fun to throw a scare into a big-time Romeo, but I guess every girl likes to make the final decision about whether the orange blossoms will be worn or drunk.

For a week, or ever since Miss Lovelorn had given him the business, Johnson had been as wary as a mouse at an international convention of cats. But he couldn't miss those flowers, and they seemed to do something to him, as if the only thing worse than getting hooked was to have someone else beat his time.

Once I saw him looking at the furniture ads. He had the expression of an epicure studying Today's Special at the Automat, but he kept looking and he went on to broadloom. It was only a question of time, I figured, until he would throw caution to the winds and pop the fatal question.

Especially since Art Turner kept filling Miss Lovelorn's office with unsigned flowers. Every new bouquet seemed to increase Johnson's head of steam. I thought: If Willis proposes and wins by default, I might as well stick my head in the book press and get it over with.

I FELT so bad about it I almost quit practicing news stories, but not quite, and Art Turner was so happy not realizing what was going on that he looked at all of them.

Maybe in that state of mind I never should have written any more letters to Miss Lovelorn—and made the mistake I did—but once you have seen your words in print, it is like a powerful drug to which the victim returns. I wrote a whole flock of letters. I wasn't only "Desperate" and "Bashful." I was "Anxious" and "Puzzled" twice each, and "Mixed-Up" once.

That "Mixed-Up" letter was the one that did it. The right name if there ever was one. I only had a few minutes to do it in, that night when I batted it out on the coffee grinder back in the financial department, and things got slightly confused. Later on, I couldn't find the first page of my history notes for night school, and I wondered where it had got to. I thought I had lost it on the bus.

The first explosion went off next day at 2:04, when the office was nice and quiet for the afternoon drag. Laura Hollis came over the horizon like a pocket battleship, and it was just my luck to be showing Art Turner a humorous-type short I'd dreamed up on a kid who had locked himself in the bathroom, so we were laughing it up. She stopped in front of us, brought her head up like it was a fifteen-inch battery, and let go.

"So!" she said.

It crackled from one end of the office to the other. Heads snapped around, and Jim Stack, whose nerves are never too good that time of the week, heaved a bucket of paste over his shoulder.

Laura Hollis was waving a piece of paper first under my nose and then under Art Turner's. "So!" she said again. "Very funny. Just a couple of lovable clowns."

I could see that the paper was the first page of my history notes with my name on it and everything, and on the other side was the letter from "Mixed-Up" to Dear Miss Lovelorn.

Laura Hollis was giving off sparks like one of those gadgets in Bela Lugosi's workshop. "I have looked up a number of other letters," she said, "and it does not take a government expert to see that they came from the same typewriter."

Art Turner stood there with his mouth open like he was getting ready to bob for coconuts, and I was wondering if maybe I could find a convenient elevator shaft, when she made it even worse.

"I have seen you two with your heads together," she said, giving Turner a look that would blister paint, "and I think I know the motivating influence. Anybody who would encourage a juvenile delinquent to write such letters and then in the guise of a—a—friend—friend—"

She dropped her arms and looked as if she were going to cry, and Art Turner made a noise like a gorilla breaking through a packing crate. The arms he shot out would have been just the thing for it, too. One hand got me by the necktie and moved me closer to the scene of operations. The other went around Laura Hollis' waist and lifted her off her feet. The thought that Miss Lovelorn's affections had been alienated before he even got hold of them seemed to have blown his inhibitions sky-high.

"If you've been writing phony letters to Miss Hollis, tell her that I had nothing to do with it," he said, giving my necktie a twist. "Go on, tell her."

I COULDN'T talk, but I could point at him and shake my head. Miss Lovelorn kept staring at him, her eyes getting wider, and Art Turner's voice sounded like the ice breaking up after a long winter. He must have been turning it over in his mind so many times that it all came out together.

"It's a lovely day," he said, "and there is a good picture at Loew's State or some such will you marry me?"

Laura Hollis looked at him as though she couldn't believe her ears but wanted to, and I hoped that she would make up her mind quick, as he still had hold of my necktie.

"I am your unknown admirer," Art Turner said, and he shook her a little. "Secret, see? And I hope you liked the flowers."

He had forgotten all about me, and things were getting blurred and starting to whirl around. Nobody in the office had moved, especially Willis McK. Johnson, who acted like he wanted to be the last man in the world to come between Tarzan and his mate. Those guys are great on covering disasters that happen to other people, but they wanted no part of this one.

My life story began flashing before my eyes, but I had only got up to the fifth grade when Laura Hollis gasped, "I thought you would never say anything," and put her arms around his neck and put her head on his shoulder. Art Turner needed both arms for this one, and he let go of my necktie, which will never be the same again, to say nothing of my neck, and he carried her out of the room, right past the whole bunch of them.

When they come back from their honeymoon, I figure I am bound to be aces with them because they will have to admit who it was got the lorn out of their love. Of course, meanwhile, I am out of print, but there is hope. I am working up a few letters on the problems of newlyweds. THE END

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"They don't let children see the babies, but I yell and holler how I'm the child's aunt. It's usually good for a lollypop"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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SPORTSMAN'S TREASURE

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll

to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your mouth sweet and fresh *longer!* Use it after meals . . . before every date! It has a fresh, minty flavor you'll love!

FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!

Many dentists blame acids in the mouth for tooth decay. Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste — especially right after eating— you act against those destructive acids, help retard their formation. That's why regular brushing with new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste is such an effective aid in fighting tooth decay!

CHECKS COMMON GUM DISORDERS!

In recent clinical tests, evidence revealed that chlorophyll promotes the growth of firm, healthy gum tissue. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll in water-soluble chlorophyllins to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

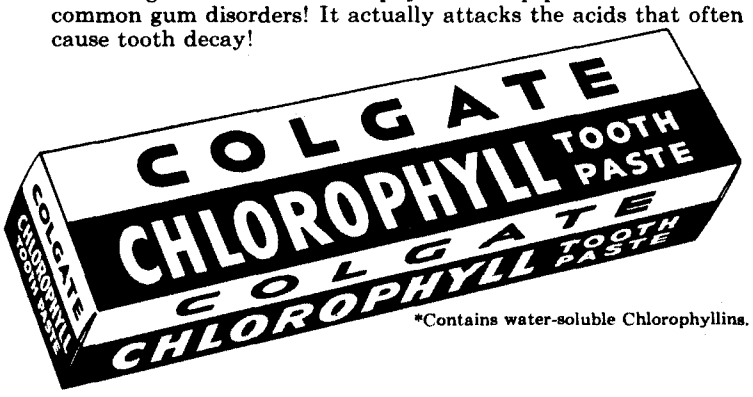
How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You! Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

A Chance For Your Children That You Never Had!

Nothing can replace regular check-ups and care by your dentist. But today every child can be started on the road to healthy teeth and gums by using Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste right after every meal. Remember: dental authorities trace much loss of teeth to gum troubles! Chlorophyll can help prevent and check common gum disorders! It actually attacks the acids that often cause tooth decay!



*Contains water-soluble Chlorophyllins.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

COLGATE'S GUARANTEE: Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

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The Hazards of BIGNESS

Dangers are inherent in size, says the writer, but we now have adequate guards against abuses. We need "a policy that affirmatively promotes and nourishes economic Bigness"

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

EUGENE HOLMAN, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, was speaking some time ago about The Public Responsibilities of Big Companies. He ventured the opinion that "most Americans are friendly to big business," but then went on to say:

"But we cannot forget that this country was founded by people who came here to escape tyrannies—things too big for them to handle—the power of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century state or church, for example. The memory is deeply ingrained. We have never forgotten the lesson—and I hope we never will. The American people keep a wary eye turned toward all forms of bigness . . . Wherever bigness seems to them to be a danger to the individual, Americans condemn it. And they are quite capable of giving it rough treatment, if necessary."

I agree with Mr. Holman that it is a good thing for Americans to "keep a wary eye turned toward all forms of bigness," and on all tendencies, in any quarter, to abuse economic power and use it arbitrarily. This wariness is a sign of health. It is a perennial warning to all those—in business and finance, labor, farming or government—who throw their weight around. Some of the public-utility holding companies, whose size bore little relation to their function, ignored this warning in the twenties. Their breakup at the hands of an indignant investing and consuming public was the inevitable result.

The epitome of reaction is to refuse to recognize change. A profound political and social change has come over this country during this century, and particularly since the 1930s, in its capacity to resist abuses of economic power. The issue I raise in these articles is the need for a new policy to meet the conditions of a new America, a policy that affirmatively promotes and nourishes economic Bigness. This issue is too important to be dismissed on the basis of warmed-over diatribes against those "heejus monsthers . . . the trusts" (Mr. Dooley's phrase), diatribes as dated as Mr. Dooley himself, and Senator Sherman, and J. P. Morgan, and Elbert Gary, and Sam Insull.

I do *not* say, nor imply, that potential dangers to our economic freedoms or to our free institutions do not continue to exist. They certainly do. Some of them are relatively new, such as the economic power of the expanded military establishment, or the investment of huge industrial pension funds with none of the regulatory safeguards that surround banks and insurance companies. Such new problems are already troublesome and call for correctives. Problems and dangers always exist but their kind and nature change. When we worry, we ought to worry about *(Continued on page 51)*

CHARLES KRUTCH

The author, now in private life, visiting a plant when he headed TVA. Later he directed another big enterprise, A-bomb production

Collier's for June 21, 1952

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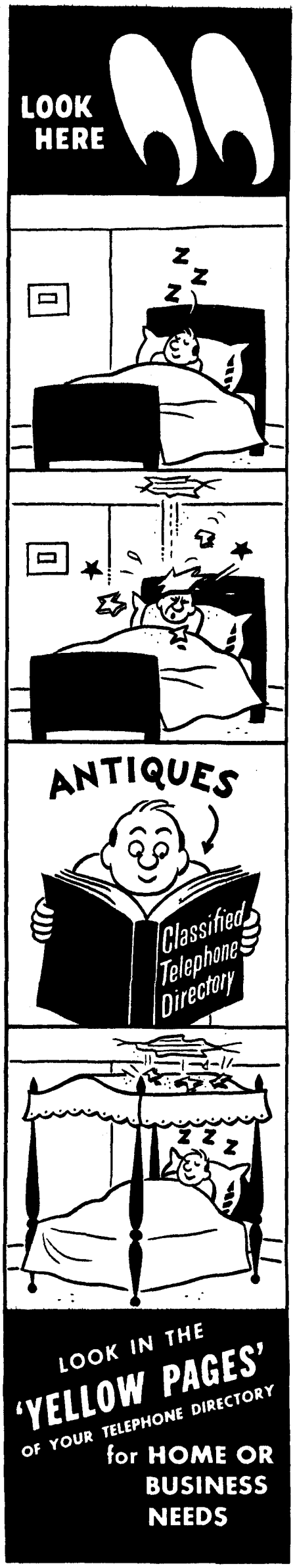


Mess with the Marshal!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

buffalo lying together down at the far end of Rance's pasture. We cut over that way. We went to our bellies and fired. Two of the buffalo jumped to their feet. They set in to moaning and bawling. They sounded just like a couple of heifers. Sitting Bull and I decided we would send some of the young bucks out in the morning to skin them and bring in the meat. We figured the thing for us to do then was to get on out of Rance Gillon's pasture. We hid out in old man Howard's orange grove for a spell. We ate three more oranges apiece. They tasted mighty good.

"Let's go see your uncle," I said.

"He won't let me out no more if I go home," John William said. John William lived with his uncle. His real folks were dead. His uncle's name was Fred Taylor. He had wandered all over the country. He had come back to our country, he said, to settle down, work hard, and raise John William to be a man. He hadn't been back but two years. He owned good land and he farmed it. There wasn't a harder-working farmer in the section than John William's uncle. He was pretty strict with John William, though. Said he aimed to bring him up by the Law and the Word. Said he wanted John William to become an educated man.

"I got to be heading home pretty soon my own self," I said. "We'll go see your uncle for a while. Then I'll be heading on home."

JOHN WILLIAM and his uncle lived in a neat little frame house set off by itself. There was a nice green little lawn out front. We saw John William's uncle sitting by the parlor window. He was reading a book. We hit the dirt.

"I'm Jesse James," I whispered.

"I'm Billy the Kid," John William whispered.

"He's got a hundred thousand dollars in gold in his safe," I said. "You go in the back door, Billy. I'll cover him. If he makes a move I'll let him have it!"

Billy the Kid sneaked around to the back door. I kept him covered. Pretty soon I saw John William's uncle lay down his book. I heard him say, "That you, John William?" Then I heard John William say, "Hey, Uncle Fred." The game was up. I cussed Billy the Kid. Then I went around to the back door. I leaned my shooting iron against the back-door stoop. I went into the house.

"Howdy, Virgil," John William's uncle said.

"Howdy, Mr. Taylor," I said.

"You boys been up to some mischief?" John William's uncle was a great big man. He had a great big rolling voice. It was a pleasure to hear him talk. It was more of a pleasure to hear him sing.

"No, sir," John William said, "we sure ain't."

"You boys hungry?"

I hadn't had a thing in this world to eat since supper but six oranges. My belly thought my throat was cut.

"Yes, sir," John William said.

"I don't care if I do eat a little something," I said.

John William's uncle set a crock of buttermilk, some cold corn bread and some creamy butter on the kitchen table. "Now help yourselves," he said.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Fred," John William said.

"I'd sooner he'd sing us a song," I said.

John William's uncle sat down in a kitchen chair. He sat there watching us eat and drink. He smiled, kind of mournful, like. "You two boys are good friends, aren't you?" he said.

John William didn't say a word. He looked at me and he grinned. His teeth shone white in the lamplight. I reckoned old John William was about the best friend I had or ever would have.

"Naw," I said.

John William's uncle smiled that sad smile of his. "How old are you, Virgil?" he asked me.

"Same as John William. Going on ten."

"It's a mighty sad thing you boys have got to grow up." He went into his parlor. He came back with his guitar. He sat in the kitchen chair. He started stroking that box soft and easy, like, with his great big gnarly hand. Soft, mournful music throbbed out of that box. He started singing, from way down deep in his chest.

When Israel was in Egypt land,
Let my people go,
Oppressed so hard, she could not stand,
Let my people go.

He sang the whole of Go Down, Moses. Then he sang Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho. Then he put down his guitar. "I reckon I don't feel a whole lot like singing tonight, boys. Nor telling stories, neither. I somehow can't get it out of my mind that there's trouble about."

John William's eyes rolled. "What kind of trouble, Uncle Fred?"

"Bad trouble, that's what kind of trouble, boy. You better go on home, Virgil. Your pa'll tan your hide, you staying out this late."

"Papa ain't home tonight. Papa went to Loy Randall's."

John William's uncle stared at me. "I sure am sorry to hear that, boy," he said. "You go on home. Fast."

I was getting sleepy, anyhow. I went on home. I had stayed out later than I should have. I was mighty glad Papa wouldn't be there to meet me. That's where I didn't have a dad-gummed thing to be glad about. Papa was sitting in the front room when I came in. His face was red. I could smell the sour smell of corn whisky about him. There wasn't a thing unusual about that. Papa had always been obliged to drink a little corn whisky of a Saturday night. He always said a workingman had to do a little whisky drinking on Saturday nights, and God how he dreaded it. Papa stood up when I came in. He roared, "You know what time you're supposed to be in bed!"

It wasn't like Papa to get that hackled about me staying out a little late. I had figured him to be hackled some. But I hadn't figured him to be this hackled. It seemed like he had something bothering him. It seemed like he had something bad on his mind.

"Yes, sir," I said. "I was over to John William's uncle's house, and—"

"Where?"

I had been over to John William's uncle's house many's the time before. Papa had never had a thing to say about me going over there. "John William's uncle's house, and—"

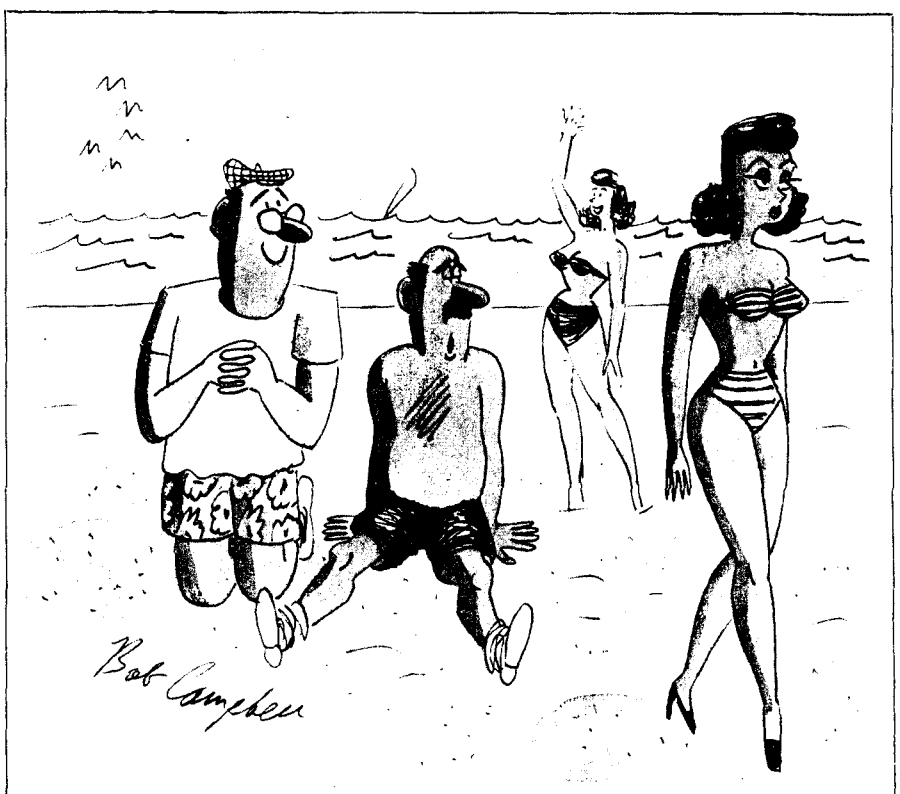
Papa had his belt off. I saw there wasn't a thing for me to do but bend over and take it. He gave me a fair-to-middling good beating. I didn't say a word. When he had finished and stood there panting, I started off for my bed.

"I reckon that'll learn you to stay away from that damn' uppity Yankee nigger, Fred Taylor!" he said.

I went on to bed. I shoved my face deep into my pillow. And then I started bawling.

I HEARD about it at school on Monday. Most everybody was talking about it. The niggers in the section were forgetting their place. They had got to thinking they were as good as the whites, everybody said. The field hands and the help in the houses were all asking for higher wages. Next thing, they'd be asking for paved roads in the quarters. Or a hospital, even.

And the one behind it, everybody said, was that no-count Fred Taylor. He was going around talking to all the men in the quarters. He was getting them all riled. He had no more respect for a white man than he had for a dog. Take the last time he had gone to R.D. Malfers' General Store. He had walked right into that store and had accused R.D. Malfers of overcharging him on a load of supplies. He hadn't even taken off his hat when he had talked to R.D. R.D. had put a gun on him. R.D. had told him to take off his hat. He had told him he would blow his damn' black head off if he didn't take off his hat. Fred Taylor had stood there staring at R.D. He had been as nervy as you please. Then he had stared straight into the eyes of each of the three white men who had heard the commotion and who were moving in closer to him. He had reached his hand to the brim of his hat. He had pulled that hat down firmer on his head. He had turned and walked slowly out of R.D. Malfers' store. R.D. had not



"My doctor must be crazy. Who can relax at a beach?"

COLLIER'S — BOB CAMPBELL

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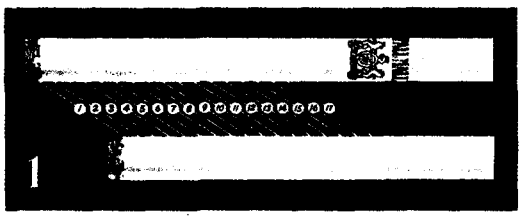
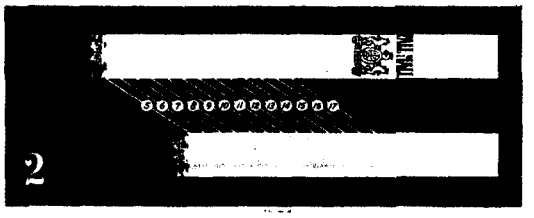
Guard Against Throat-Scratch

enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos

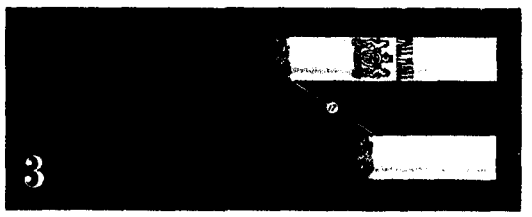
See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat



The further your cigarette filters the smoke through fine tobaccos, the milder that smoke becomes. At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette.



Again after 5 puffs of each cigarette your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness as the smoke of PALL MALL's traditionally fine tobaccos is filtered further. Moreover, after 10 puffs of each cigarette . . .



. . . or 17 puffs, **Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further —filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Wherever you go, notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL—the longer, finer cigarette in the distinguished red package.

Outstanding

and they are mild!

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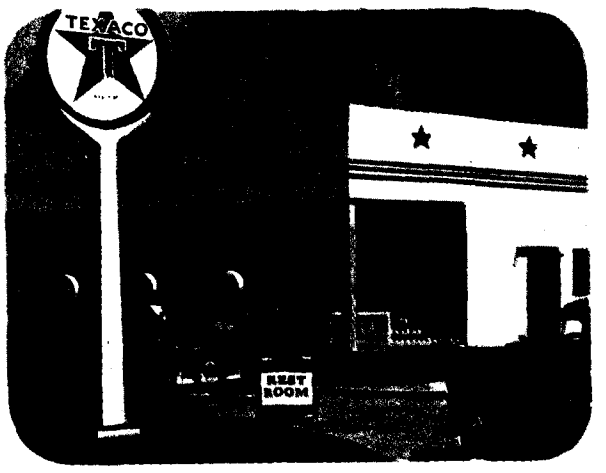

THESE PICTURES were merely dreams fifty years ago when The Texas Company was born—a tiny newcomer in the realm of the giant—in the Spindletop oil field near Beaumont, Texas.

Today, it is a leader in its field; in fact, the seventh largest among the great business organizations of America. Its rise is a moral in itself—an inspiration to all the young and small of business—kindling for the fires that light the eyes of every endeavoring American.

For how did it grow? Because it was born in this broad land where the lowliest may climb to the peak of ambition's loftiest pinnacle; and because Freedom of Enterprise stood by its side and whispered encouragement.

America's industries are symbols of America's strength; and, like the biceps of the healthy and the strong, bespeak the wisdom of our way.

Freedom to Grow

Here the venturer may start upon his dream with stars in his eyes—for all the small in this great land have the freedom to grow big.

The humblest vendor of today can become tomorrow's merchant prince and his cart a towering castle filled with wares of all the world.

For the way was fashioned in the creed of men whose foresight is our fortune and whose concept of the American way was that the individual be free.

It is a concept that has made America's industries great and their greatness has made America strong.

Today, The Texas Company looks back fifty years upon a birthplace as primitive as the wagon of the vendor. Its forebears believed in freedom: the right to make their own choices, to run their own risks, to suffer of their own errors and to gather their own rewards.

They asked neither subsidy nor security, knowing they would prosper only in proportion to the manner in which they served—a homely philosophy, but it is the bedrock of the American way, as solid as the ledge beneath the loam of our land.

For it has given America the most powerful sinews of all the nations of the world.

THE TEXAS COMPANY TEXACO REG. T.M. **1902-1952**

Faithfully Yours for Fifty Years

Published by The Texas Company on its
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

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Top Flight!

CAL-COURT—News! The Keds flexible arch sole has wavy high-traction grooves, and under the arch are slotted ribs—all for extreme flexibility and anti-slip speed. Handsome, high-service toe-guards, lace-to-toe bracing for the foot in action.

Shockproof Arch Cushions and Cushioned Insoles sponge up shocks. Cal-Court is tops! Men's and women's sizes.

U.S. Keds®

The Shoes of Champions—They Wash

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

shot him. And so a klavern of the Ku Klux Klan had been organized.

It was exciting. We had never had anything like that in the section. It was a fine thing to think of those night riders out on some secret mission. It was like Tom Mix and a band of vigilantes. Only better. Robes flowing in the night air. Justice being done, swift and terrible. We quit playing cowboy there at the school. We played Ku Klux Klan. At noon recess and afternoons after school we would take turns being an uppity nigger. That uppity nigger would take a head start. The rest of us would play like we were putting on our robes and our hoods. We would take out after that uppity nigger. We would run him to the ground. Justice would be done. It was a fine game.

I never had thought much about a person being a nigger before. And if Papa had, he'd never said anything much about it. I just never had paid any attention, I guess. But with all the talk around town and around school I got to thinking a lot about it. The first afternoon I saw John William I couldn't get it off my mind. We got to scuffling around in the sand, playing United States Marshal. I got on top. "Mess with the United States Marshal!" I growled.

John William grunted. He tried to break loose.

I got my hands on his throat. I played like I was going to choke the life right out of him. I saw my hands white on his black throat. I never had noticed before how white my skin was alongside of his. I turned him loose. I got off from astraddle of him. I picked up my old air rifle and scuffed on down the road.

"What's the matter, Virgil?" John William called.

I waited for him to catch up with me. "I reckon I don't feel like playing United States Marshal any more, John William," I said.

"Let's go swimming."

"Naw," I said. It didn't seem right for him to be making up the games.

"I'm Tom Mix," he said.

"We might as well go swimming," I said.

John William looked at me, funny, like.

We pulled off our clothes at the lake shore.

"I'm Johnny Weissmuller," I said.

"I'm Buster Crabbe," John William said.

We dove into the cold water. We wrestled a couple of man-eating crocodiles. We got our fingers in their nostrils and pulled them over and slit their bellies with our knives. Somehow it didn't seem very exciting. I swam back to shore and left John William to clean out the rest of those man-eating crocodiles by himself. I sprawled out on the warm white sand. Pretty soon John William sprawled out beside me. He was as black as a heavy shadow against the whiteness of that beach.

"Hold your foot out here against mine, John William," I said.

"How come?" John William said.

"I want to see if it's true what folks say. Folks say a nigger's heel is longer than a white man's. Long, like an ape's."

John William slowly put his foot alongside of mine. I compared the heels. There didn't seem to be much difference. I reckoned John William's heel would grow longer as he grew bigger. John William got up and pulled on his clothes. I got up and pulled mine on, too.

"Well, so long, John William," I said.

"So long, Virgil," John William said.

He went one way. I went the other.

I DIDN'T see John William for a while. I didn't have a thing in the world against John William. I didn't have a thing in this world against John William's uncle, either. It was just that I knew I wouldn't feel right and easy around them any more. We were different, that's all. And I had finally found it out.

Papa and I were out hoeing in the tomatoes one afternoon. I tried to tell him how I'd come to feel. Papa leaned on his hoe and scuffed his feet around in the dirt and looked off toward the bayhead beyond his field of tomatoes. "Well, you were bound to find it out sooner or later, boy," he said. "And it's a mighty good thing you did. The niggers outnumber us whites down here. They have got to be kept in their place. White supremacy is the only answer."

That's what Papa said. But it somehow didn't sound like he really meant it when he said it. It somehow sounded like he was repeating words that he had heard or read somewhere. Words that he thought he ought to say. And he didn't seem very comfortable saying them.

I changed the subject. "You reckon we're going to make a good crop of tomatoes?"

"I declare, son, I just don't know," Papa said. "If I don't, R.D. Malfers will own the hat on my head. He could move us out of here right now, if he was of a mind to. He could send me right back to clambering up another man's fruit trees tomorrow."

"If we do all right on this crop, Papa, can I have one of those Daisy pump guns down to R.D. Malfers' store?"

Papa laughed. "Time enough to see about that, son," he said.

IT WAS about three weeks after this that I saw John William again. It was on a Saturday evening. Papa had gone to town. This time he wouldn't take me. I hung about the place until I got lonesome. Late in the evening I took my air rifle and started scuffing along toward the crossroads. I told myself I didn't care a thing in this world about seeing old John William. I told myself he wouldn't be there at the crossroads, anyhow.

He was there. He was sitting alongside the road, picking a sandspur out of his bare foot. His old air rifle lay beside him.

"Why, what in this world are you doing here, John William?"

He was mighty busy with that sandspur. "Picking this here sandspur out of my foot," he said.

"Oh," I said.

John William didn't say a thing.

I said, "How is your Uncle Fred making out, John William?"

"He's making out fine, thank you," John William said.

"You doing anything in particular tonight, John William?"

"Just messing around, is all."

"Care to go over to old man Howard's orange grove with me? I feel like eating an orange or two."

"Why, I don't care if I do," John William said.

We went on over to old man Howard's orange grove. We pulled ten or twelve oranges off a tree. We sat on the ground and peeled those oranges with my scout knife and ate them. We sat there belching for a while. Then John William stared at his feet and said, "They tell me the white men in town got something they call the Ku Klux Klan, now."

I wished John William hadn't brought that up. I didn't want to hurt John William's feelings. "Why, I reckon that's so, John William," I said.

"Tell me they're all growed men," John William said. "Tell me they dress up like ghosts and go around trying to scare folks."

I could see John William had the wrong idea. I wanted to tell him how the Klan was something like Tom Mix and the vigilantes. I wanted to tell him about justice being done, swift and terrible. But I didn't say a thing.

"Tell me they're meeting tonight," I could see the whites of John William's eyes in the dark. "They painted signs on fences in the quarters," he said. "Sometime early this morning, they painted them. *Look out, nigger*, them signs said, *the Klan rides tonight!*"

John William got to his feet. He was mighty excited. "You know what I'd like to do if I saw some of them growed men dressed up like ghosts? I'd take my rifle and I'd shoot 'em! Just like that!" He started spraying BB shot all over old man Howard's twenty-acre block of orange grove.

"Come on, John William," I said, "before you kill every Klansman in this county! Let's walk on down the road a piece."

"I got to go on home," John William said. "Uncle Fred said for me not to stay out tonight."

"Is he afraid of the night riders?"

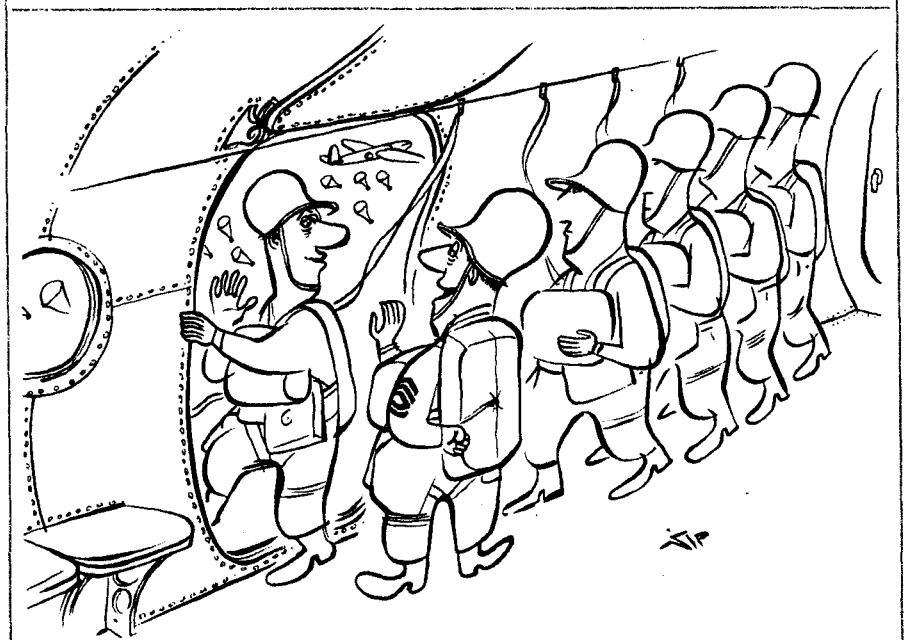
"Uncle Fred says he's not afraid of a coward. And he says any growed man goes around dressed up like a ghost is a coward."

"I'll walk on down the road with you, John William," I said.

WE WERE almost to the hard road when we saw them coming. There was a line of about ten cars and trucks. They were driving slow. There were robed and hooded Klansmen in each car and in the bed of every truck. There must have been twenty-five or thirty of them. The truck in the lead belonged to R.D. Malfers. Strapped to the radiator of R.D. Malfers' truck was a cross. This cross was lighted by two rows of light bulbs. Nobody in the procession was talking. Outside of the rumble of the motors, there was no sound. It was a mighty scary sight.

John William watched them for a minute. Then he lit out for home. I lit out

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"If you don't mind, Johnstone, I *hate* long-drawn-out goodbys"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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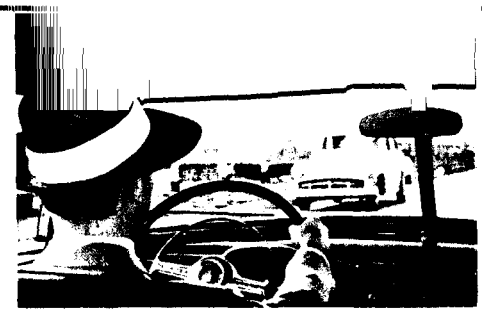
Look what

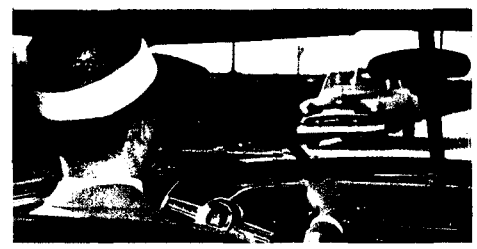
PLYMOUTH

is doing to make driving easier for you

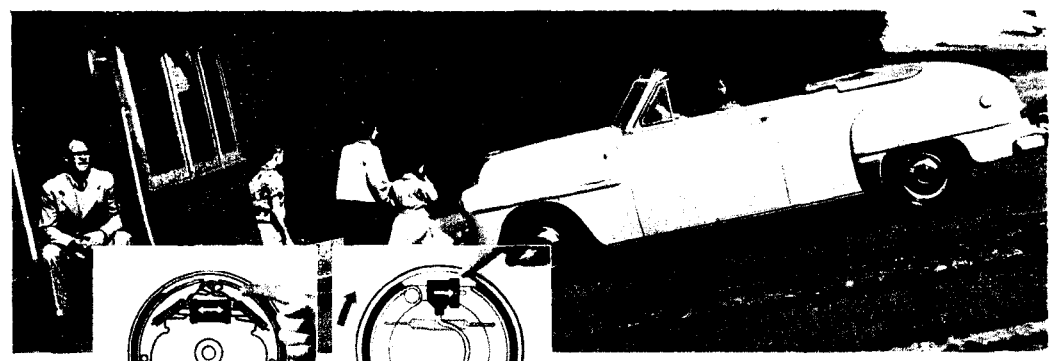


↑ REGULAR GLASS

↓ SOLEX SAFETY GLASS WHICH REDUCES GLARE



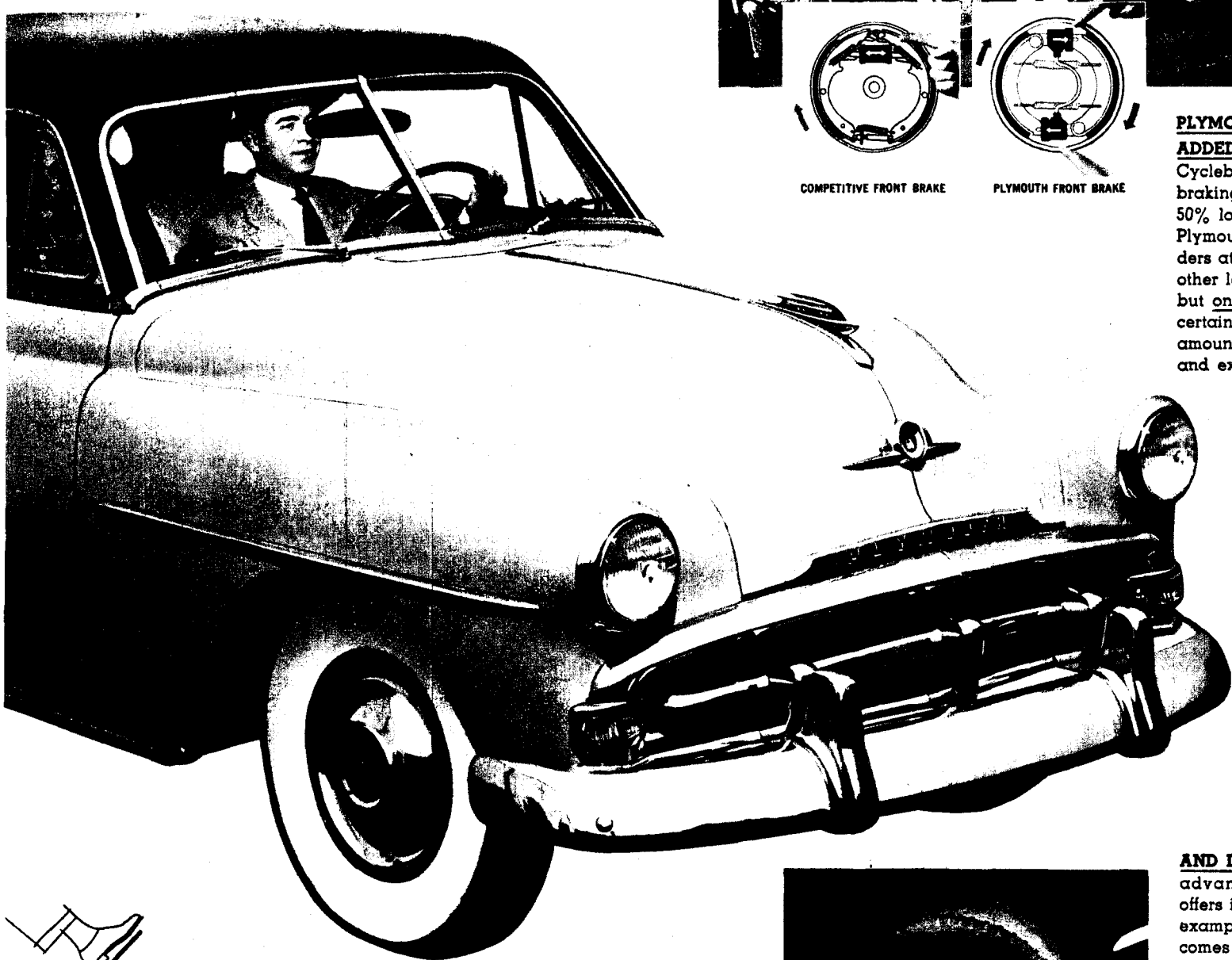
PLYMOUTH AFFORDS YOU GREATER SAFETY and comfort with new Solex Safety Glass*. It relieves the tiring effects of eyestrain by softening harsh glare. It also helps to keep out heat of the sun.

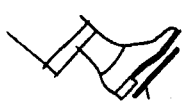


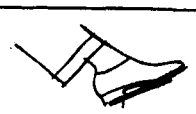
COMPETITIVE FRONT BRAKE

PLYMOUTH FRONT BRAKE

PLYMOUTH OFFERS ADDED BRAKING power with new Cyclebond linings that have more braking surface (and wear about 50% longer) than the riveted type. Plymouth has two hydraulic cylinders at each front brake, where the other leading low-priced cars have but one. You have smoother, more certain braking control—always the amount of stopping power you want and expect.

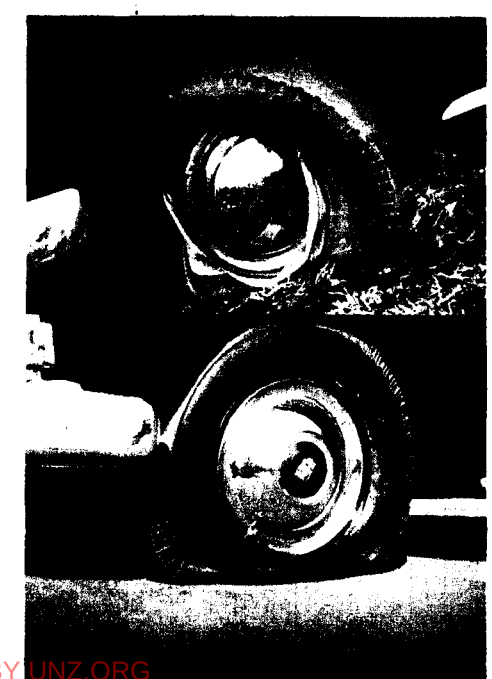






PLYMOUTH OFFERS THE NEW GLIDING RIDE of Automatic Overdrive*. At any speed over 25, just let up on the accelerator and you're sailing along at the same speed with engine revolutions 30% less—which saves gasoline and wear. For sudden acceleration, just "step down" on the gas pedal and you're instantly back in conventional gear.

SERVICE, if you ever need it, is easier for Plymouth owners, too. It's the car with dealers in more places (over 10,500), and more trained servicemen than any other make. Why not get acquainted with the new Plymouth—and the Plymouth dealer nearest you?



AND DON'T FORGET all the other advantages that only Plymouth offers in the lowest-priced field. For example, the peace of mind that comes from Safety-Rim Wheels. In case of a blowout, special retaining ridges hold the deflated tire firmly on the rim, so you can bring the car to a safe, controlled stop.

← TIRE ON ORDINARY RIM AFTER BLOWOUT

← TIRE ON SAFETY-RIM AFTER BLOWOUT

Equipment and trim are subject to availability of materials

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

* Solex Safety Glass and Overdrive optional at moderate extra cost

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Escape from the commonplace

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Enjoy something different

...try MARLBORO

CIGARETTES

Finer taste, superior mildness—a luxury in smoking unmatched by any other cigarette!

IVORY TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

When smoking has stopped being a pleasure and becomes only a habit, it's time to freshen up your taste. So if you need a change, *remember* . . .

Marlboros are better in every way

for those who smoke throughout the day!

after him. He had to go past the quarters to get to his uncle's house. I planned to leave him there. I wanted to see the fun.

We cut across country. We watched the column of night riders leave the hard road and head for the quarters. As we ran, we watched the column pass right through the quarters without stopping. There wasn't a thing out that road they were traveling now but John William's uncle's house! John William and I ran for all we were worth.

We reached the back of John William's uncle's house just about the same time the head of the column passed in front of the house. We got a quick look through the back door at John William's uncle. He was reading. He was sitting in his chair in the parlor. He must have seen and heard those night riders coming. His face was calm. He wasn't paying the least mind to them.

John William headed for the back-door stoop. I grabbed him.

"Under here, John William!" I said.

I HAD been under that house plenty of times before. John William and I once had a hide-out there. I knew there was an opening in the concrete-block foundation in front. That opening was maybe two feet wide by a foot and a half high. John William and I had watched for enemies through it when we'd had our hide-out under the house. I figured John William and I would have a front seat for whatever kind of a show those Klansmen planned to put on. And nobody would know we were there.

The column had stopped. Klansmen were getting out of cars and trucks. Then they were just sort of standing around, stretching and scratching. I saw three or four of them standing around the bed of one of the trucks. They were lifting their hoods part way to take pulls at a bottle. One of these Klansmen was a tall stooped man. There was something familiar about him. He could have been Papa. I couldn't have said for sure. The only one I recognized for sure was R.D. Malfers. There was a tight, pursed-up look about R.D. Malfers that even that robe and hood couldn't hide.

You get right down to it, they all suddenly looked pretty silly to me, now that I was seeing them close up for the first time. I was disappointed. In my mind, I had seen brave Knights of the Klan riding fiery horses at a full gallop, their robes flowing in the night air. I had seen brave, vengeful, hooded men out on some dangerous mission. I reckon the word "Knights" had fooled me some. The Klansmen I was looking at—the short ones, the tall ones, the fat ones, the skinny ones, the ones standing there scratching themselves, the ones scuffing their feet in the dirt of the road, the ones tilting their hoods to take a pull at a bottle or to spit streams of tobacco juice—looked less like Knights than piles of dirty laundry that somebody had wadded up and thrown in the corner.

I sure did hope I hadn't seen Papa.

I wondered what these brave Knights were fixing to do.

I didn't have to wonder long. R.D. Malfers was running the show. He had taken a spade out of the bed of one of the trucks. Now he was bossing four other Klansmen as they lifted a ten- or twelve-foot-high cross out of the bed of that truck. The pieces of the cross were wrapped in burlap. "Lay her down, boys," I heard R.D. say. The Klansmen laid that cross down on the green grass of John William's uncle's lawn. "Somebody pour the coal oil to her," R.D. said. A Klansman soaked the wrappings of the cross with coal oil.

"All right, boys," R.D. shouted. "Bring her up here. We'll plant her fair and square and we'll burn her bright; and we'll throw the fear of God into every uppity nigger in the section!"

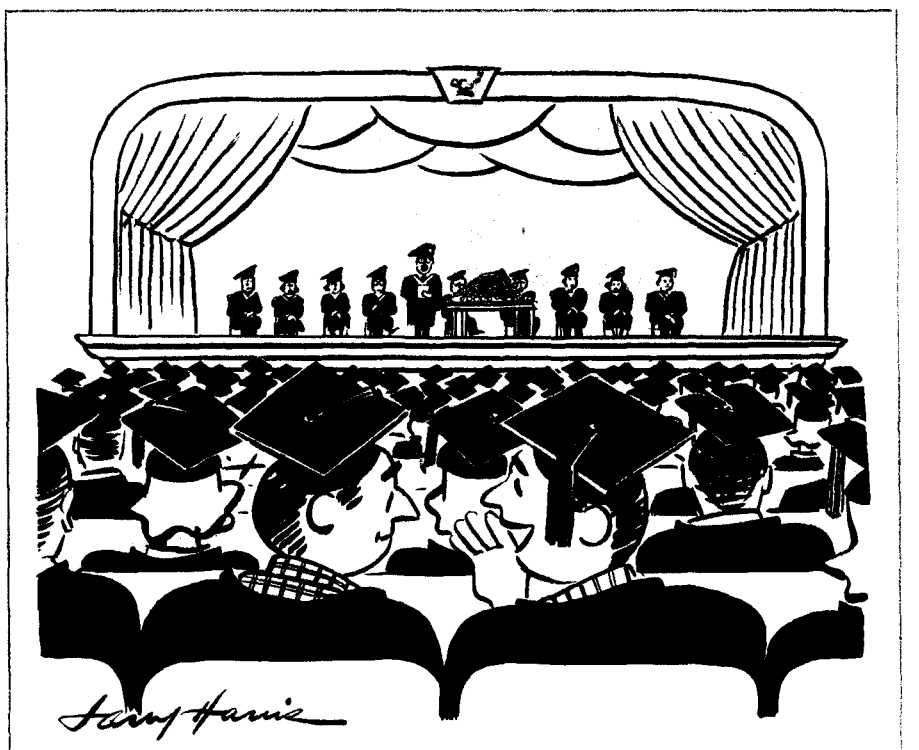
R.D. was standing right smack in the middle of the lawn. He wasn't more than fifteen feet away from John William and me. His back was toward us. He slammed the spade into the lawn, shoved it in with his foot, then bent low to move the dirt. Just over us, in the parlor, I heard muffled, mournful chords throbbing as John William's uncle started stroking his guitar. Then came his rumbling voice, low and sad:

Hold on,
Hold on,
Keep your hand on the plow,
Hold on.

John William and I watched through the opening. R.D. Malfers was still grunting over that spade. The four Klansmen with the cross were waiting to plant it in the ground. The rest of the night riders were standing around in the background. I hadn't noticed it before, but a lot of cars from town had followed the procession of Klansmen. They had come along to see the excitement. Upstairs, John William's uncle was singing about freedom's name and about how all this world was gonna meet . . .

Keep your hand on the plow,
Hold on.

That was a mighty pretty song, the way John William's uncle sang it. I don't know



COLLIER'S

"For me, on the contrary, the struggle is just *ending*. I'll be 21 tomorrow and will come into my aunt's fortune"

LARRY HARRIS

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COLLIER'S

"According to the terms of the will, the entire estate goes to the highest bidder among you!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

what got into me. Maybe it was the song. All of a sudden it seemed to me that John William's uncle was a braver, better man than those robed and hooded men out front. All of a sudden I wanted to show John William how I felt.

"I'm Wild Bill Hickok," I whispered.

John William's eyes rolled. "I'm Buffalo Bill," he said.

The way R.D. Malfers was bent over that spade, we couldn't have missed. We both fired at almost the same time. R.D. Malfers jumped forward like a frog and sprawled flat on his belly, screaming, "Great Godamighty, I been shot!"

THE four Klansmen with the cross dropped it and ran for the cars and the trucks. Everybody else dove for shelter. John William's uncle hadn't been singing when we had fired. He had been between verses. He started singing again:

Paul and Silas bound in jail,
Had nobody for to go their bail,
Keep your hand on the plow,
Hold on.

One of the Klansmen called out from behind a car, "We didn't hear no shot, Malfers. You sure you're shot?"

R.D. Malfers just lay there groaning.

John William's uncle quit singing. He must have been listening with one ear to all that was going on. He must have heard John William and me go under his house. He must have heard us shoot our air rifles. He came out onto his front porch.

"Nobody's hurt, gentlemen," he said.

R.D. Malfers sat up. The Klansmen and the folks who had come to see the fun came out from behind the cars and the trucks. They all stood there watching and listening to John William's uncle. They acted as if they had never seen nor heard the like of a colored man who would walk and talk so calmly right in the face of the Ku Klux Klan.

"I reckon I can solve your problem," he said.

He walked down his front stoop and over to the opening in the foundation of his house.

"John William," he called.

John William didn't say a word. I didn't, neither.

"You, John William!"

"Yessir, Uncle Fred," John William said.

"Come on out of there."

If he knew I was there, he never said a word.

John William crawled out through the opening. He had his air rifle with him. He just stood there, a scrawny, trembly little old black boy holding an old beat-up, lever-action BB gun. He and his uncle stood out plain as day in the lights of the house.

"Here's your killer," John William's uncle said. He took John William's air rifle, cocked it, and shot it against the toe of his shoe. The BB bounced off the leather. "I reckon Mister Malfers is more scared than hurt," he said. "Come on, boy." He took John William's hand. The two of them slowly walked into the house.

I didn't wait around to see the last of it. I took out the back way for home. I traveled as fast as I could go. They tell me I missed the best part of the whole show. They tell me all the townfolk got to laughing and poking fun at R.D. Malfers. Even some of the Klansmen joined in at poking fun at him. R.D. offered to fight any man there, but there wouldn't anybody take him up. Afraid they would kill the poor little man, I reckon. Most of the Klansmen took off their robes and their hoods and had a drink. Some of them sneaked off home as fast as they could. They forgot all about the cross. It lay there in John William's uncle's yard for a couple of hours. Then a few colored boys came along and took it and planted it in a field down the road and burned it. They tell me it made a pretty sight. They tell me it was more than likely the one and only cross ever to be burned in our section of the country.

I NEVER asked Papa if he had been there. He never asked me if I had been there. But Monday afternoon, after school, he rounded up John William and me. He took us into R.D. Malfers' General Store.

"You got two Daisy pump guns here, R.D." Papa said. "I want them both."

R.D. Malfers looked like he would rather pick up a rattlesnake with his bare hands than those Daisy pump guns.

"In a hurry, Malfers!" Papa said.

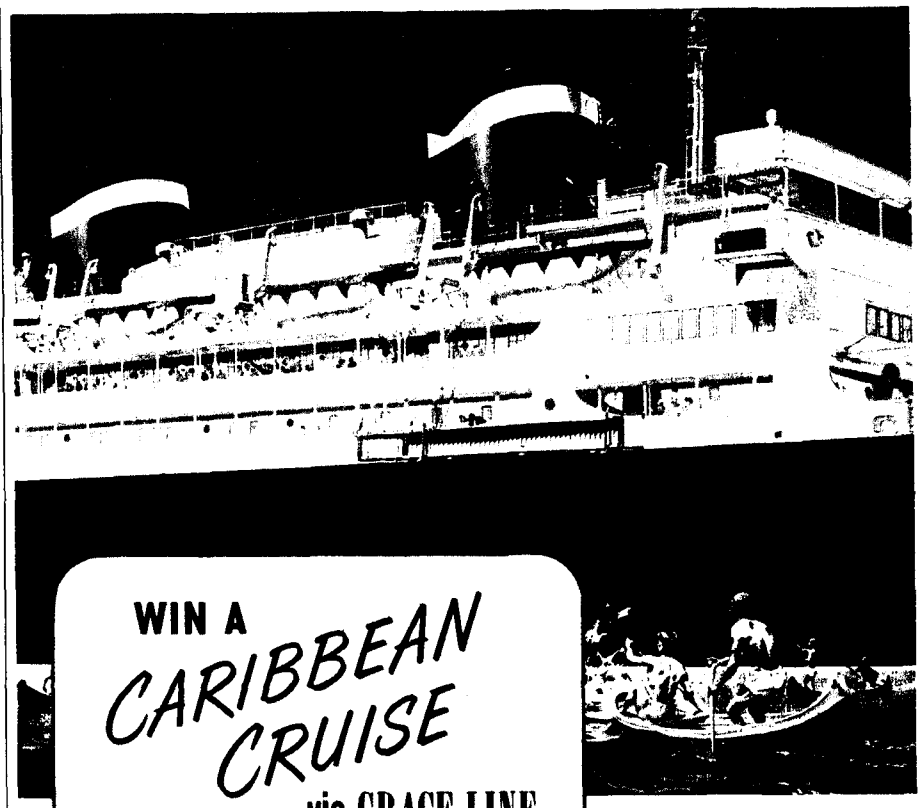
R.D. Malfers stared at Papa. He saw that Papa wasn't fooling. He gave him the Daisy pump guns. Papa gave one of them to John William. He gave the other one to me. He put one hand on John William's shoulder. He put the other hand on my shoulder. The three of us walked out of the store.

Papa had some things to do. John William and I walked on down the road. John William dropped behind me. I felt cold steel in my back. "Reach for the sky!" John William said.

I dropped to my knees. I turned and grabbed John William around his legs and threw him to the ground.

"Mess with the United States Marshal!" I snarled.

John William grinned, and his teeth shone white in the sunlight. THE END



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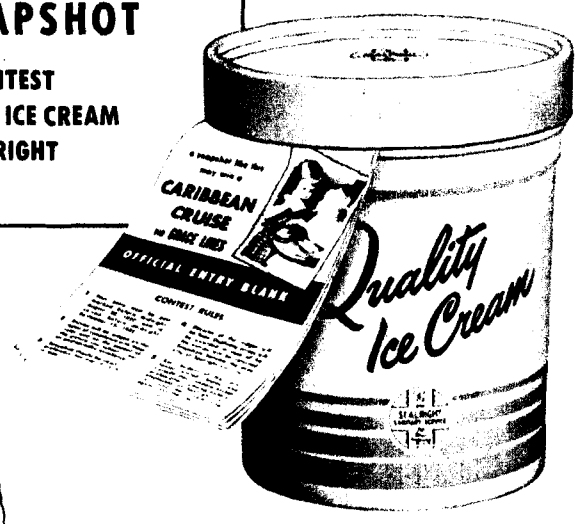

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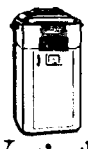
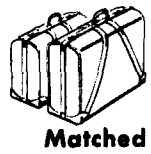


25 Westinghouse Cabinet Roasters



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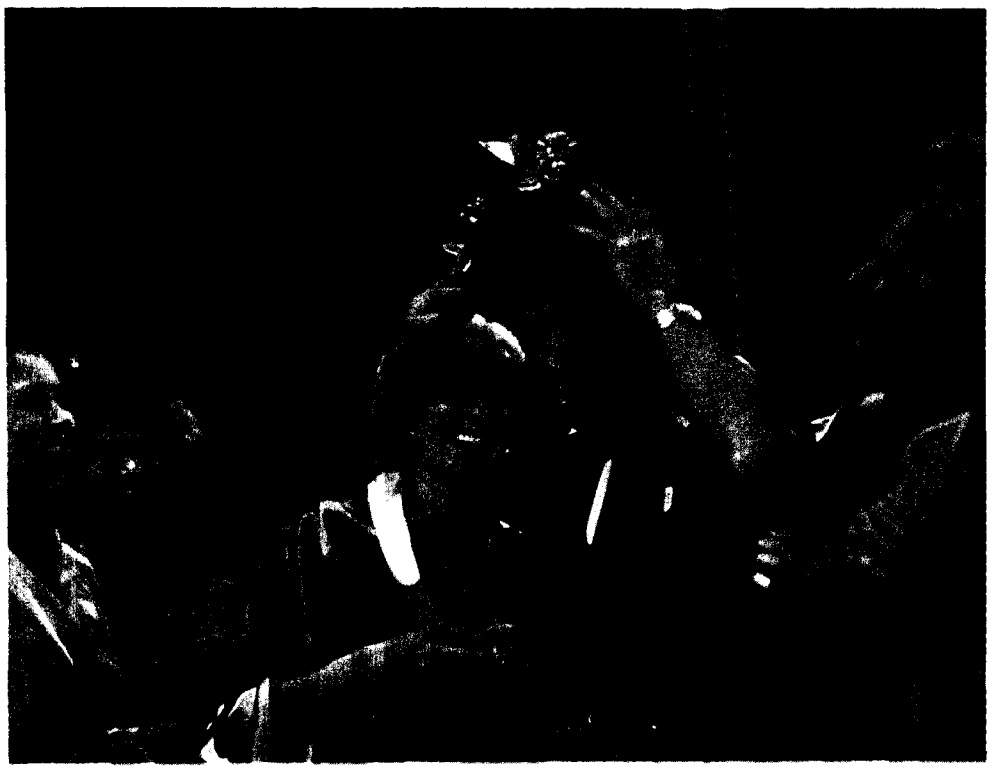
Ed and Sylvia Sullivan enjoy a rare moment of relaxation with Boje, the second pup they've named for the late Bill (Bojangles) Robinson

While Sullivan bats out his daily syndicated Broadway column, Mrs. S. takes charge of the telephone, one of three in their hotel apartment

I'm Married to THE GREAT

Actually, says Ed Sullivan's missus, her man's just too shy to smile into the TV camera. E



Clowning at rehearsal. Girls, dancers on show, are (l. to r.) Franca Baldwin, Ingrid Secretan, Ray MacGregor, Janet Gaylord, Cynthia Scott

Errol Flynn, Paulette Goddard are among guests who have appeared on Toast of the Town. Sullivan started the show for CBS four years ago

COLOR PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

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Guests attend rehearsal. Left to right, film star Humphrey Bogart, New York Yankees' Gil McDougald, stage actor Yul Brynner, Sullivan

Discussing production problem. From left: network co-producer Marlo Lewis, agency producer Jack Babb, Sullivan, band leader Ray Bloch

Who says he can't smile? Big grin is for Margaret Truman. Ed often swaps smiles with performers, wife says, but camera stops him cold

STONE FACE

By MRS. ED SULLIVAN
With ISABELLA TAVES

e's not shy about fighting back, as he proved to the critics who blasted his early programs

WHEN my husband started his Toast of the Town program four years ago, the Broadway critics and trade press tried to blast him out of television.

The kindest things they called Ed Sullivan were dead pan, poker face, graven image and Great Stone Face. They said he was stage-struck. He was accused of using his power as a newspaper columnist to force talent into going on the program cheap. A New York television critic summed it up: "One of the small but vexing questions which confronts anyone with a television set is: Why is Ed Sullivan on it every Sunday night?"

Ed and I had been married 18 years then, and our daughter Betty was a freshman at UCLA. We are a very close family, and we had been through some tough and crazy times together. But this was the first time Betty and I had ever seen Ed fighting mad. His ulcer, an ailment of long standing, began to kick up. His golf game, Ed's favorite escape from tension, fell off and caused him more irritation. Living on milk and mush, Ed worked long hours and worried longer. Once in a while he would blow up completely and sit down at his typewriter and bat out a violent answer to one of his critics.

What made it worse—for me, anyhow—was that he didn't need the television show. He had his Broadway column, appearing in the Daily News in New York and 27 other newspapers. And he was losing money on Toast of the Town, for his budget was so small that Ed was taking no salary himself and was actually putting his own money into buying talent.

But he wouldn't give up, even when an executive at CBS started offering Toast of the Town to prospective sponsors without Ed Sullivan. Back in 1932, Ed had emceed a radio show, also for CBS, on which he had introduced such future radio greats as Jack Benny, Jimmy Durante and Jack Pearl. But Ed had left radio, and had always regretted it. Now he stormed:

"I was in on the ground floor of radio and dropped out of it, like a big dope. Now I'm in on the ground floor of television, and I'm not giving up my lease until the landlord evicts me."

The Customers Had the Last Word

Well, the landlord didn't evict him. Because, in the entertainment field, the customers are the landlords and bosses. And the customers liked Ed Sullivan. They not only liked his show, they liked Ed personally. It didn't seem to bother them that Ed couldn't sing or dance, that he was old frozen face. It came over, somehow, that my husband was a good guy.

Maybe I shouldn't say it, but I don't think the TV cameras do Ed justice. He has a strong face, but without particularly mobile features, and the television camera seems to flatten him out. Also, as a result of his many athletic activities, he has an exceptionally well-developed neck, size 17. Some camera angles distort, making him look as though he has no neck at all. (There have been rumors that Ed was injured in the war and has a silver plate in his head; or that he was hit on the head by a golf club. They're not true; nevertheless, every once in a while some kindly stranger will congratulate him on his courage in working despite his deformity!)

In addition, in the beginning Ed was scared stiff—literally. Normally, his smile lights up his face and makes him look like the big, softhearted Irishman he is. But Ed couldn't smile into that big blank eye of the camera. It made him feel like a phony, and he hates a phony. Even today he can't smile into the camera. But he has limbered up enough to smile naturally at the artists when he is talking to them.

Thank goodness, they didn't photograph television on film in those early days. Ed never saw himself as others saw him: frozen, nervously buttoning and unbuttoning his coat, fingering his tie. If he had, he might have been scared even stiffer, if possible. But people didn't seem to mind. I think Ed's shyness made him seem human, like one of the viewers themselves and not a professional entertainer.

Long ago, I learned not to mix in Ed's business. When we were first married and he was writing his column at home, I tried to help him by editing it. Before long I woke up to the fact that, whether I was around or not, the column came out. I also found that my role as Ed Sullivan's wife does not include being his best publicist or his severest critic. So I kept still in those early TV days. I didn't tell him he was fine, nor did I beg him to quit. For I knew Ed would work it out. He can be an awfully stubborn fellow when he is challenged. Well, of course, he did work it out. Today, after four years during which his TV rating climbed to the top

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ranks, the newspaper critics have had to bow to Ed Sullivan's showmanship.

The reason for his television success traces, partly, at least, back to the days when Ed started in the newspaper business. As far back as Ed can remember, he wanted to write. One of seven children, he was born on 116th Street in New York City on September 28, 1902. When his twin brother Daniel and kid sister Elizabeth died, the family decided to get away from the city and moved to what was then country, Port Chester, New York, near Connecticut. Ed was too interested in winning his letters in sports to make good high-school grades. But he was an omnivorous reader, and because he has always been blessed with a photographic memory, he remembered what he had read. His mother and sister Helen encouraged his writing ambitions.

He started by becoming a sports writer, first for the high-school paper, later as high-school correspondent for the Port Chester Daily Item at $1 a full column, and still later as a reporter for that paper, full time at $10 a week. Besides sports, he covered weddings, police courts, the local undertakers and almost everything else imaginable. He had no technical newspaper training. He simply wrote stories the way he saw them, but he did well enough to be raised to $12 a week. Eventually, after a brief interlude on the Hartford Post, which folded the first week he worked on it, and a job wrapping pots and pans in a Hartford department store because he was too proud to go home out of work, Ed was hired by the New York Evening Mail (now also defunct) to write sports at $75 a week.

The big money scared him. The big city scared him. So did the big-name sports writers he had been reading for years. And he was terribly embarrassed because he couldn't even use a typewriter. He taught himself to type by copying editorials from the New York Times. He also studied news stories and tried to imitate the writing of seasoned reporters. But the more he pressed, the worse he got. He knew if he didn't improve fast, it was back to wrapping bundles, for he certainly wasn't going to return to Port Chester a failure.

Covering His First Dog Show

One night, he was assigned to cover the Westminster Kennel Club Show at the old Madison Square Garden. He had never been at a dog show before. He had owned dogs all his life, but he knew nothing about the refinements of pedigrees, or points for judging. He didn't even recognize half the breeds on display. He suspected that the office had made the assignment deliberately, sure he would make a fool of himself.

It got his Irish up. He decided if he was going to make a fool of himself, he might as well be a big fool. Standing by the English bulldogs, he heard a little girl ask her mother: "Mommy, how do they wash their faces?" That gave him an idea. He wrote the whole story of the dog show from the point of view of that child, the way he used to write stories for the Port Chester Item.

He didn't sleep that night. When he went back to the office next day, the assistant sports editor, Larry Jacobs, clapped him on the back and told him he'd written a great story. Ed stiffened his already stiff upper lip and headed for his desk, ready for an even rougher kidding. There he picked up a copy of the paper, just off the press. His story on the dog show had not only been printed without a change, it had run in two columns with his name over it—his first big-time by-line.

Ed learned a lesson that day he has never forgotten—that people in New York are no different from people in Port Chester or anyplace else. He has never forgotten that the only way he can please other people is to be himself. That's the principle he tries to follow on television.

The changes that TV has made in his life are constantly amazing to us. Ed, as a syndicated columnist, knew a great many celebrities in New York and Hollywood, for he had worked in both those cities. But very seldom was he recognized on the street, and, in other parts of the country, he could slip in and out of town without anybody giving him a second glance.

Today, in strange towns, women hold up babies for him to kiss. If he wears a flower, it is gone in a minute, and people insist on buying the very car he rode in during his visit. (Ed has been sponsored by the Lincoln-Mercury dealers for three years now, and many of his out-of-town trips are tied up with their promotion.)

He is busy from the time he arrives in a town until he falls into bed—with speeches and receptions and appearances on the steps of City Hall. In one day, he may speak before such varied groups as Navy yard workers, a Rotary lunch, a Women's Club and a school assembly. The pace frequently is hectic, but Ed enjoys it because he is genuinely interested in people and, as a result, he can interest them.

mayor, the late Jimmy Walker: "One Saturday night I went into a night club and Walker gave me a big hello. 'Ed,' he said, 'that was a great column today. Have a drink.' So I had a drink. As I was leaving, one dame told me she hadn't believed a newspaperman could be so charming. 'Lady,' I said, 'you're so right!' "

I'll never forget the first time Ed was really recognized publicly. It was at the Golden Gloves fights at Madison Square Garden, back in those worrisome days of 1948, soon after he'd started on television. As we pushed through the crowd, we could hear people calling, "Hey, Smiley!"

Although a few teen-agers had kiddingly pinned that tag on Ed when they wrote him, it didn't occur to us that these people in the Garden meant Ed. We looked around to see who the celebrity was. When it finally dawned on us that they were referring to Ed, the Sullivans were amazed.

KENNESAW

"You votin' fer Roosevelt again this year, Kennesaw?"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

Last year in Boston, for example, he was crowned mayor of a rehabilitation community for boys. It wasn't an easy audience—thousands of youngsters, defying a TV personality to interest them. But Ed did the one thing guaranteed to win them over immediately. He noticed a boy in the front row who looked familiar. He called and asked him if he hadn't fought in the Golden Gloves tournament a year or so ago and then—bless Ed's photographic memory—when the boy gave him the year, Ed remembered his name!

There's an old cliché that a newspaperman meets a lot of interesting people. I can say a TV personality meets more. It would be untrue to say that Ed isn't interested in celebrities, or impressed with them. To me, that's part of his charm. The night he hired the great actor Alfred Lunt to appear on Toast of the Town, he came home as excited as a cub reporter.

But Ed also meets a lot of businessmen, and kids in hospitals and Pullman conductors, who fascinate him equally. He is always coming home with wonderful stories about new friends he has met on his travels. And don't think they aren't friends—for many of them, at his request, call him up when they come to New York and spend evenings with us.

Ed and I are still constantly awed—and humbled—when people recognize him. It wasn't always that way. For instance, in the old days, when he was a relatively anonymous columnist, people used to get him mixed up with Humphrey Bogart, then a Broadway juvenile. Bogie tells about one experience involving New York's former

Friends tease us occasionally by calling Ed "the older girls' glamor puss." I'm not very worried. The most amorous letters Ed gets from women call him "a dear" or say: "Our whole family just loves you—it's wonderful to have a show we can let the children watch." For obvious reasons, that kind of mail makes him proud.

Ed got into television by accident. For a number of years, he had been master of ceremonies of the gigantic dance competition, the Harvest Moon Ball, put on annually at the Garden by the Daily News. In 1947, although Ed did not know it at the time, CBS televised the Harvest Moon Ball. The cameras were high up in the roof. Even if Ed had seen them, he was too busy organizing the acts, getting them on in proper order, to be nervous about cameras. CBS was so impressed with his relaxed manner and the friendly way he handled people that they approached him about television. The result was that, in June of 1948, he started Toast of the Town, the first variety show on television.

Operating on his theory that real talent can come through in any medium, Ed persuaded many artists who were wary of television to make their debut with him. The list is long, and it includes names like Margaret Truman, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Faye Emerson, Bob Hope, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, Sam Levenson, Victor Borge, Humphrey Bogart, Charles Laughton and Sonja Henie.

Television was so new in those days that the field was wide open for the pioneers. Toast of the Town was the first television show to use special movie effects to lend scope and depth. It was the first to have a chorus line. It was the first to move out of town for telecasts—a gigantic task for a program of this size.

Last season, Ed introduced capsule biographies of famous people: Helen Hayes, Hammerstein, Robert Sherwood, Cole Porter, George White and Bea Lillie. A long time ago, on radio, Ed had laid his biggest egg when he had devoted two of his one-hour programs to biographies, one of a show personality, the other a sports figure. It is gratifying to him that, after all these years, his old idea has been well received. He researches and writes the biographies himself and enjoys it, for biography is his favorite form of reading.

One reason that Ed is able to get such people as Helen Hayes and other famous names on his program is that he keeps the rehearsals, as well as the actual performances, relaxed and easy. He was able to get topnotchers, for that reason, even when his budget was very low. (Nowadays, with one of the highest budgets in the industry, he's able to spend, at his own discretion, more than $800,000 a year for talent.)

Sunday Schedule Not Irksome

Perhaps the best tribute to the informality of the show was paid by one of the cameramen, who said: "You know, we ought to dread Sundays, what with the dress rehearsal and the final performance. But we actually have a good time."

Another reason for the success of Toast of the Town is that Ed has surrounded himself with a staff of top men who feel as he does about the show: Marlo Lewis, coproducer; Mark Leddy, talent agent; Johnny Wray, director and choreographer; Ray Bloch, director of music.

Ed seldom mentions anything personal on his program, but you would be surprised at the number of personal questions he is asked in the mail. People want to know where he buys his clothes; the answer is that he gets them from a tailor named Lou Scalise, whom he has patronized for years. Incidentally, Ed does his own shopping, though he is so busy he buys three or four suits and two or three pairs of shoes at a time.

On the other hand, I handle the family finances. My husband is a check grabber, a free spender and a soft touch. He makes a great deal of money, $160,000 a year, but unless someone kept watch over him he wouldn't keep enough of it to buy a Sunday newspaper. We got back from a trip to Europe once with $8 in the bank.

People often ask about Ed's family. I was Sylvia Weinstein, born in New York City. I met Ed at a night club, where older friends of my family had taken me to celebrate my graduation from high school. Three years later, on April 28, 1930, Ed and I were married. Our daughter Betty is graduating from UCLA this year, and will be married on June 27th to a California boy, Bob Precht, Jr., who is going into the Navy. (When I asked her to wait because she was only twenty-one, she reminded me that I was younger than that when she was born.)

When I mention the home life of Ed Sullivan, friends have been known to ask, "What home life?" I grant you, our private life is unusual.

For the past 13 of our 22 years together we have lived in hotels. It started when Ed was emceeing a stage show at Loew's State Theater on Broadway, and we moved into the Hotel Astor, for convenience sake. We had planned to stay three weeks; it became three years.

All the time we lived at the Astor, we had such a good nighttime view of the famous illuminated signs of Times Square that we got so we couldn't sleep unless they were flashing in our eyes. In 1941, Ed packed us up on a moment's notice (he's a let's-leave-right-now traveler) and flew us down to South America. We returned by boat; because of the war, a big American flag was painted on the ship, and lights were trained on it all night. The flag was right outside our cabin, but after the Times

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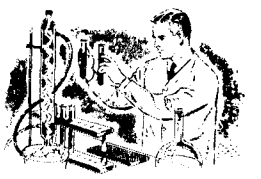

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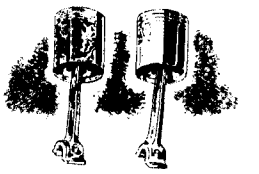
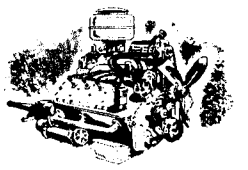
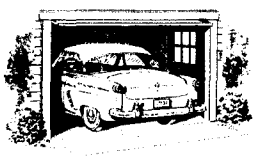


Pistons, using various grades of gas, show contamination. New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY would have kept *both* clean.



Protects against corrosive by-products! New VEEDOL HIGH-DETERGENCY, when tested, showed 18 times the capacity to neutralize acids!



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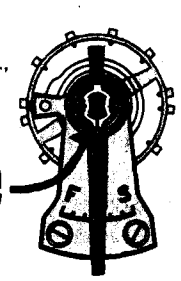

incabloc

Protects the Life of Your Watch

Square signs those lights were just the sleeping potion we needed. One night there was a short circuit and the lights went out. All three of us promptly woke up!

We live now in an apartment in the Hotel Delmonico on Park Avenue—two bedrooms, a living room, Ed's office and a kitchenette about the size of a cupboard. We don't have the flashing lights, but, as any friend of ours will tell you, there are other things which make our day-to-day living out of the ordinary.

Why Their Guests Can't Sleep

Once in a while, a house guest of ours who is occupying Betty's bed—the Sullivans abhor an unoccupied bed the way nature abhors a vacuum—will wake up at three or four in the morning and hear voices. She stumbles out into the living room to find Ed and me talking a mile a minute. The truth is that the early-morning hours frequently are the only ones when we can have real family talks.

At least six people have keys to our apartment. Ed's two secretaries, Carmine Santullo and Jean Bombard, let themselves in at nine or ten o'clock in the morning, depending on how late they have worked the night before. Soon after they arrive, our phones start ringing—we have three phones and seven extensions—with items from press agents and other news sources. Two days a week, I do hospital work and get up early. But Ed always sleeps until 1:00 P.M. when he is home. When he wakens, I feed him my two culinary masterpieces—a boiled egg and tea.

Ed does not wake up merry as a bright new penny. He broods until he has bathed and shaved. Sometimes, however, people have emergency requests and have to get to him. That is when, I fear, the Terrible-Tempered Mr. Sullivan is apt to come out. People who know him better wait until he is fed.

Ed's first chore after breakfast is to walk Boje II, our miniature poodle, who's named after the late dancer, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson. Ed has tried to eliminate this walk from his schedule but the dog will run and hide if anybody else grabs the leash.

After the walk, the real bedlam begins. There are always questions which come up concerning the TV show, and staff conferences. There are requests for appearances at benefits. There are road schedules to check. Sometimes one or more of our good friends from California—Jack and Mary Benny, or Bob Hope, or George Burns and Gracie Allen—arrive in town and turn up. Sometimes Oscar Hammerstein or Bob Sherwood will have something to check with Ed. Often Mark Leddy, the talent agent, turns up with a promising singer or a performing dog.

These conferences are supposed to take place in the office, but there are usually so many people waiting that they overflow into our living room. Once in a while, thinking Ed is going to have a quiet afternoon, I may be sitting in my living room in a bathrobe doing my nails when a quartet of CBS vice-presidents shows up. We also get the people whom Ed has met all over the country and invited to "drop in any time." Believe me, they do. And if Ed isn't home, or is busy, I'm the little woman who entertains the taxi drivers from Des Moines and the cigar-store man from Houston.

Ed writes his column in the middle of the afternoon. Carmine usually has collected items for it, but often Ed writes about his own reminiscences or grievances. The column takes him about 45 minutes.

In the midst of all this, we have the never-ending stream of messenger boys, bringing gifts from fans, gifts from manufacturers, recordings and mail. There are invariably two typewriters going at the same time, as well as a TV set or a record player. The hotel maid, Anna, comes in with her vacuum cleaner whenever she spots a lull.

About seven-thirty or eight, we go out to a "quiet" little dinner in a restaurant, where sometimes I'm able to exchange a whole sentence of conversation alone with Ed, in between the strangers and celebrities who drop by to say hello. Afterward there is nearly always a theater opening, some special show at a night club that Ed wants to catch, or a benefit where he has promised to turn up. If we don't have any of those three things scheduled, Ed often wants to attend some sports event.

If Ed gets home by midnight, which is rare, he sits up reading—doing research for one of his biographical shows, or just reading biographies, getting ideas for future shows. Our friends and Ed's business acquaintances know they are far more certain of a good reception if they call Ed after midnight than if they try to reach him at noon, so we get business calls then, too.

But this, of course, is only when Ed is home. We have estimated that in the past year, on business for his sponsors or on benefits, he visited about 50 cities in half the states of the Union.

This means that many weeks he is gone from home three or four days. I don't go with Ed on trips, except to California or Florida. When he is on the road, Ed has every second scheduled, working from early morning—meaning nine or ten—until after midnight, making appearances, visiting schools and hospitals, acting as master of ceremonies at benefits, and usually ending the day at a reception or banquet for prominent businessmen. If the party breaks up before midnight, Ed usually rushes to a local night club to see if he can nose out some new talent for the TV show.

Maybe it's his habit of maintaining this pace that has made him such an impatient tourist. When we visited Rome a few years ago, we saw the Vatican at almost a dead run, and then rushed to the Colosseum. We looked, and Ed said, "All right, let's go." "We just got here," I protested, "and this is one of the world's great sights." Said Ed: "Well . . . we've seen it." And we left.

Despite the short shrift he gave the Colosseum, Ed is in many ways among the world's greatest sentimentalists. Once when he was on one of his most hectic trips, a woman came up and asked him to speak to her club. He agreed to do so—to the consternation of his press agent, who didn't see how Ed was going to squeeze this engagement into his crowded schedule. "Why didn't you put her off?" he moaned. Ed turned on him. "Do you know who she was?" he asked, grimly. The press agent didn't. My husband drew himself up and thundered: *"She's a gold-star mother!"*

A Lucky Break for the Turkey

A couple of years ago, one of Ed's fans sent him a live turkey at Thanksgiving. I suggested the hotel might kill and cook the turkey for us, but Ed couldn't bear the thought. He had me hire a cab and drive miles out in the country to deliver the bird to friends who would, presumably, give it a good home until it died of old age.

Another time, we received a canary from one of his listeners. Ed used to worry for fear it would get lonesome while we were out, so he'd put a series of Broadway show albums on the record player to entertain it. Finally I gave the canary to our hotel maid, who named it Ed.

Five years ago, our first poodle, Boje I died. He was only a year old, and Ed wrote a heartbroken column about him for which he still gets requests. As a result of the first pup's death, Ed worries even more about Boje II than he usually would.

Recently, a virus disease temporarily crippled Boje's hind legs. We ate our meals at home to be with him, something Ed won't usually do even when he is sick himself. During the day, Ed fixed a blanket with a heating pad for the pup, on the floor by his typewriter. At night, we slept with all the windows in the apartment closed, for fear Boje would be in a draft. I had to go out the second day Boje was sick. I came home late that afternoon and found my husband lying on the floor beside the dog, apologizing for the times he had spoken crossly to him.

All animals seem to like Ed, which is understandable. I suppose the fact that not all people do is equally understandable. Ed has a flair for annoying people. When the New York Graphic, where he was sports editor when I married him, made him a Broadway columnist, he felt it was a demotion. I think he was influenced by the fact that the show people he knew loved to associate with the working sports press, but weren't impressed by the gossip columns. His first column as a night-club reporter was a blast at gossip columnists. It isn't surprising that a number of these people have never quite forgiven him.

Later, he wrote a column which was a parody of the secretary columns which some of the writers use as a device to praise themselves for their scoops. Ed headed it "Africa Speaks" (the title of a movie running at that time) and signed it Amelia Africa. To his astonishment, the readers took it seriously and loved it. The syndicate asked him to continue Africa.

Five Disappointed Marines

Once it was cause for real embarrassment. During World War II, Ed's male secretary, Carmine, corresponded with a great many servicemen who wrote Ed, sending them sports pages and signing the letters "Amelia Africa." Soon after the war ended, five huge Marines from Guadalcanal turned up at our apartment door wanting a date with Amelia. Ed had to entertain them—Carmine was too embarrassed to appear.

Just recently, Ed made himself something less than the most popular member of the TV fraternity by publishing a blast at stars who let success go to their heads. "Not less than the ten top TV personalities, if they read this column," he concluded, "will identify themselves as the subject of this revelation."

You can see why my husband makes enemies. He knows, of course, that columns like this don't add to his popularity—but sometimes he gets criticized for something he can't help.

Once, when he had been in California, he got back to New York just in time for dress rehearsal, so that he got his first look at that night's show not long before it went on. There was one skit in it that he disliked on sight, and he flatly refused to have it on the program. So it was junked, all eight minutes of it—just half an hour before the program was to start. A girl violinist was hastily summoned; she arrived while the show was on the air, and went on without rehearsal. She did fine. But later in the week, when Ed was still congratulating himself on getting out of a tight situation, the mail began to come in. No one had noticed any difference in the program itself—but a lot of people complained that it was the first time they'd ever seen Ed act rude with a performer.

The answer, of course, was that he couldn't give the girl a build-up; he hadn't known a thing about her except her name.

Things like this incident bother Ed, naturally, although there isn't much he can do about them. They don't bother me nearly so much, because I'm sure most people like my husband, and with good reason.

On one of his tours for his sponsor, Ed met the Marist nuns, in Framingham, Massachusetts. Their work is entirely with lepers, and Ed was enchanted to find such a dedicated group so gay and full of fun. They needed money badly for their work, but they were too shy to make appeals for it.

Ed decided to help them. He planned an enormous benefit at the Boston Opera House and solicited some of his generous friends of all creeds for preliminary donations. Then he invited some of the nuns to lunch to explain what he had done.

Later, the mother superior told him: "It was the best meal I've eaten since I became a nun, but I was so excited I couldn't enjoy it. We want you to know, Mr. Sullivan, that we pray for you every night. But there are so many Sullivans, we always remind God you're the one on TV." THE END

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The Hazards of Bigness

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the right things. As to the dangers of concentrated economic power, the issue *now* is whether the American people are not today protected by a whole new set of checks and balances capable of preventing Bigness from impairing our liberties and arbitrarily controlling our destinies.

This is U.S.A. 1952, not 1890 or 1912 or 1929. Anyone who does not see the difference, and particularly the difference between the twenties and the fifties, seems to me to be hopelessly defeatist about the capacity of a democratic people to learn, to evolve answers to its problems.

NO MAN understands this country as it is today unless he is fully alive to the significance of the changes that have come about in the effectiveness of public opinion and public action to control the abuses of corporate power. I believe it is reasonably clear that the white blood corpuscles in the American blood stream are so effective in fighting off ills of this character that the risks of corporate concentration are at a minimum at the very time that the advantages of corporate size to the country and to us as individuals are at their greatest. Those advantages are very great today: they can be multiplied manifold if (with sensible safeguards) we set out to encourage and nourish the principle of growth implicit in Bigness, and the human and social values it can produce for us.

Half the production of the world is American. American productivity and increasingly ethical distribution of this productivity—still in its youth—is thus far the most distinctive achievement of the twentieth century.

It is this almost unbelievable talent for growth and greater production that largely accounts for America's place and influence in world affairs today. This American achievement rests on Bigness.

However much pride and satisfaction we take in the accomplishment itself, Americans quite generally do not *affirmatively* support Bigness, the essential ingredient of the accomplishment. Neither in public policy nor public opinion is there any but a vestigial sign of warm affirmation and genuine enthusiasm for this distinctive mark of U.S.A. 1952.

A deeply questioning mood about Bigness is by no means confined to people of small incomes nor those of liberal or labor points of view. The most consistent and emotional critics of Bigness in business are organizations of small businessmen, one of the most conservative groups in the country. Public figures critical of Bigness often include outstanding conservatives, as is illustrated by the following instance.

In March, 1950 (this was before Korea), the Joint Congressional Committee on the Economic Report issued a report critical of an increase in steel prices, and of the industry as a whole. Senator Taft differed with the report in a number of ways. He found no "collusion" among steelmakers, and that competition was "reasonably active." He then considered whether steel prices might not be too high, and "whether the U.S. Steel Corporation is so predominant that it has power to fix prices and at least modify the usual effects of competition." Should a Congressional inquiry establish this "modification," the senator went on to propose that Congress "should consider whether we should place a limit on the proportion of any industry which can be controlled by one company."

I do not know how seriously Senator Taft intended his proposal of a fixed limitation, by law, on how big a steel company might become. It is certainly very far-reaching. But the senator's suggestion does serve to illustrate the sense of uneasiness about Bigness that in one degree or another pervades most areas of Congress and of American thinking generally.

How can one account for this state of opinion about America's greatest functional asset, size?

There are, I think, five principal causes of this uneasiness—and even fear—five emotions about Bigness, as I have observed them in myself and among my fellow Americans. They are related one to the other, but to some extent are distinct, too. These I shall list and then comment upon them:

First: Bigness stifles and suppresses competition, and therefore the system of free enterprise.

Second: Big Business threatens us with an increasing concentration of economic power so great as to endanger our very liberties. Big Business has in short become something "too big to handle."

Third: Bigness destroys individual independence, and the sense of the individual's importance. It therefore strikes at the very root of our most cherished political and religious beliefs.

Fourth: Bigness has brought with it an extreme of centralization; this in turn has produced an unwholesome centralization in government ("Big Government") and a corresponding centralization in the unions of employees ("Big Labor").

Fifth: Bigness, far from being efficient, is by its very nature ponderous, bureaucratic, ridden with paper work and red tape; stuffy, and lacking in vigor or daring.

1. *The Stifling of Competition as a Danger of Bigness:* The methods and tactics by which business concerns have tried to stifle competition are about as varied and numerous as any other form of skulduggery. Some of these schemes are rough stuff, about as subtle as a bludgeon. Others are indirect, complex and genteel. They have the same purpose and effect, however. That purpose is to do in a competitor not on the merits of quality or costs, or efficiency due to size or research or good management; but by coercion, deceit, boycott or other such illegal means.

The work of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice and of the Federal Trade Commission in prosecuting such specific crimes against competition has contributed greatly to the business health of the country. No one, I suppose—least of all businessmen—would propose any weakening of the Sherman or Clayton Acts in these policing areas, where so much good work has been done. Certainly, I would not make such a proposal.

THERE is, of course, nothing about the ethical standards of the men who manage large enterprises that makes them more likely to violate the ground rules of fair and decent competition than managers of small business; but size undoubtedly does make for greater opportunity to exert illegal pressures. Extra vigilance by our business police of the Antitrust Division in scrutinizing big enterprise is therefore warranted.

But it is not, I think, this aspect of the stifling of competition by specific acts of oppression that accounts for the fear of Bigness as such. It is rather the hazard to competition conceived of as *inherent in Bigness itself.* The asserted evil lies in the *"potential"* evil arising from the fact of size itself, quite apart and distinct from evidence of specific offside plays and unnecessary roughness in the competitive game. The idea of "potential" misdeeds—apart from any wrongdoing in fact—is a dangerous concept. It surprises me to see men fight this doctrine as applied to civil rights of individuals and endorse it as applied to the conduct of business, also by individuals.

Most of the charges that the very existence of Bigness itself creates monopoly or "potential" monopoly—that is, tends to stifle competition—come not from the public but from smaller competitors. Their complaint often is not that Bigness results in too little competition but too much; that certain inherent advantages of Bigness (large-scale purchasing, for example, or large-scale and costly research by which valuable patented processes are created) enable the big concern to take a large proportion of the customers, who, of course, prefer the best and the least costly products.

For the antitrust agencies of government to seek to punish the successful competitor *in the name of competition* is difficult for me to comprehend. Nevertheless, this is what we have been witnessing in recent years, where success in securing a large proportion of the market is viewed as "potential monopoly." To construe the once invigorating Sherman Antitrust Act in this way is to rob it of meaning as a stimulus to enterprise, innovation and excellence among competitors.

This doctrine of penalizing, prosecuting,

COLLIER'S

"The sound is a mad jumble, of course, but you'll be watching every program on the air"

ROBERT DAY

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hectoring and even dismembering a large business which, by research and managerial superiority, achieves competitive success (that is, wins a large share of the market) has serious consequences of a practical kind. It creates an incentive for large and efficient and research-minded concerns to put on the brakes. Further research and improvements would cut costs even more. Aggressive research and sales effort would secure an even larger part of the available market. These steps, beneficial to the company and the country, would or might bring an antitrust action instituted by those charged with protection and furthering of competition!

Thus we consumers must sometimes buy from less efficient producers or retailers, at higher prices, and receive fewer benefits of research, because genuine all-out competition would attract too many customers to the concerns that are the best (from the consumers' point of view) in the industry.

Bigness is not always a competitive advantage—not by any manner of means. Small businesses often beat the larger ones in mobility and imagination as well as on costs and quality.

IN MANY specialized types of manufacture, for example, often the massive overhead costs and slower movement of large concerns put them at a disadvantage in competition with small companies. This is illustrated by the well-known fact that most Big Business secures a major portion of its equipment, components and supplies (in some cases as much as 75 per cent) from quite small concerns, because it is cheaper and more efficient than making these commodities itself. Here, as in many other areas, big and small business complement and benefit each other.

However costly it is from the consumer's point of view, however much it holds back the full productive genius of the country (as I believe it does), it continues to be a doctrine of some of our antitrust administration and Congressional policy that if one or several corporations have a big share of the business in their industry, *by that very fact alone* they are "potential monopolists," to be dealt with by cutting them down to size or forcing them to relinquish their advantage. The need for a realistic re-examination of such a policy seems to me urgent, in the public interest.

If, however, it appears, in particular areas, that Bigness *as such* impairs competition (that is, aside from specific acts to suppress competition), what should be done about it? A legal limit on size? Break up Bigness? That is a self-defeating course, where what we need are the benefits size can bring.

For the courts to chop Du Pont into several smaller companies, in the interests of competition, would be to waste this asset of size, one of proved usefulness to the country. If the present trend of public opinion and of law continues I would expect just this to happen to Du Pont in less than ten years. But to those who believe that Du Pont's great size is a potential danger to competition in the chemical field, the constructive counterweight to Du Pont's Bigness may well be more Bigness, that is, to encourage the expansion or the voluntary consolidation and merger of other lesser units of the industry into a size more nearly comparable to Du Pont. And certainly the continued steady growth of aggressive and progressive concerns—of which there are several in the chemical field—affords considerably more assurance of competition than surgical operations performed by the Sherman Act upon the body of Du Pont.

Such considerations as these will be relevant when the time comes for the government to dispose of its very large interests in the synthetic rubber industry. Making large rubber industry units out of smaller ones is far and away the more sensible way to strengthen competition, rather than cutting up Goodrich, U.S. Rubber, Goodyear and so on.

Do I mean that it is better, for the maintenance of competition, to have only two or three very big concerns of comparable size, a fight among giants, than a score or two of more moderate-sized corporations and their affiliates? There is no universal rule. Certainly it is an oversimplification to measure the vigor and health of competition solely by the relative size of the gladiators in the arena.

But in an industry where it is clear that the position of one or several big businesses has, *in fact* (not "potentially" but actually), been so used as to diminish competition among them, then we ought to do more than tolerate the consolidation and merger of smaller competitors into larger units; we ought to encourage it where the overall effect is to strengthen competition. In other words, for Company A to merge or consolidate with Companies B, C and D, its present competitors, in order better to compete with the industry's giants may well be in the interest of modern competition.

2. *Big Business and Concentration of Power: "Too Big to Handle":* This is the most commonly held fear of Bigness. Only a people indifferent to their liberties or historically inexperienced in the evils of the concentration of power in a few hands would pass off such a hazard lightly. Americans do not answer this description. The danger of concentration of power is a real issue. It cannot be dismissed as a mere demagogic appeal. It must be dealt with soberly, with the utmost seriousness, and on its merits.

COLLIER'S **"I sent the boys to the zoo today. I guess that kept them out of mischief"** JOHN M. PRICE

THAT business is concentrated in the United States is clear. Bigness—that is, "concentration" in large units—is a prime characteristic of a number of sectors of American industry.

The extent and degree of concentration varies greatly from industry to industry, just as what constitutes a large business varies from industry to industry. What is Big in one field—book publishing, or dental supplies, or carpets and rugs—would not be big in chemicals, for example, or primary metals. There is no absolute definition of what is big and what is "concentrated."

Is Bigness and concentration on the increase, or is it stabilizing, or is it on the decline? There is no generally accepted answer. The Federal Trade Commission has recently reported that the trend is rapidly toward greater concentration. President Truman, in signing a recent (1951) amendment to the antitrust laws stated: "During World War II . . . the long-standing tendency toward economic concentration was accelerated."

Whether this is actually the case is the subject of the widest disagreement among equally well-qualified economists. But whether larger in relation to the total in any particular industry (or segment of an industry), certainly the size of individual corporate enterprise has grown enormously. It must also be kept in mind that the number of very small businesses is huge. In New York City, for example, according to the latest available figures (for 1948), out of 234,540 companies, employing 3,000,000 people, 209,599 employed fewer than 20 people. New York is far from typical, but the figures do suggest the fact that our high degree of concentration has not blotted out a great multiplicity of business enterprises. Someone has said that during recent years the big get bigger and the small get smaller. A more accurate statement would be that the big get bigger and the small more numerous.

I have said many times in these articles that great changes have come about in this country in the past 60 years, and that these changes call for a change in viewpoint and policy toward Bigness in business. Despite the evidence that supports this conclusion, much of the discussion of the hazards of business Bigness proceeds on its way as if nothing had essentially changed since the days of Senator Sherman's Antitrust Act, the Steel Trust, Commodore Vanderbilt, Mark Hanna, and the long line of what Theodore Roosevelt immortalized as "malefactors of great wealth," and Franklin Roosevelt denounced as "economic royalists."

We live in a different America. It is wholly changed in its capacity to control abuses of economic power. Here I shall point out simply three mountain peaks, the fundamental elements of change, as I see them, that should alter our whole outlook on the dangers of Big Business, and their control.

a) *A change in the function and role of government in economic affairs.*

Government now is an active, and frequently the dominant, factor in economic affairs, which is to say that few important decisions of businessmen are made in which the influence (or direction) of government does not play a significant role. Most of us have, thus far, only dimly comprehended how completely this has affected the conduct of business, and of government.

This profound change is bemoaned or applauded, depending upon your viewpoint or your economic interest. But the important fact is that it is accepted as an accomplished fact, a fact upon which current and future plans must be built. The public now expects and often demands that the government intervene in economic affairs as a normal function.

WHAT we see today is not merely resignation to this change. There is even coming to be a certain *pride* in our skill in achieving certain aspects of this "permanent revolution," changes that so few years ago were vigorously and even bitterly debated. Read, for example, the words of John Foster Dulles, one of America's outstanding corporation lawyers and citizens:

"We showed, by example within our own country, that social justice could be had without traveling the Communist road of violent revolution and materialism. Through graduated income and estate taxes, and Social Security and pension plans, our capitalistic society has come to approach, more nearly than the Communist world, the ideal of production according to ability and distribution according to need."

b) *A change in the role of organized labor in industry.* Here, too, the change by some is seen as a long step backward; by others (I certainly count myself among them) as, on the whole, great democratic progress. The significant thing, however, is that the change is accepted as a working fact. Those who expect labor unions to be destroyed or drastically weakened (and of this there was much talk, hopeful or fearful, only a few years ago) are now regarded as unrealistic or alarmists. There are many battles ahead over organized labor, and abuses and inadequacies that need correction. But there seems no prospect that the issue about organized labor will ever become one of its life or death.

c) *A change in the sense of public responsibility of Big Business leadership and management: the coming of age of business.* There is a strong trend to a kind of "top boss" of large business undertakings, one who has a keen sense of public responsibility and of the modern ethics of private competition. As a consequence, many of the old fears of Big Business become almost irrelevant.

Business management ability is the most pragmatic of all skills. Only those practitioners who can get results are regarded as successful. Therefore, the president of a large enterprise who does not know how to guide his company so it can live, make profits, and grow under the new conditions of 1952 is, almost by definition, a failure. There is not much sympathy for top management that has consistently antagonistic "public relations." A large company constantly involved in labor disputes and resulting work stoppages is not regarded as a good company; the job of management is to produce results in accordance with the practical code of the world of business. "Moral victories" at the cost of competitive position or profits are not highly valued.

Moreover, large business undertakings are responsible to so many different and diverse interests that the job of running such a company has come to be more nearly like that of a public official than that of a traditional business owner or manager.

There was a time when it was considered that a business management was doing its job if it satisfied its owners and its customers. Then later the company's employees and their union representatives were added to the list of those who had in some way to be satisfied or mollified.

Now, however, for many large enterprises the boss has a far more complex problem even than this. Ownership is becoming widely diffused; the ownership of an increasing number of companies is no longer predominantly in the hands of the founder, or his family, or a banking group. Large

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stockownership by huge open-end investment trusts, insurance companies, endowment funds, foundations and pension funds is more and more increasing the groups to which a company president is accountable.

To a lesser degree the widespread ownership by the general public of the common stock of Big Business provides top management with more and more "bosses." The fact that the management of most corporations must now make "inside" information available to the public adds to the number that management must satisfy, or whose criticism it must be prepared to answer.

But even all this describes only the broadened responsibility of Big Business management to "owners." Customers have become more and more conscious of the influence they can exert to get what they want. This is not only true of buyers of huge quantities, such as chain stores or automobile companies. Even a routine price increase, that must have seemed to the steel companies a matter of their "private business," not long ago created such a furor among purchasers generally that it was necessary for steel's management to justify its prices before a joint Congressional committee. The full light—even the glare—of nationwide publicity played upon this business action, something which a generation ago would have been unthinkable.

NOT only a big company's prices are thus the subject of public challenge and criticism. The same is true of the quality of its products; its labor relations; whether it discriminates between white and Negro employees or customers; whether a certain corporate action has a bad effect upon a particular community, or on broad issues such as inflation or our relations with Latin America; whether its products are manufactured under sanitary conditions or are correctly labeled. Even the good taste of a corporation's advertising or sponsored television shows is called into question, often in a most public fashion. When this criticism comes—and it is part of the daily grist—it is the job of top management of a large corporation to be prepared to defend and justify and explain; to find compromises between conflicting interests of every conceivable kind.

This is simply to say that our top industrial leadership has assumed, and it now bears, political as well as economic responsibilities—the whole range of problems of a modern democracy. Indeed, all over the world it is on the front lines in spots vital to American national interests; for it is responsible for developing vital raw materials in Labrador or Venezuela or Arabia or Peru, or providing machine tools or coal or electric generators to a dozen key nations of the free world. In short, there has been a revolution in the nature of active responsibility of Big Business. The president of a large company is now responsible to practically everybody!

It is certainly not true that all, or even a majority, of the top officers of the 10,000 larger corporate enterprises of the country accept fully or even comprehend the idea that broad public accountability is part of the modern responsibility of business. But this is the strong—and inescapable—definite trend.

This remarkable change in the nature of business responsibility has been developing for a generation. It has progressed so far that it has a direct and vital bearing on the danger of concentration of industry to the liberties and fortunes of the American people. Or, to put it another way, the change in public accountability on the part of industrial management is a reflection of the effectiveness of the new checks and balances upon abuses of economic power. It raises sharply the question of how substantial and how relevant today are the traditional and historical fears of Big Business.

There are other deep changes in American life that have the effect of protecting us against the tyranny of arbitrary power of Bigness. And there are a number of special situations where there is a question whether size has much affirmative, *functional* value to us, where great size has obvious dangers with little or no offsetting virtues. Such areas include mass media of communication, where free expression is at stake, some aspects of branch or chain banking, and a few others.

3. *Bigness and the Destruction of Individual Independence:* I recently noted a newspaper advertisement which began:

AN OPEN LETTER

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS, IT HAS BEEN MY AMBITION TO OPERATE A BUSINESS OF MY OWN, IN WHICH I MAKE THE DECISIONS, ASSUME ALL RESPONSIBILITY, AND TAKE ALL THE BLAME.

This announcement of the opening of a new business—in this case a restaurant and cocktail lounge—strikes a very familiar American note. To want to set up in business for himself, to be his "own boss," is as much a part of the American tradition as razzing the umpire, or the Sunday-afternoon nap. And there are tens of millions of men and women who are their "own boss," either "self-employed" (to use the jargon of the statistician), that is, doctors, dentists, lawyers and other professional people, or those running small businesses.

But of course most people never can look forward to starting in business for themselves, or being in a position "to make all the decisions," in the sense of the open letter of the proud proprietor of Rennie's Old Castle Inn. Bigness is indeed making us more nearly a nation of employees; in some cases several hundred thousand individuals working for the same employer.

How serious a blow is this to the sense of individual independence, the desire of the individual to feel his importance as a person? Have we in fact lost something very precious, since for so many millions, "working for yourself" is no longer a possible course? I think we have indeed lost something of great value.

How great is this loss? In the first place, to be realistic, one should remember that it is not everyone by any manner of means who really wants "to make the decisions, assume all responsibility, and take all the blame."

Beyond that, we must keep reminding ourselves of how many small jobs and businesses—of a kind that never existed before—the era of Bigness has brought with it. The manufacture of automobiles is obviously not a good place for a man to start a factory and be his own boss. But the automobile has certainly spawned tens of thousands of independent or semi-independent one-man businesses; they can be seen along every highway of this highly mobile land—not only filling stations, small repair shops, vegetable stands and the like, but hundreds of one-building factories that manufacture parts and components of the intricate machinery of a motorcar.

BUT there are far more important considerations even than these. I refer to the great strides being made in Big Industry by management and by labor organizations to enable individual workers to find a new kind of personal and individual satisfaction in their jobs, that replaces and perhaps in some ways sharpens the old-time satisfactions of independence in the days of small enterprise.

In point of fact, the individual human being has become the very center of management and labor's concern in some of our more progressive huge business undertakings. What is it that gives workers their chief satisfaction? What are the chief causes of their dissatisfaction on the job? How can the relations between men, working together, be improved? Most important of all, how can men find in their work in large organizations and with huge machines the quality of satisfaction and joy in their work which craftsmen of old found in theirs? In the creative effort to find the answers to such questions, modern management and unions are laying the foundation of a new individualism.

Largely because of the productivity of Bigness most of man's independence need no longer come from his job directly. Now machines and better management together with a new social opinion and the consequences of labor organizations' efforts have provided workers, in Big Business particularly, with a spectacular increase in leisure, and consequently a proportionate increase in independence. The total percentage of a man's week *which is his own* has markedly increased.

When the hours of labor are cut from 60 a week to 44—and we can afford this chiefly because of the new productivity of large-scale industry—we have thereby added 16 hours to each man's independence every week. In those added hours he is his "own boss," not in the sense of the man who owns his own business, but perhaps in an even more meaningful sense.

4. *Centralization and Bigness:* That Bigness has resulted in centralization is too obvious to require elaboration. Decisions that in the days of smaller enterprise were made in the home-town store or the local factory office now are made at a central point, where the control of the whole system is lodged. Many small and scattered plants are superseded by a few huge ones.

The degree of such centralization varies, of course, but the proposition stands: Bigness has brought centralization and a degree of remote control to American business. Indeed, *it is centralization* that has brought to the American people some of those very advances in productivity, in lowered costs, improved service, shorter hours of labor, to which I have made reference in these articles.

But weighed against these obvious advantages, centralization (whether in business or in government) brings with it certain plain and unmistakable evils.

In the federal government the hazards of too great centralization of authority are quite apparent to the average individual. In opposing the steady increase in centralized governmental administration from Washington, I have expressed myself on many occasions. As a public servant I helped to develop and to put into actual practice methods of decentralization of national gov-

"That's not the password, but something tells me we should let him in anyhow"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

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ernmental powers in the TVA and in the Atomic Energy Commission's undertakings. As a sample of my views, I quote from a book which I wrote in 1943:

"Centralization in administration promotes remote and absentee control, and thereby increasingly denies to the individual the opportunity to make decisions and to carry those responsibilities by which human personality is nourished and developed.

"I find it impossible to comprehend how democracy can be a living reality if people are remote from their government and in their daily lives are not made a part of it, or if the control and direction of making a living—industry, farming, the distribution of goods—is far removed from the stream of life and from the local community.

"It is folly to forget that the same dangers and the same temptations exist whether the centralization is in government or in mammoth business enterprises. In both cases the problem is to capture the advantages that come with such centralized authority as we find we must have, and at the same time to avoid the hazards of overcentralized *administration* of those central powers.

"It can be done. It can be done in many business operations as well as in government activities." (Lilienthal: TVA: Democracy on the March. Harper & Brothers, 1944, pp. 139, 142.)

I devoted much of the book, from which the above excerpts are quoted, to a description of the principles of decentralization in government which I believe are sound, and to many illustrations of how these principles have been put to practical use. With modification, these principles are applicable to large business enterprises. Many businesses are using such techniques of decentralized management today, in one form or another.

The central principle I espouse is that we make a firm working distinction between centralized decisions of *policies* affecting the whole huge enterprise and the decentralized or delegated *execution* of those policies.

Vital as further decentralization in business administration certainly is, one must concede that the evil consequences of business overcentralization are not of the same gravity as are the hazards inherent in overcentralization in government.

THE reason, of course, lies chiefly in the difference in the relation of the individual to private competitive business (legal private monopolies, such as utilities and carriers stand on another footing) and his relation to sovereign government. If the overcentralized operation of a huge private business produces very bad results, the management will ordinarily be compelled to do something about it, and often rather promptly. Customers will complain. Suppliers or bulk buyers will make their views known, or go elsewhere. Competitors will not be slow to take advantage of the situation. Labor unions, under collective bargaining procedures, will present the employees' complaints. Employee morale will become an acute problem. And so on. But in government (where, unfortunately, collective bargaining is a rarity), and in the case of legal private monopolies, many of these correctives of competition do not exist; and alternative correctives are relatively slow in securing day-to-day improvements.

There is an even more vital distinction. The chief crime of overcentralized administration is its deadening effect on individuals. In business, this is serious enough for its employees, certainly. But in government the effect of overcentralization is felt not only in the dullness and sterility of the working life of its employees. The consequences go deeper still, weakening the very foundations of our system of political freedom.

"Those who believe devoutly in the democratic process should be the first to urge the use of methods that will keep the administration of national functions from becoming so concentrated at the national capital, so distant from the everyday life of ordinary people as to wither and deaden the average citizen's sense of participation and partnership in government affairs. For in this citizen participation lies the vitality of a democracy." (Lilienthal: This I Do Believe. Harper & Brothers, 1949, p. 91.)

Though the consequences of business overcentralization upon the individual—the worker, or manager of Big Enterprise or the customer—may not be as grave as in government, they are serious. Moreover, to a large degree they are preventable by the adoption of specific management policies and methods. More and more, industrial management is coming to see that the job of a great industry is not only to produce a good product at a profit, but to develop people; that people do not develop and grow unless they are given responsibility, either as individuals or as members of groups, such as their unions; that in overcentralized operations men are denied real responsibility, except at the center. Moreover, the integration of a unit of a huge nation-wide enterprise *into the life of the local community* is now coming to be recognized as an essential of sound Big Management. This principle affects the kind of men Big Business selects to head its local plant or establishments, and the increased independence of decision given them.

There is nothing in the constants of the nature of Big Business that prevents its effective decentralization. And the pay-off for the business, for the employees, for customers and for communities can be very great indeed.

5. The Dangers of Inefficiency and Bureaucracy through Bigness: There are many people who will agree that size is indeed a great asset. But they are convinced that we now have developed some businesses so huge in magnitude and ramifications that the advantages of size are outweighed by ponderousness, slowness of action and a sterile and bureaucratic spirit. Their view is that like the mastodon, which became extinct because it was too big, superbig organizations are against nature's laws of survival, and are similarly doomed by the "curse of Bigness."

These critics point to the incredible slowness with which decisions are ground out of the wheels within wheels that characterize some very large institutions of business. The "medium-sized" corporation, they say, is the most effective for mobility, daring, quick decisions and above all for enterprise and "get-up-and-git."

I certainly agree that there is validity to such criticisms in the case of not a few very large enterprises, as I know from extensive dealings with superbigness. My guess is that studies would show that many, but not all, of the advantages of size can be achieved without going to *extremes* of size; that greater efficiency, liveliness and speed of action, and less stuffiness at the top exist where Bigness is not extreme.

But the heart of the matter is that (except in cases of gross abuse) the cure of Too-Bigness may be more dangerous than the disease. For if, in the asserted interest of such factors as efficiency and industrial mobility, we put an upper limit on Bigness, then Congress or a commission (as some have proposed) must decide this question: How Big is Too-Big? How can anyone decide that question about a competitive industry or business in a relatively free market without the most profound consequences to our economic system? Have we any realistic alternative except to leave such to the verdict of customer acceptance, to the practical test of figures recorded on balance sheets and profit-and-loss accounts, to the success or failure of research programs, to the ability of an enterprise to attract and hold able people, to work out its public relations and its labor relations successfully—in short, to the pragmatic give-and-take of results?

HOW big a business can be, and still maintain its maximum of innovation, efficiency and liveliness, is not something that can be precisely determined, nor generalized about. For example, current new developments in the continuous casting of steel (carried on by Republic Steel Company and the Babcock & Wilcox Company) could conceivably dictate that even such a characteristically Bigness-industry as steel may, in 25 years, be more efficient with a multitude of medium-sized corporations than with a relatively few very large ones.

On the other hand, some of the human factors that now put a limit on how big an enterprise can be, and still be manageable, may yield to some new technical development. Electronic devices operated by a handful of people will probably be perfected which might release for more productive work the millions of people now engaged in routine clerical tasks. This could conceivably make maximum efficiency among merchandisers or insurance companies several times larger than any now in existence.

I have had responsibility for running one multibillion-dollar enterprise and another close to the billion mark. I have had business dealings with most of our superbig companies. From this experience I have come to share the view that such colossal undertakings suffer, from a management point of view, from a lack of compactness and mobility.

Many experienced managers would have a similar reaction. But I find that disadvantages of this character are often, in particular circumstances, totally and completely outweighed by other factors that require Bigness.

The only practical measure we now have of How Big is Too-Big? is the test of experience: how does this particular size work out, in practice? And it is in studying this pragmatic test of "works" that our concern should be concentrated, rather than upon abstract and dogmatic condemnation of size as such.

Nothing great and good has come of a negative outlook on life. Yet such is our present-day attitude toward Bigness as a principle of economic life; it is negative, faultfinding, fearful.

Moreover, it is largely based upon an emotional hang-over from a day that is dead and gone, when, measured by their present standards, business was so often ruthless, repressive and monopolistic.

A great people, at a time that calls for greatness, needs a positive and affirmative outlook and policy as a guide to its course. No one man is wise enough to formulate such a policy, least of all the writer. But if each of us, in his own way and out of his own experience and conviction, will assert what he thinks we *should* do—and not be content with a repetition of what we should *not* do—a positive policy will emerge.

It is toward such a policy for Bigness, a policy of productivity through Bigness, that we should be moving; a subject I shall discuss in the next and concluding chapter of this series of articles.

The concluding article in Mr. Lilienthal's series will be published next week. The articles form the basis of a book by him which will be brought out by Harper & Brothers in January

Bother of the Bride

Almost as expensive,
Exhausting, intensive,
As being a bride, a brand-new one,
Yes, quite as hard sledding
As *having* a wedding
Is seeing a friend or two through one!

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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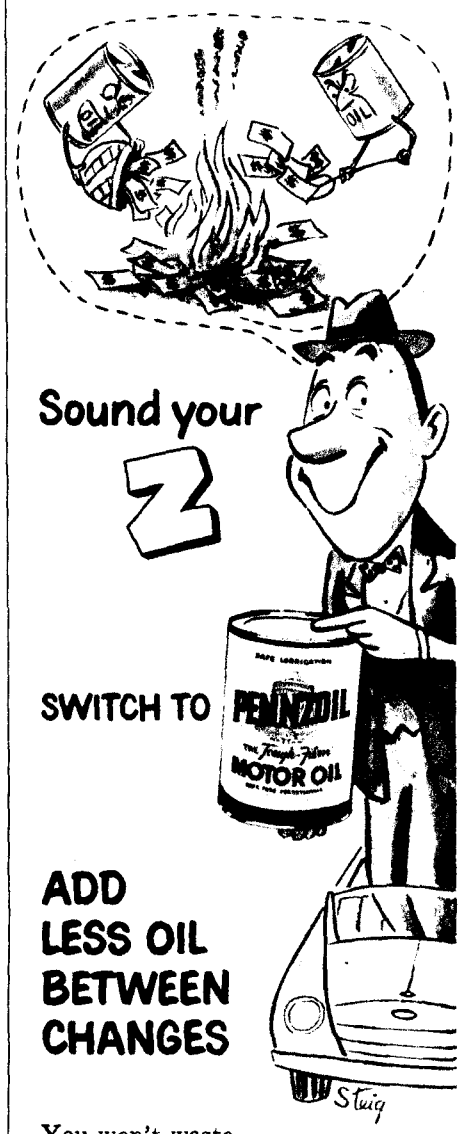

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Village Camera Club focuses on its N.Y. neighborhood, near Washington Square

Like most of nation's 45,000,000 amateur photographers, Village Camera Club members like to photograph youngsters. Here, during a meeting, they pool ideas to improve their techniques

Secretary Bette Cayne; her job is to tell other clubs of Village's program

COLOR CAMERA

Camera Clubs Are Clicking

A FEW weeks ago, in the brightly painted basement clubroom of New York's renowned Village Camera Club, quiet-spoken Bill Irelan, one of the directors, had this to say to a new member: "We are not a mutual admiration society, so don't expect medals, cups or blue ribbons for your pictures. The only award members around here get is one of personal satisfaction." He was voicing the opinion of his 120 enthusiastic fellow members, who would rather take one good picture which clearly tells a story than have 50 conventional stylized prints in an international showing.

The nation has some 10,000 thriving camera clubs, drawing their membership from the 45,000,000 amateur photographers in the U.S. Clubs range in size from small, exclusive groups to large organizations of 200 members or more. The six-year-old Village Camera Club is considered one of the most active. Unlike other clubs, it makes no demands on its members, insists on no special techniques and has never exhibited at national or international photographic salons.

"In most other clubs," says Bill Irelan, "the emphasis for years has been on the taking of pretty pictures for exhibition. And always there is a sameness about them. First there is what we call the ash-can variety—the pictures of garbage and tramps, supposedly of great social significance. Then there's the tabletop, or still-life, picture which we consider the salon type—the photo of an ash tray with a wisp of smoke curling up from a cigarette. Most amateurs spend months, and maybe hundreds of dollars, working on a single print. They have to follow a set of rules laid down by their club. The picture has to be mounted a certain way and be of a certain size. The end result is, generally, a sample of technique—not a photograph. Our style is somewhere between the ash-can and salon school."

The Village club fosters individual expression among its members. Its principal aim, however, is to make them better photographers. In this the group has succeeded. Many Village members have been invited by well-known art galleries to present one-man photographic shows. Pictures by others are included in the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection. Such distinctions are considered far more important to the club than salon awards.

Most amateur organizations have meetings once or twice a month, but the hard-working members of The Village Camera Club gather five times a week. There are classes in almost every phase of photography. Three days a week the emphasis is on black-and-white picture production. Another evening is devoted to color work. Lectures, generally given by topflight professionals, occupy at least one night of the schedule. Social activities are reserved strictly for Sunday afternoons, when the club holds "open house," particularly for the wives of members who rarely see their husbands during the week. "We just eat and sleep photography," says member Philip Ragozzino, "and we have to prove to the 'camera widows' that we really are busy little camera bugs."

To the nation's great brotherhood of camera clubs, the Greenwich Village group is considered "radical," a clique of "black sheep," because their style of photography is more reportorial than the scenic, portrait and still-life studies produced by other groups. Just the same, The Village Camera Club is setting new standards which are being copied. Recently they inaugurated a long-range project "to document their neighborhood." "Now," says club vice-president Anne Brennan, "other clubs are undertaking similar programs. Apparently there are a lot of flash-bulb-happy camera clubs like us who want to be 'black sheep' too." JACOB DESCHIN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HAROLD LOW

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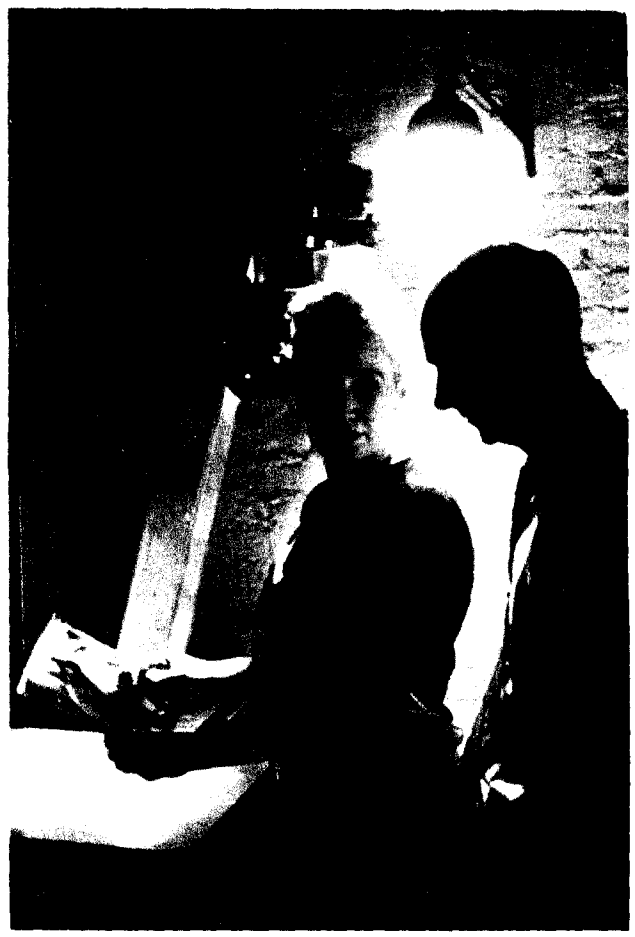
Lecture nights are well attended at Village club. Top critics like Jacob Deschin (right) of N.Y. Times, show professional samples, review members' pictures, discuss photographic trends



In darkroom, board member Bill Irelan and Bernice O'Reilly work over a print

Studio night at Village Camera Club gives members a chance to study lighting. Here professional model poses for hard-working photographers

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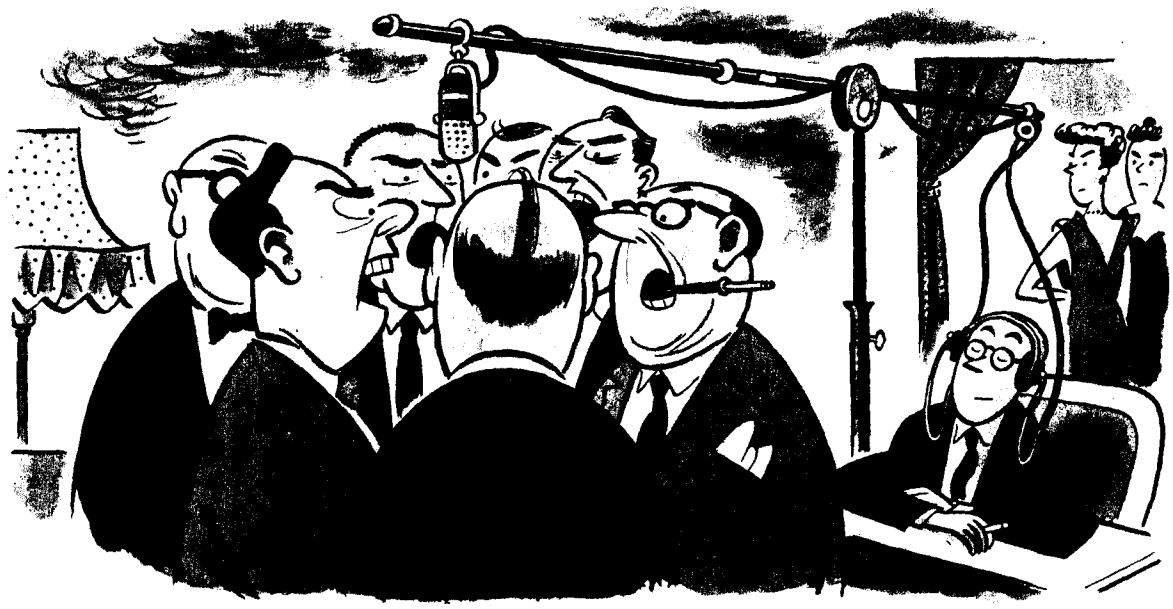

When we've heard about all we can stand, the politicians will come crawling

Private Ear

By DON TOBIN

I'M SITTING at my desk sampling a bottle of bonded bourbon to see if it really tests 100 proof, when this guy walks in. He's wearing big horn-rimmed glasses and a tweed suit that looks like a great Dane's been used to sleeping in it, and the way his eyes light up when he sees the bottle I know he's a newspaperman.

"Sit down," I say, stashing the bottle away in the bottom drawer.

"Smith's the name," he sighs thirstily. "Daily Bugle. I'm supposed to bring back a story on that." He nods toward the large sign on my office wall—the one that reads MICHAEL MAGEE—PRIVATE EAR.

"Oh, that?" I say pleasantly, bringing back the bottle. "Means what it says. I'm a private ear."

Dropping into a chair, the man takes out a little pad of paper and a big black pencil. "You mean you're a private eye with a hearing aid?" he asks.

I run another quick test on the whisky and hand him the bottle.

"Here, you tell me if this is really 100 proof and I'll tell you the whole story."

He takes a big swallow and his voice sounds like somebody's been using his vocal cords to sew up a roast turkey. "I can't tell," he gasps, "whether it's 100 proof or 76 decibels."

"Never mind," I say, settling back in my chair and lighting a cigarette. "Well, to begin with, the first and only job of a private ear is to *listen.*" I blow a mouthful of smoke at the ceiling. "Did you ever stop to think—with all the talking that goes on in the world nowadays—how little real listening there is? And, brother, I tell you there's nothing more awful than to talk and not have somebody listening to you. It's downright frustrating. Understand?"

"No." His voice is still weak.

"It's easy to see," I say, pointing my finger at his nose, "that you're not a married man, or you'd understand. If you had a wife and kids, you'd *know* what I mean when I say it's frustrating not ever to have anybody listening to what you say. *I* know—some of my best clients are husbands, and that's what they all say. In fact, that's why they come to see me. I'll listen to them, to anything—for a price."

"H'mmm," he says dubiously. "Should I maybe say you're something like a psychoanalyst?"

"No, no," I answer. "I don't *advise.* I just *listen.* For instance, take this case I'm working on right now. Should be good for a couple of G's—with no strings attached. Get it, boy? G-strings. It's a joke."

"No wonder you *listen,*" he says darkly. "Anybody who talks like that . . ."

I blow a cloud of smoke in his eyes and continue. "Fellow down in Jersey likes to tell jokes—jokes with advanced arthritis usually—but nobody wants to listen. He says, 'Stop me if you've heard this one before,' and they stop him with a wet fish in the face. So he hires me to listen to all his jokes, and now he's happy. Or take the boys who like to argue. Politics, baseball, how to cook a steak. You've seen 'em at parties—all standing around in a circle talking like mad, beating their brains out trying to be smarter than the other guy. For what? None of 'em ever hears what the rest of them are saying because each of 'em is too busy talking himself. So what do they do? They hire me, and I stand around and listen to *all* of them and everybody has a wonderful time."

"I'm beginning to see," he says, tilting the bottle.

"Here's another case. You ever listen to a bunch of veterans standing around gassing about their war experiences? Same deal. Everybody talking; nobody listening. Until they get hold of a private ear—like me. Boy, I'll bet I've logged better than a thousand combat hours just listening! Guadalcanal. Normandy. Camp Pendleton."

"You mean," his face brightens up, "*I* could hire you to listen to what happened to me down in Norfolk back in '44?"

"Maybe," I say cautiously. "But I'm getting more expensive. There's so *much* talking going on today that nobody wants to hear. People telling about their operations; news commentators scaring you to death; cowboy singers. Think of all those taxi drivers, for instance, dishing out all that homespun philosophy and their fares sitting there with ears plugged up with cotton. Think what it'd do for a driver's morale to know somebody's listening to him.

"Or the bus drivers. Think what it'll mean to *them* to know that somebody's listening when they yell, 'Back in the bus, please!' I tell you I'll have private ears scattered all around this country doing nothing but riding busses. I'll save the companies thousands in psychiatric treatments alone.

"Oh, it's endless. Take junior clerks in big corporations—the ones who know exactly how things *should* be run but nobody will ever listen to them. Those boys need help. And, of course, there's always the U.S. Senate. It's a gold mine. Why, one good filibuster and I might be able to retire for life.

"Matter of fact," I say, "confidentially, I expect this to be the biggest year I've ever had. Election year, you know. By Joe, along about August, when the country's heard about all it can stand, just watch those politicians come crawling to me with their tonsils hanging out! The Sinking Ship of State, Horse and Buggy Days—I'll listen to all of it, at my own figure.

"I'll have one ear like a donkey's and one like an elephant's and hands like shovels, scooping in the dough."

Just then the phone rings. I pick it up.

"Yes . . . yes . . . uh-huh." I cover the mouthpiece with my hand. "Okay, buddy," I say to Mr. Smith, who's looking sort of dazedly out the window. "That's it. I'll be tied up now for the rest of the day. Thanks for dropping in."

"Big deal, huh?" he says, pointing to the phone.

"Yeah," I say as he goes out the door. "My best client."

I take my hand off the mouthpiece and pick up the bottle. "Yes, dear. Yes . . . yes, dear . . ." ▲▲▲

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The United States of Europe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Continent. And today, as the movement toward unification approaches the point of political federation, its achievements are no longer mere formal diplomatic triumphs but have come to have great significance to the average citizen.

Thus, European union will benefit not only Europe but ourselves as well. It will promote the objectives of our foreign policy—prosperity and peace. It will have a dramatic effect upon morale throughout the democratic world. An act of political creation of the magnitude of European union has an inspirational quality—a capacity to restore belief, to challenge imagination, to evoke sacrifice—which the world has sorely needed in recent times.

A Center of Human Progress

But there is another reason why we and every other people must be deeply concerned with the future of Europe. For hundreds of years, this region has been the great nursery within which most of the advances in the arts, the sciences and in human thought have occurred.

True, other regions have preceded and contributed to the flowering of European culture. Techniques indispensable for civilization—for example, the alphabet and simple arithmetic, concern with the ethical quality of life—were developed in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia and northern India at a time when most of Europe was still in a state of barbarism. The Chinese contributed the arts of printing and of papermaking, among others.

But for almost a thousand years, up to the present, the center of creative intellectual power has been in Western Europe, spreading from there throughout the world. In every branch of human knowledge, great men and women have arisen in the centers of European culture, and others elsewhere have responded to their influence.

Despite the ravages of two world wars in which Europe was the main battleground, despite the fact that its separate national states are no longer capable of independent existences, Western Europe still remains a major source of intellectual creativeness on our globe, and for this reason above all we are concerned with the protection and revival of a free, unified Western Europe. And to protect the cultural, creative power of Western Europe, there must continue the diversity and freedom of thought and expression that have existed over the centuries.

The next steps toward European union involve decisions of great complexity and difficulty. It is of the utmost importance that the right decisions be made, for the results, good or ill, will be with us for years. With rapid and decisive progress toward union, Western Europe will become a self-supporting, powerful and voluntary associate of the United States in strengthening world order and security. As in the past, Europe will continue to be creative in its humanism. Although a sympathetic partner, a united Europe will not and should not be a mere satellite of the United States.

This year and the next will mark a turning point both for the Europeans and for ourselves. Let us not expect history to repeat itself, but on the other hand let us not ignore the experience that comes from a knowledge of history.

Our present system of federal government was preceded by a much looser and weaker form of association under the Articles of Confederation.

Before the American Revolution, the ties which bound the 13 colonies were very loose indeed. Their economies were mutually dependent in only a slight degree. The existing system of colonial government created few formal political relationships among the separate colonies. The distances between them in terms of communication and transportation were formidable. The essential tie among the colonies was the common cultural heritage. And when confronted by a common crisis—a common external threat to their essential aspirations and well-being—the colonies soon saw, as the popular motto of the time put it, that they must either "unite or die."

The economic and political ties which link the six union-minded Western European nations to one another are already far stronger than those which existed among the 13 American colonies. The common cultural heritage of these European countries is obvious. And they too are hastening their unification under the impulse of a common crisis.

The agreement by the six nations to establish a unified European army contains some remarkable parallels to our early American experience. During the three-year transition period, until the stage of formal union is reached, the individual national governments will continue to raise and to equip their own troops for assignment to the central command. They will make available to the central headquarters only such funds as the member governments decide that it should have. Just as in the American government under the Articles of Confederation, the new central organs in Europe will not possess the tax power or the police power.

But these transitional arrangements must be recognized for what they are. With us, the colonial leaders came to recognize that neither political stability, nor economic progress, nor even adequate military defense could be secured without a stronger central government. Accordingly, the Articles of Confederation were replaced in 1789 by our present Constitution and a true federal union was thereby established.

For Fuller Political Union

The logic of this development is apparent to the leaders of the European movement and, as we have seen, they have made provision in the European Army Agreement for the calling of a constitutional convention at an early date as the next step toward a fuller political union.

The present situation in Western Europe has another interesting point of similarity with our own experience. The formation of the American union was not the result of a powerful mass movement like those to which modern totalitarians of the right and left have accustomed us. Our federal Constitution was sponsored by courageous leaders and ratified by the states without the stimulation of synthetic mass demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. The Constitution of the United States was adopted in the absence of organized pressure and hysteria, but it was in fact adopted.

Much the same process seems to be occurring in Western Europe today. One can look in vain for monster petitions, mass demonstrations, enormous parades and other melodramatic devices whereby popular enthusiasm is aroused and made manifest. Nevertheless, recent tests of public opinion indicate that only a small percentage of the people of France, Italy, Western Germany and the Low Countries are opposed to European union.

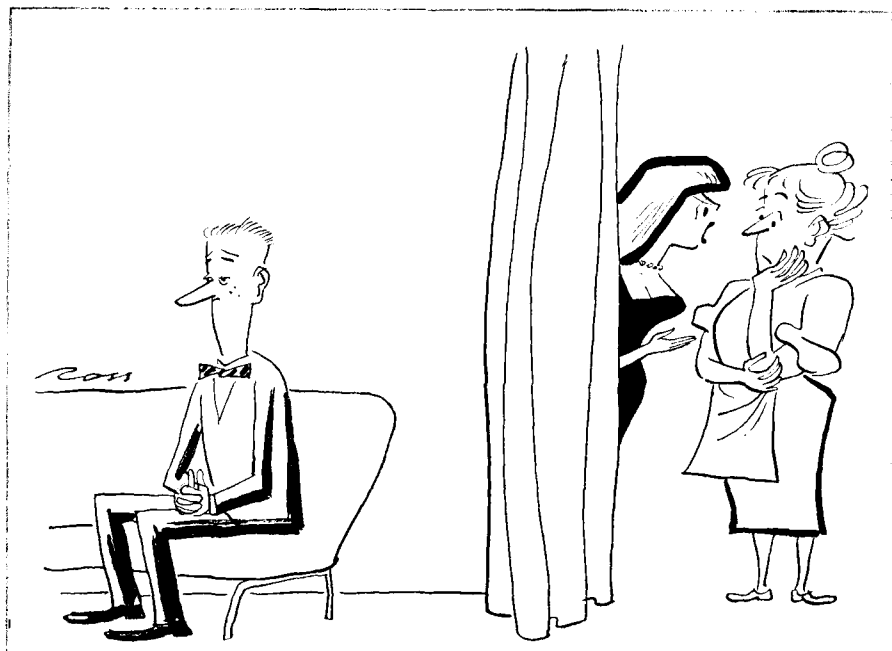
European union is being built by a relatively small group of farsighted statesmen and thinkers who understand the need and who are also sensitive to the measure of popular support on which they can depend. The absence of a mass unification movement in Western Europe should not deceive any American who understands the history of his own country.

In spite of all this, great difficulties remain to be overcome. The nations of Western Europe are industrialized countries with highly complex economies. In each of these countries there are powerful interests which have come to rely upon preferential economic policies of their national governments, including the protection afforded by tariffs and other barriers to trade.

Only with the establishment of a broad continental market will the low costs and high living standards of mass-production industry be realized for the welfare of the people of Western Europe.

Unification on a broad enough scale will make the task of abolishing tariffs and other protective barriers easier. For example, Belgium and the Netherlands both specialize in the production and export of certain fresh fruits and vegetables. A union consisting, in effect, of only these two countries, like the abortive "Benelux" (Belgium-Netherlands-Luxembourg) union of the immediate postwar years, is bound to encounter great difficulties because the agricultural products of the two countries are competitive.

But once other European countries are included in the union, a wider market is provided for the fruits and vegetables of both Belgium and the Netherlands. The farmers of neither country need worry unduly about those of the other, and their mutual competition for the European market can have healthy results in lower prices and greater productivity.



COLLIER'S "I don't know if his intentions are serious or not. He doesn't seem to have any!" AL ROSS

There will nevertheless remain a number of industries which, in the short run, can be hurt by the competition of more efficient producers in other parts of the union. These will probably need some sort of readjustment assistance in modernizing their equipment, retraining their workers or moving their plants to more economic locations. Belgian coal mines cannot now compete with those of the Ruhr; many Italian steel plants are uneconomic by German or even French standards; German luxury goods are not nearly so desirable as French or Italian. But, over the longer run, the readjustments which will take place owing to the dropping of trade and exchange barriers among the members will make the union's industry far more efficient than it was originally.

The task of unification will involve also the harmonizing of disparate national economic conditions. Prices; tax and subsidy rates; wage and employment levels, and banking, fiscal and monetary practices will have to be made consistent. Uniform legal codes, particularly as they affect business, will be needed. It will take a considerable period of time before these necessary adjustments can be made and there is general freedom of movement for persons, goods and capital within the union. But, fortunately, these necessary adjustments do not need to be made all at once.

Potential Causes of Friction

Then, too, there are language differences, divergences in political forms and traditions, and variances of religious belief and expression.

These Western European countries were for a long time powerful and independent national states, and their former period of national greatness and of traditional national enmities is still too recent to be quickly forgotten.

Fortunately, the notion of Europe as a political entity has never disappeared from the minds of its people because of the rise of separate nationalisms, and since World War II, there has been a remarkable revival of the concept of "the European" as distinct from "the Frenchman," "the German" and so forth. Indeed, the recent French Premier René Pléven has said that, although Frenchmen might no longer be willing to die in defense of France, they would do so for Europe.

Some Americans and Europeans have been disturbed by the unwillingness of Britain and the Scandinavian countries to join the emerging European union. It would probably be a better union if they did, but their absence will not be a fatal shortcoming.

Moreover, an attempt to include them in the union at this time would immeasurably increase the practical difficulties of unification and would slow down the process to the point where much of the present momentum would be lost.

Nor do the British need union with the Continent for the solution of their own problems. Despite its very grave economic difficulties, Britain is still a "going concern" as a national state. It already enjoys, in the globe-encircling Commonwealth and sterling area, membership in a large economic and political unit. Some of these advantages would have to be sacrificed if Britain were to become a full member of a European union.

However, there would be marked benefits both for Britain and for the Continent if some form of special economic relationship—short of full membership—could be worked out between Britain and the Continental union. Similarly, the solution of Britain's persistent balance-of-payments problem may sooner or later require some sort of special economic relationship between Britain and the United States. Thus, Britain might in time become a binding link between the two larger members of the

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Medicine alone, however, is not enough. The epileptic child especially needs the sympathetic, understanding cooperation of his family, his teachers, his friends, and others with whom he associates. Given this cooperation and guidance—and continuing medical care—it is now possible to control this condition in many cases.

Such treatment is essential to the child's physical welfare. And, equally important, it offers the surest way of preventing or removing the emotional "scars" that are likely to develop over the years.

If you know a family in which there is an epileptic child, there is no greater service you can render than to bring them the reassuring message that: "Something *can* be done for the child with epilepsy."

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The unification of Europe is historically inevitable. The only questions are how soon it will occur and what kind of union it will be. In the past 150 years, Western Europe has been twice unified by force, under the short-lived empires of Napoleon and Hitler. It is conceivable that if the Soviets conquered Western Europe, they too could unify it by force. But the only kind of union that has a chance of lasting and of progressing to better forms of social order is one based on voluntary consent. This is the only kind of union with which we and the other free peoples of the world can live in security and in mutual co-operation.

European unification on a voluntary basis will also provide practical lessons in how to bring about larger developments. It will give hope that over the long years the process of political consolidation can occur on an even wider scale.

Finally we come to this question: What, if anything, should we do about it? Should we be mere spectators of the development of European union, or is there a more active and helpful role which we should be playing in this historic process? Obviously we are concerned in the success of the unification movement on a voluntary basis. If, then, our help can be given usefully, we should be prepared to play our proper part.

Decisive Effect of U.S. Aid

In the progress toward union already made by Europeans, Americans have given help both as private citizens and as public officials. Our influence has been a catalytic agent which has speeded up reactions without losing its own identity. Our economic aid has been decisive in the establishment and successful operation of new central institutions like the Organization for European Economic Co-operation and the European Payments Union, since it provided them with resources separate from those supplied by their member governments. It is owing to the existence of these funds that, in many instances, the decisions and programs of these international agencies have won the acceptance of national governments.

The United States has also provided encouragement to European leadership. The rate of progress has been accelerated by the knowledge in Europe that many Americans believed European union to be necessary, by the prestige of American individuals who actively spoke out for it, and by the fact that the Congress of the United States has declared that the encouragement of European unification is a major objective of our foreign aid.

Americans have helped with suggestion and have been prepared to offer their assistance as impartial arbitrators of serious disagreements among the prospective members. As in the past, so also in the critical years to come, active side-line participation by the United States government and by citizens of the United States will be an important element in success.

We Should Avoid "Bully" Role

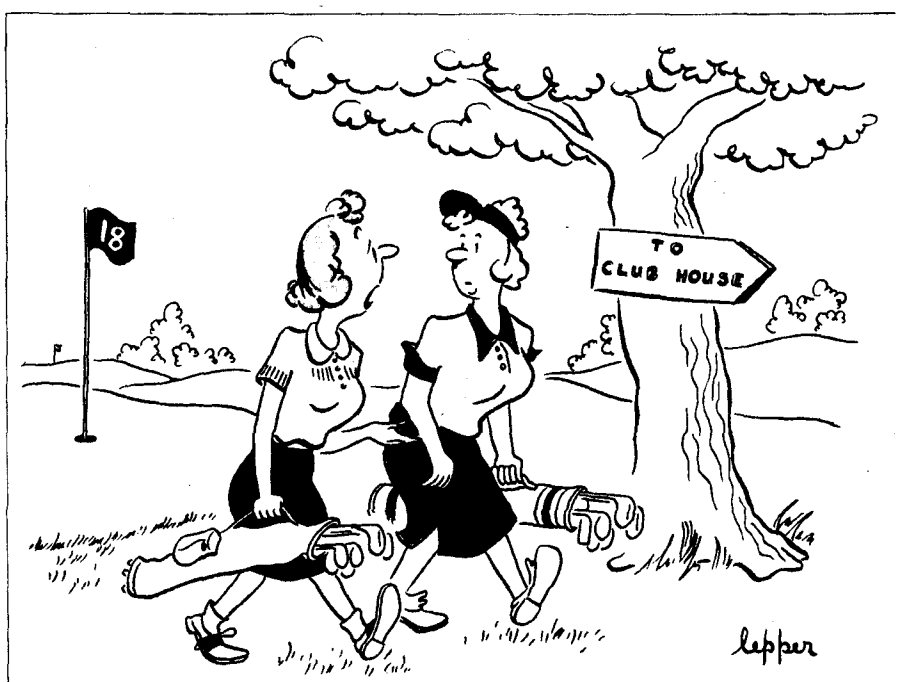
What forms should our help to the unification movement take? Obviously, it would be neither appropriate nor effective for the United States to make the achievement of European union an absolute condition for the extension of our economic and military aid. Such an attempt on our part would do more harm than good. The threat to cut off our aid unless the Europeans united would not produce a voluntary European union and would be the action of a bully, not that of a friend.

Our role in the future should be like that of the past. We must make unmistakably clear at all times our support of the objective of a European union. We must express our expectation that progress will be made toward union by the Europeans themselves. We must be willing, as in the past, to assist the new central economic institutions with financial support, and we must express our preference for extending economic and military aid to Western Europe through such central institutions as they come into being.

Outside the area of the six Western European countries, other developments are necessary to ensure the early success of their union. Failure to solve the problem of Britain's economic future and the consequent recurring sterling crises would have a most unsettling effect on a developing European union, even though Britain is not a member of it. Also, our own domestic and foreign trade policies must be made more consistent with Europe's need to earn more dollars—and Europe must earn more dollars if it is ever to become self supporting in any real sense.

The United States, in becoming better integrated into the world economy, will at the same time assist the unification of Western Europe.

In general, then, what should we do? On the one hand, we must avoid becoming mere passive spectators; on the other hand we must not make the mistake of trying to coerce the Europeans into uniting in a manner and at a time dictated by us. Our task, though difficult, is so important that we may be sure neither our efforts nor our money will be wasted, so long as there is no lack of courage and firmness. THE END



"I could swear I've heard Tom talk about a 19th hole"

COLLIER'S — EDWIN LEPPER

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Saddle by Starlight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

avel shore slowly, his eyes downcast to :k up the morning story among the bor- ring willows.

Suddenly he stopped, then knelt down, citement coming into his lean and tran- il face. An otter had crossed here in e night on its way to the high beaver nds upstream, and Ferrin speculated on iat mysterious urge had sent it cruis- g down here.

He continued upstream a way, then ossed dry-shod on boulders into the green nber on the opposite bank. He had a ossing for each stage of water and, like e forest life about him, a trail for each ason of the year. Higher up in the timber d a few minutes' climb was a spot he inted to see this morning; each night a g buck came to this spot for his look at e Rafter F below.

FIRST, though, Ferrin paused to look at the coming day. The light had already anged; the outlines of his snug, log shack even the columbines growing along its rth wall—were distinct.

He looked again over the meadow, and arted to turn away. Then he turned back, nsing some change. He looked over the eadow again, and now he knew what it as. The doe and her fawns were gone.

For a puzzled moment, Ferrin scanned e meadow. Something had alarmed the other. He wondered if it could be a owling bear. And then a movement far ross the meadow caught his eye. It took few seconds for him to make out the stant horseman on the road.

Ferrin scowled at what he was sure would an interruption of his morning's pleas- e. Resignedly, then, he crossed back over e stream and headed for the corral, won- ring what news would bring a rider to after F at this hour.

He waited at the corral, and presently the der came into view. It was Eleanor Heth.

Will stepped out to meet her as she reined , and he asked pleasantly, "What are you oing out at this hour, Eleanor? Tired of aking your own breakfast?"

Eleanor's wan smile at his words filled m with alarm. "What is it, Eleanor?" he ked.

"Bill Tench was killed last night after a ght with Sam Holley."

Before Ferrin could take this in, Eleanor eached out to be helped down. Ferrin wung her to the ground, and they looked each other soberly.

"Anse thinks Sam killed him?" Ferrin ked.

Eleanor nodded. "Oh, Will, he's gone azy! He's hunting him now!"

"Start at the beginning," Ferrin said. Where did this happen?"

Eleanor told him of the predawn visit f a Swallowfork rider on his way back to lackbarth's ranch from town. First the der had roused one of the Chainlink crew, ho in turn beat on the kitchen door until leanor answered it. The rider—respectful, little bit drunk, and considerably scared— ave her the message, volunteering the in- ormation that Sam Holley had quarreled ith Tench scarcely an hour before Tench's attered body had been found in the alley.

"Where's Anse now?" Will asked.

"He took the whole crew to Six-Up. e won't find Sam there, though. Lydia old me yesterday that Sam was taking a ouple of men over to the reservation saw- ill for a road of lumber. They started arly this morning. I sent Julia to warn im."

"Good girl," Ferrin said. "I'll saddle up."

He went into the corral, and set about atching and saddling up the night horse, ursing softly to himself. He didn't know hether he was angrier at Heth for his avage-tempered suspicion of Sam, or for riving Eleanor half frantic with fright, or or his blustering invasion of Six-Up.

His horse saddled, Will led him out to Eleanor. "Look," he said curtly, "go in the house and get some breakfast. No sense in your going."

"I won't duck this, Will," Eleanor said flatly. "I'm going."

"There's nothing in your marriage vows that says you have to cherish a maniac," Will said angrily.

Eleanor looked at him a moment, and then said quietly, "But there is. I'm going, Will."

Silently, Ferrin handed her into the saddle, and then mounted. As they rode across the meadow to pick up the trail to Six-Up, Will's anger slowly died. Replacing it was a feeling of deep bitterness that he seldom allowed himself. In all the things where a woman looked to her husband for help, Eleanor looked to him, just as she was doing now. In trouble, she came to him. When she needed laughter and fun and companionship, she came to him—although they usually met at Six-Up, as if by coincidence.

Though neither of them had spoken of it, each understood the need for the other. Usually, Ferrin would not let himself think of Eleanor's life with Heth, and its brutalities and humiliations. He understood Eleanor's deep loyalty to Heth, and in his quieter moments he would not have had her different. But now, looking at her in the first sunlight as they took to the timber, he had a galling moment of self-pity. In a good, in a natural world, he and Eleanor would be man and wife. Instead, he was trying now to protect from himself the maniac she had married.

Will took the trail ahead of Eleanor's horse, and he set a stiff pace. The steepness of the trail made talk impossible, and Will was thankful for this. When the trail finally spiraled down through the loose boulders at the canyon mouth, he could see Six-Up in the distance across the flats, and he speculated on the reception its owner, Mary Beale, had given Heth. A quarter of a mile from the house, he picked up the first clue. At that distance, he could see two men come out of the barn and move swiftly to the open wagon shed beyond. The fact that there were two of them and that they were in a hurry told Will that Heth and his men were making a search of Six-Up for Sam Holley. Glancing at Eleanor, he was sure that she had noticed this too.

WHEN they rode past the barn lot, Will's worst fears were confirmed. A dozen men, traveling in pairs with guns drawn, were cruising among the outbuildings. Mary and her daughter Lydia were standing under the big cottonwood. Heth stood apart from them, and Will knew Heth had already said everything wrong to Mary in the most offensive way possible.

Will dismounted, handed Eleanor down, then moved to the gate and held it open for her. A glance at Mrs. Beale told him how angry she was. Will went directly toward Heth, who called out in flat warning, "Will, I won't tolerate interference."

"Damned if you won't," Ferrin said angrily. "I suppose you've turned Mary and Lydia out of the house?"

"I searched it, yes."

"For Sam?"

Heth nodded. "For Sam, yes."

Ferrin glanced first at Mrs. Beale and then at Lydia, whose fright was only too plain. "Call off your dogs, Anse," he said sharply, "or cut them loose on me, one or the other. I won't put up with this."

He turned, spotted a pair of riders coming out of the bunkhouse, and whistled sharply. When they looked over at him, he waved them in with an abrupt gesture. Then he turned to Heth, and said flatly, "Tell them to call off the others."

Before Heth could answer, Will said derisively, "If there's one man who'd never hide from you, Anse, it's Sam. You ought

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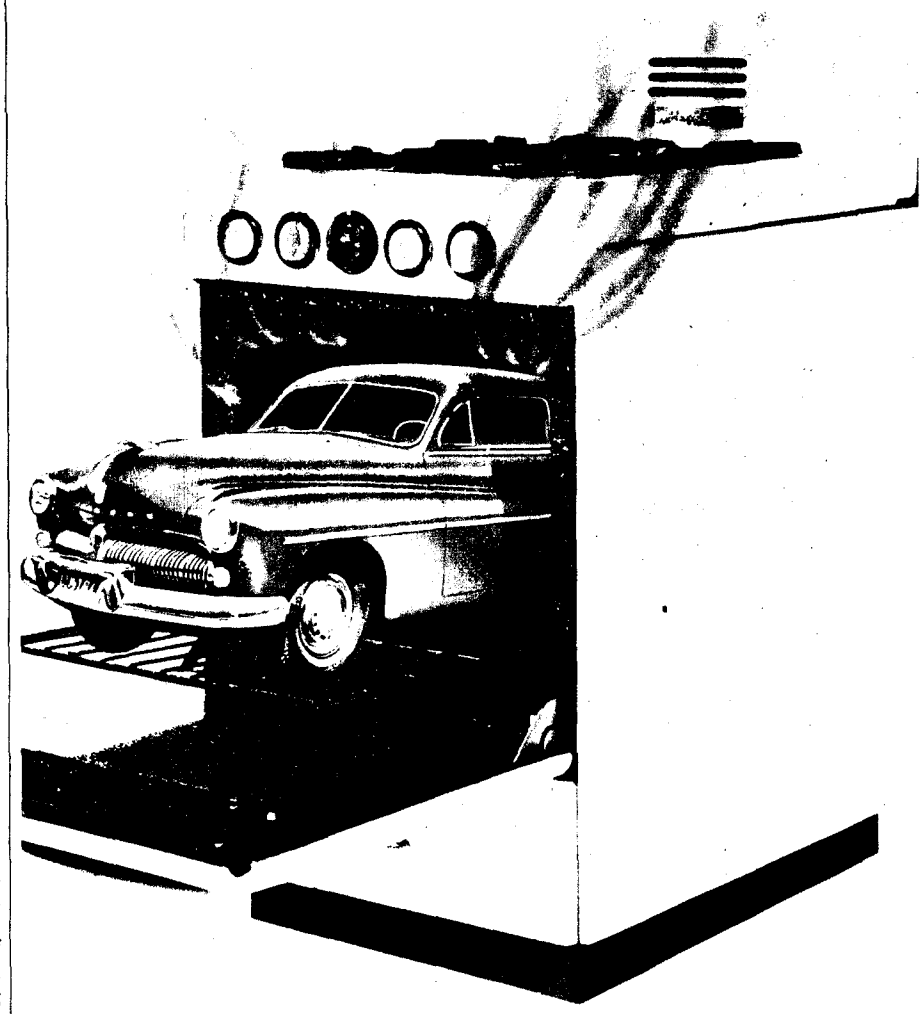

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to know that better than the rest of us."

An angry flush crawled up into Heth's face, and Will said, "Who are you scaring, Anse?"

Mrs. Beale snorted audibly. "Only Lydia, Will. Lydia thinks he's been drinking."

Heth turned to Mrs. Beale, as if to answer her, when Eleanor's voice cut in. "Shoot into the air, Anson," she said quietly. "You aren't very impressive that way."

Heth turned to her, looking like a goaded bull. At that moment, Will caught sight of the two Chainlink riders, who had almost reached the fence, and he called sharply, "Go round up the crew."

HETH seemed momentarily robbed of the power of decision; he watched the men accept Ferrin's orders without question. Will knew instinctively that Heth was feeling his first doubts about the wisdom of what he had done. It remained for Mary Beale to murmur the words which made the whole scene shatter into absurdity: "Go see if the oatmeal is burning, Lydia."

Mrs. Beale urged Lydia into motion and followed her toward the kitchen steps.

Will reached in his shirt pocket for his sack of tobacco and painstakingly rolled a cigarette. He did not look at Heth, because he wanted him to speak first. As he lighted the cigarette, he glanced at Heth and saw the anger draining from his square and brutal face. Eleanor's husband, he thought, and felt a new pity for her. "Why don't you go home?" he asked mildly.

"I'll find him," Heth said. "If I have to turn over every ranch house in the Basin and every house in town, I'll find him."

"And do what?"

"I'll beat it out of him," Heth said. "Before I'm through with him, he'll tell me everything, and I won't use a brick."

"You're an idiot, Anse," Will said quietly. "Just how much do you know of what happened last night?"

"Only what a Swallowfork rider told me."

"And you'll try to kill a man on that much evidence?"

"It was there for everybody to see!" Heth said angrily. "This rider saw Bill himself, he looked at the brick, he helped carry Bill down to the sheriff's office."

"Killed with a brick," Ferrin said pointedly, "and you think that's Sam's weapon?"

"Sam had thrown him out of the Revenue an hour before."

"That's what I mean," Will said. "That's Sam's weapon, not a brick." He paused, and went on in a reasonable tone: "Why did Sam throw him out of the Revenue? Did your rider say?"

Heth scowled. "He said Sam was playing solitaire and Bill was bothering him."

"There you have the whole story," Will said roughly. "Sam was playing solitaire, and Tench was probably priming himself to get even with him. Rather than wait for trouble, Sam probably threw him out of the saloon. Do you think Sam would go back in, sit down long enough to get himself mad, then hunt Tench down and kill him with a brick? Use some sense, Anse."

"But he didn't go back into the saloon. Nobody saw him after he threw Bill out."

"He likely went home."

Anse shook his head. "His horse was tied at the Revenue for an hour afterward."

Will said irritably, "All right, he went for a walk, he saw a girl, he took a swim, he made fudge. It's a free country, and he could've done almost anything. The point is, he didn't hit Tench with a brick. It's like taking a shotgun to a fly."

"Then who killed Bill?"

Will said bluntly, "I can name you fifty people who wanted to." He could see Heth getting angry again and he prodded him some more. "What does George Dana say?"

Heth shrugged. Will dropped his cigarette and carefully stepped on it. "He's wearing the badge," Will said. "Why don't you leave it to him?"

He turned then, and went into the house. Eleanor sat at the big kitchen table, her hands folded on it. Will looked at her briefly, and saw the bitter anger in her face.

"Where's Mary?"

"Talking to Lydia." Eleanor's voice was low, and her tone was discouraged. "It's quite an event in a young girl's life when she discovers her uncle is insane."

Her grimace of distaste made Will feel an overwhelming pity for her.

Moving over to the window, he saw Heth tramping across the barn lot to where the Chainlink crew was gathering. Five of the Six-Up crew, who had been herded at gun point into the bunkhouse, now straggled out and waited for their guns to be returned.

Suddenly Will began to shake with anger, and he waited until he had control of himself before he moved across the room and sat down, facing Eleanor. He ran his hand over his hair, then massaged his neck muscles with the angry violence of bafflement.

Eleanor, watching him, smiled sadly. "Thanks for the help, Will," she said.

He looked steadily at her as he said, "I shouldn't ask this, Eleanor, but when will you have had enough of it?"

Eleanor shook her head and looked away. Will said bitterly, "I suppose this only rates as a family quarrel."

"I'm off for a marvelous week end in the country, Mr. Upchurch—so I won't be able to work on Monday, due to sunburn or poison ivy or something"

COLLIER'S — LAFE LOCKE

"Don't, Will." There was an unmistakable pleading tone in her voice that made Ferrin feel a swift remorse.

"All right," he said gently, and he stood up. "I know enough about this kitchen to get us breakfast. You sit still."

THE slow lurching of the heavy lumber wagon was a pleasant sensation to Sam as, from his seat on top of it, he saw the first sun touch the high peaks of the Elks. He had returned from town in the early morning hours, and, rather than tumble into his bunk for a couple of hours of sleep, he'd decided on an early start; he had put on the cookshack coffeepot and, by lanternlight, hooked up the three teams to the big freighter after greasing it. Before daylight, Reeves Trainor and Joe Smalling had passed him on horseback, headed for the day's job of clearing out Dan Beale's old road over the Elks to the reservation and getting a load of lumber.

Now he felt pleasantly drowsy, but he was looking forward to the day. It had been two years since Six-Up or anyone else had used this road. Dan Beale, when he built Six-Up, had arranged with the agency sawmill to cut all his lumber rather than pay the town mill's rates. And, with his characteristic impatience, he refused to travel the long way through the reservation, up over Hallam's Pass and down through Relief to Six-Up. The mill lay just over the Elks behind the ranch, and Dan had cut himself a direct road to it.

Sam strained to hear the first sound of chopping on the timbered slopes ahead, but the noisy jolting of the wagon drowned out every other sound. Ahead of him lay a hard day's work, and he welcomed it.

When she'd come back from her last visit to Chainlink, Lydia had reported that Heth had been curt with her. That meant Heth was still sulking over Sam's interference between Tench and Ganley's friends at the Revenue. Lydia had reported too that Julia Rainey had received a cold welcome from Heth when she arrived, and Sam knew Heth would blame her presence there on him. And last night's roughing up of Tench would add fuel to the fire. The two outfits which should be the closest were slowly growing apart, Sam saw, and he hated it.

And always in the background was his memory of his break with Virginia. With a deep unhappiness, Sam knew that his life would be changed from now on; the old, comfortable dream was gone.

Ahead of him, the land began to lift into bigger timber, and now Sam distinctly caught the sound of axes at work. A few minutes later, he reined in his teams in the alley between the dark pines and watched Reeves Trainor below him with a mild amusement. The sight of a cowpuncher with an ax in his hand was rare enough to bring a smile from Sam, and Reeves stopped work long enough to wipe the sweat from his forehead and grin too.

"Where's Joe?" Sam asked.

"I sent him on ahead," Reeves said. "I didn't want anybody to see me with this damn' thing in my hand."

Sam wound the reins around a body stake and swung down from his high seat. "I feel mean enough to swing that this morning," he said. "You drive."

While Reeves perched on the high seat, smoking a cigarette, Sam finished chopping through the downed pine, dragged the ends aside and then, leading Reeves's horse, tramped up the road.

All that morning the two axmen leapfrogged each other, cutting windfalls small enough for them to handle, or snaking them out of the road with the help of their horses. Sam felt a deep pleasure in this work, and he found his irritation dissolving. His anger with Tench last night seemed only absurd, his meeting with Ganley only an unpleasant memory, and the Basin's troubles mostly imaginary.

Once he stopped in a clearing to look over the flats below him. He saw a horseman on the edge of the flats, riding towa the mountains, and watched curiously for moment before he returned to work.

In midmorning, they came to a seep the deeply inclined shoulder of a rid which they could not skirt, and Sam saw would be necessary to corduroy this stret He and Reeves were chopping ten-fo lengths of timber, and Joe was snaki them into place, when Reeves's horse, ti nearby, lifted his head to look down t trail. Then he whinnied.

The sound made Sam stop work; looked at the horse, then glanced past t wagon down the road. Through the tre he caught the movement of a horse a rider, and he waited.

PRESENTLY, the rider came into sig behind the wagon, and for a mome Sam could only stare. The rider was Jul Rainey, wearing the rough trousers, boo and calico shirt of a ranch hand. She w bareheaded, her pale hair knotted at t nape of her neck and tied with a ribbon.

Sam glanced quickly at Reeves, wh grinned fleetingly and shrugged. Then dropped his ax and walked slowly down t slope toward Julia, who had already d mounted. This was the first time Sam h seen her since she had asked him for wor The fact that she had found this abandon road and was riding it astonished hi "How'd you find this spot?" he asked, as stopped in front of her and touched his h

"I followed your wagon tracks from Si Up." She half turned her head, as if sh were listening, and Sam, watching her, w mystified.

When Julia turned to look at him agai she saw the puzzlement in his face and sai "I only wondered if I was being followed

"Why should you be?"

"I'm not the only one looking for you Sam scowled, and she went on. "Ans Heth and most of the Chainlink crew a hunting you," Julia said. "Bill Tench w murdered last night in town. Heth thin you did it, and he's after you."

Sam was suddenly aware that Reeves a Joe Smalling had come up behind him ar were listening. He said softly, "Well, well and glanced briefly at Reeves Trainor.

"They ought to pay you bounty for that Reeves said dryly. "You collect it, Sam'

Julia looked at Reeves a moment. didn't mean to overexcite anybody. An way, I told you, like Mrs. Heth said to."

She turned and reached for the reins her horse. Sam gave Reeves a warnin glance, then moved up to Julia and grasped the reins above her hand.

"Hold on a minute. Nobody liked Tench and I didn't kill him."

"Heth liked him," Julia said pointedly.

Sam understood the implicit reproof her words. She had made a long ride, an what could have been a risky one, to war him of Heth. It must seem to her that he only thanks had been a callous remark tha made her errand appear ridiculous.

Sam felt a fleeting impatience with he he had never talked to this girl without ha ing her bristle. He said now, "I'm muc obliged for the warning. Thank Eleano too. You haven't had breakfast, have you'

"Yes."

Sam knew she was lying, and his exaspe ation returned. Controlling it, he said, "I ride back with you, then."

"I can find my way."

"I'm going in to see the sheriff," Sa said patiently. "We can ride together."

Julia said nothing, and Sam looked her for a trace of sullenness in her expre sion. There was none, and he turned t Reeves. "I've got to borrow your horse, he said. "I'm going to see George Dana.

"Go ahead. He looking for you?"

"I don't want him to."

Sam moved over to Reeves's hors Reeves and Joe watched silently, and, a he led the horse over to where Julia wa waiting, he said to them, "I'll have her sen up a man to help you."

Reeves said soberly, "You watch you back trail, Sam."

Julia stepped into the saddle witho

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First Public Announcement

Important New Health Factor Found in Fresh Oranges

THE PROTOPECTINS *create a better "digestive climate" for absorption of essential food elements . . . so all the foods you eat do you more good!*

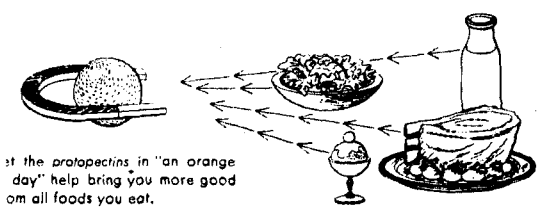
Nutritionists have long ranked orange juice s your richest practical source of vitamin C.

Now important health benefits for ou have been found in the "meaty olids" of the orange, the walls of the egments and juice sacs.

These parts of the orange contain the remarkable *protopectins*. Known for many ears, the *protopectins* are only now becoming recognized for their beneficial functions n nutrition . . . functions especially important in this nervous modern age!

What the protopectins do

The *protopectins* help us make better use of our ood—*all* our food. If we lived as we should, our



t the protopectins in "an orange day" help bring you more good om all foods you eat.

ood would do more for us. But in this era of igh speed, high pressure and anxiety, few of us ive our digestive systems a fair chance!

The *protopectins* help you avoid many digestive ills and upsets. When the digestive ract becomes overactive and irritated, they soothe and calm it; when it becomes sluggish, they help it regain normal action. They remove many harmful bacteria from your digestive system. And they encourage the friendly types to grow and flourish.

Thus the *protopectins* create a better *"digestive climate,"* so all your food is better used.

A Way to Better Nourishment for the Entire Family

When you get the full good from your food, greater well-being generally follows . . . greater work output, a sharper, clearer mind, greater resistance to infectious disease, and often a better complexion. And all this without increasing your calories, without leading to weight gain.

Important to all adults, the *protopectins* are just as valuable for children, promoting better use of the food eaten, for good nourishment and sound growth.

Why not give *your* family the benefits of the *protopectins?* Fresh oranges are the practical *non-starchy* source.

How to gain benefits

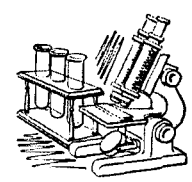
1. The *protopectins* do not in any way replace the need for vitamin C every day. To be certain your family get their quota of vitamin C, serve them orange juice daily.

2. To be sure they get the *protopectins* which are found in the *meaty solids* of oranges, see that each of them eats at least one whole orange a day.

3. Choose a regular time to eat oranges each day . . . with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include an orange in the lunch box.

California oranges provide a maximum amount of *protopectins.* Sunkist Oranges are the finest of the California crop.

Research Uncovering New Values in Natural Foods



The *protopectins* are only one example of the new health values being found in natural, fresh foods. Now under special study are the bioflavonoids. These, also, are found in the "meat" of fresh oranges. They are known to strengthen the tiniest blood vessels . . . more evidence of the importance of eating "an orange a day."

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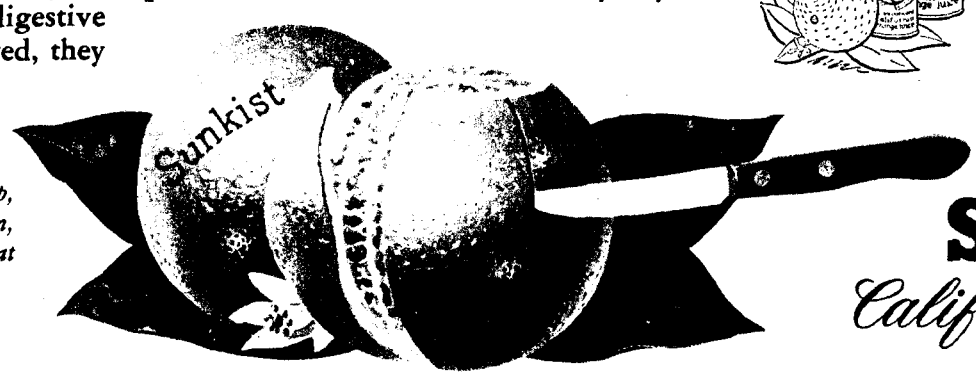

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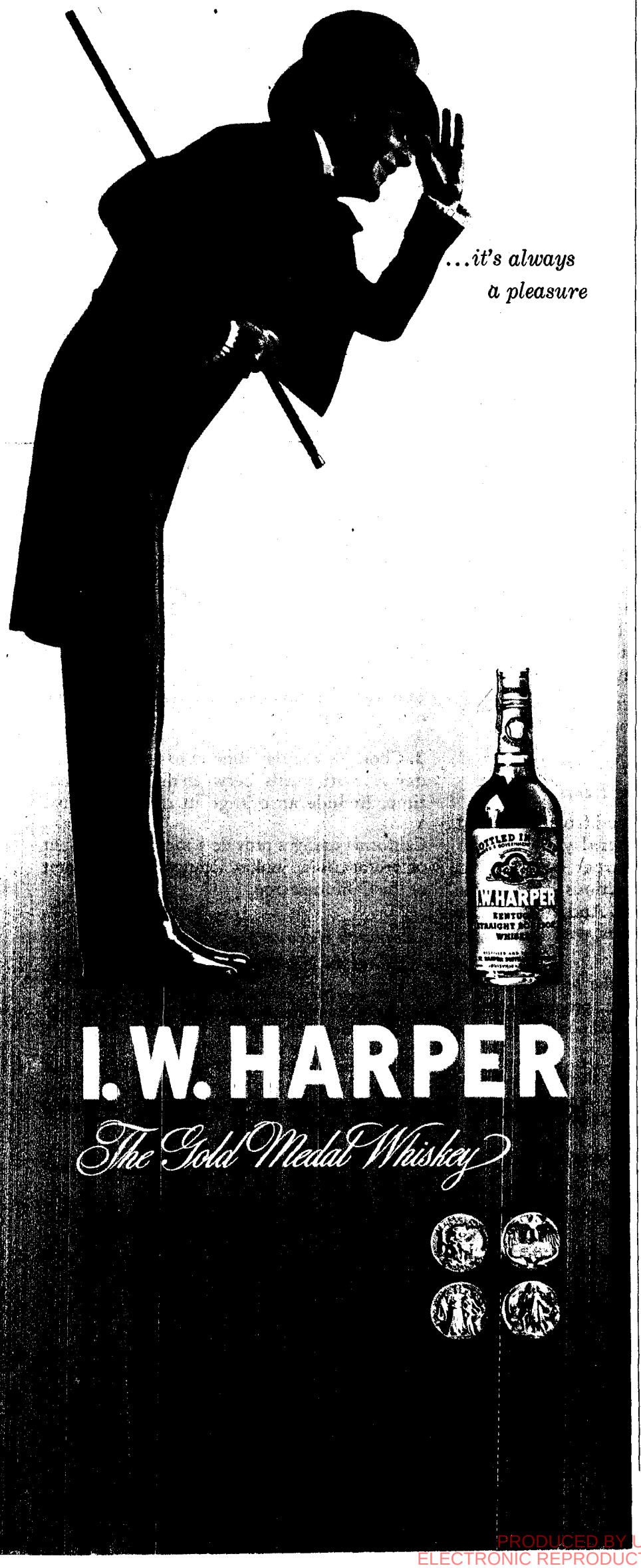

help; Sam waved carelessly at Reeves and Joe, and then put his horse in alongside Julia's down the new road.

"Now tell me about Tench," he said.

Julia began with the predawn knocking at the door, which had roused them all. As she told him what the Swallowfork rider had told Eleanor, Sam watched her. She glanced at him only occasionally to see if he was listening, and Sam thought suddenly: Why, she's beautiful. To concentrate on what she was telling him, he did not look at her. When she described Heth's wild anger, a wry smile touched Sam's tanned face. That was the one predictable thing in his world—Heth's blundering rage.

HE WAS suddenly aware that Julia had stopped talking, and he glanced over at her. She was looking at him.

"Is it funny?" she asked. "I'm not trying to make it that way."

Sam looked full at her. "Look," he said quietly, "you don't like me, do you?"

She looked at him in surprise, and then she blushed furiously and looked away. "I'm not sure," she said quietly.

"I am. You pick up everything I say or don't say and jam it down my throat," Sam said slowly. "Why?"

"I don't like being made fun of, I guess. You were laughing at me just now. A little while ago, you all acted as if I'd ridden up to invite you to a little girl's tea party."

"I know we did," Sam said. "But you won't hold still long enough for a man to tell you he's sorry."

"I'm holding still now," Julia said.

"All right, I'm sorry about that. And I wasn't laughing at you."

"But you don't think anything I've said is important?"

Sam was baffled. "Did I say that?"

"No. It's what you think, though. You're going to the sheriff. To do what? Tell him to call off murder?" Suddenly she pounded the saddle horn with her fist. "You're so damned *sure* of yourself! You beat up a man's foreman and don't care what he thinks! A few days later you beat him up again for good measure! When you're told he's out to kill you, you yawn! *Then* you go to the sheriff to tell him to stop it!"

"Should I try and kill Heth?" Sam asked.

"I'd think a lot more of you if you started out to!" Julia said hotly. "It's just that you're so smug! Have you ever tried walking on water?"

"I'm waiting until I get my growth," Sam said.

They were both silent after that, and Sam saw they were approaching the spot where his trail to town forked off. When he reached it, he reined up and said coldly, "I cut off here. Will you ask Mrs. Beale to send a man up to Reeves?"

Julia nodded. Then she reached in the pocket of her trousers and drew out a gold coin. When she looked at him, there was both defiance and embarrassment in her expression. "Will you do me a favor? Will you give this to my brother—and don't say whatever you're thinking?"

Sam took the coin. "It was a pleasant ride," he said.

"Wasn't it?" Julia put her horse in motion, and Sam pulled his onto the trail.

His early morning's mood was back upon him, intensified now by the memory of Julia's words. *"You're so damned sure of yourself,"* she'd said. In effect, that was what Virginia had told him too, and he admitted morosely to himself that both Virginia and Julia might be right. He had lost Virginia simply because he would not change his opinions. She had as much as accused him of being a head-down plodder, both blind and stubborn. Julia's accusation differed only in degree, but the sum was the same. He'd been stubborn in disciplining Tench when Tench needed it the first time. Last night, he supposed, he'd shown a cross-grained unwillingness to be baited, which might be a form of stubbornness. And he had probably been stubborn in talking with Ganley about Virginia.

It all added up to the fact that both Virginia and Julia, as well as Heth and Ganley, disliked his stubbornness when it conflicted with their own. When he thought of it this way, he felt better. But Julia's words still rankled, and he wondered at her vehemence. Reeves's mocking had annoyed her, and his own refusal to become either excited or angry over the news she carried had intensified her annoyance. Summed up, she didn't like him the way he was. By the time he reached town that afternoon, his mood was one of quiet rebellion. He had dropped a day's pleasant work to refute the lies of a fool, and he'd got a scolding into the bargain; he asked himself why he had really done it. The main reason, he supposed, was because he wanted to satisfy George Dana, a good man whom he respected. Beyond that, he hoped proof of his innocence would mollify Heth and help preserve unity among the North Basin outfits.

He was at the Conover House corner before he remembered Julia's errand, and he pulled his horse around and put in at Dundalk's Saloon. A week ago, when the South Basin riffraff were daring him—at third- and fourthhand—to put the Raineys off Six-Up, going into Dundalk's would have bought him a fight, he knew. But after the Rainey eviction, all of Ganley's spellbinding couldn't arouse the Dundalk customers. They were disappointed, sullen, doubtful.

He dismounted and went into the saloon. The noise coming from the crowded bar, the blanket of tobacco smoke and the reek of whisky hit him like a blow. Shouldering past a pair of arguing teamsters, he saw the McRory brothers at the elbow of the bar. Of all the South Basin men, they were the toughest-talking—but only at a distance. Passing them, he nodded, and got surly nods in return. Tramping down the bar, he saw many men he knew. Tip Riley, his favorite blacksmith, was drunk at the end of the bar. Sam spoke to him, but Riley did not recognize him.

Then Sam spotted Dick Rainey at the back corner table. He was in shirt sleeves and hatless, as if, since he spent most of his time in this room, he might as well make himself comfortable Rainey's face was more sallow than Sam remembered, and he noticed that the cut on Rainey's cheekbone, which he'd got the night he was put off Six-Up land, was healing.

SAM stood well away from the table until the poker hand was finished. When Rainey looked up, Sam caught his eye and beckoned him. For a moment Rainey scowled, then started to get up. His expression turned surly then, and he slacked back in his chair, looking at Sam defiantly. He was going to make Sam come to him.

That's the way it'll be, then, Sam thought, and he tramped over to the table. Rainey watched him with sullen wariness as he stopped by the table, reached in his pocket, and laid the eagle on the soiled baize. "From your sister," Sam said.

Rainey looked down at the coin, and color flooded into his face. He gave a brief, furtive glance at the men he was playing with, and saw they were watching. He looked up at Sam then, and said roughly, "I've got money. She can keep it."

Sam picked up the coin without speaking and started for the bar. He had taken a half-dozen steps when he felt a hand on his arm, and he looked around. It was Dick Rainey, and his face was full of sullen anger. "Give me that money," he said.

Sam handed him the coin.

Taking it, Rainey said angrily, "That's a hell of a thing to say in front of that bunch!"

"It's a hell of thing to *have* to say," Sam said flatly. "That's likely her week's wages."

"She'll get it back," Rainey said defiantly.

"You forgot to say, 'with interest,' " Sam said. "Every dead beat says it. Why don't you?"

Rainey's glance slid away from his, and Sam turned and went out. Stepping into the saddle, he felt a lingering disgust. He was remembering Julia's cool, fake-hard dismissal of her brother when she had asked for work. Sam knew that, underneath, Julia felt that her brother, fool or not, was her burden, and she was unashamedly loyal to

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ı. It was the kind of loyalty that had no son to it, but Sam was glad she had it. vas the kind of thing he himself would he thought, as he pulled his horse und and headed for the sheriff's office. The Beale County Court House, a frame lding at the far end of Grant Street, did ıble duty as the seat of the county govment and, abovestairs, the Masonic Hall. Sam rode down Grant, he tried to read brands of the few ponies racked in nt of the Revenue and could not because the failing light. Dismounting stiffly at tie rail in front of the sheriff's office, he l his horse and went inside.

'EORGE DANA was at his desk in the r far corner, talking to a man who stood, t crossed, leaning against the wall. When n came in, George looked over at him l waved casually, not interrupting his c with the puncher. The near wall of the ce was plastered almost solid with pic-es of racing horses, clipped from newspa-s and breeding journals. Sam killed a ıute looking at them, wondering if orge Dana would ever succeed in own- a horse which would take better than rd place in the Fourth of July races.

He heard a movement behind him as the ıcher turned to leave the room, and then na said, "Are you going past the Reve-e, Harvey?"

The puncher said he was, and Dana said, ell Anson Heth to come over, will you?"

Sam turned his head and looked at Dana, o was watching him with a sober friend-ess.

Sam went over to the desk, sank into the rel chair beside it, and tilted it back ıinst the wall. He asked mildly, "Does th have to hear this?"

Dana picked up a pencil from among scattered papers on his desk and looked it thoughtfully, as if he weren't quite e what it was. Then, pitching it aside, he d, "I think so, Sam. He's been on my :k since noon, yelling for me to send a sse out for you."

Sam sighed, and George, hearing the sigh d understanding it, grinned faintly.

"I'm glad you came in," George said. "I s thinking of leaving town tonight to get ay from him."

Sam nodded sympathetically, and they gan to talk of other things.

A few minutes later, Heth stepped ough the doorway and stopped just in-e it. He had been drinking; his heavy :e was flushed and his pale eyes, always lf angry, were shining in anticipation.

Neither Dana nor Sam spoke to him un-he started toward the desk. Then George ana said boredly, "Hello, Anse."

Sam chose this moment to try unsuccessfully to smother a yawn. Perhaps it was the sight of the yawn that roused Heth's temper. He stopped in front of Sam and said, in a tight, barely controlled voice, "You went too far this time, Sam."

"Too far for what?" Sam asked, purposely misunderstanding him. "I got back, didn't I?"

"Don't get funny, and don't get tough," Heth said. "I've got six men outside."

"Ask them in," Dana said dryly.

"Don't you get funny, either," Heth said angrily to the sheriff.

"Oh, shut up, Anse," Dana said mildly. "Pull up a chair and let's get to business."

"I'll stand," Heth said flatly.

"No, you won't," the sheriff said gently. "I've been looking up at you half the damn' day. Sit down, where I don't have to break my neck to see you."

Heth looked surprised and for a moment Sam thought he would refuse. Then he marched over to the wall, swung a chair out to face Dana, and settled his big body into it with a force that made the chair creak. "You'll damn' well see me now," he announced.

Again Dana reached for the pencil and examined it. After a moment, he said, "Sam, you heard about Tench?"

Sam nodded, and Dana inclined his head toward Heth. "Tell him what you did last night. I already know."

Looking at Heth, Sam told him how Tench, full of whisky courage, had baited him until Sam threw him out of the saloon.

Heth listened impatiently, and when Sam was finished he said, "I know all that. What did you do afterward?"

Sam had his mouth open to tell him, and then he checked himself. What would Heth think, and what would the other North Basin outfits think if he told them he had gone to see Ganley? Heth's suspicions would be tripled. He would have to explain that he had gone to talk to Ganley about Virginia, and that reason was too private to be discussed.

It was then that Sam felt his afternoon's rebellion coming to a head. Common sense dictated an easy lie or an evasion. But he recklessly rejected this way out. "That's my business," Sam said.

"You didn't leave town. Your horse was tied in front of the Revenue for an hour," Heth said flatly.

"So it was."

Heth glanced triumphantly at Dana and then turned back to Sam. "I'll tell you where you were. You were back of the bank, beating Bill to death with a brick."

Sam shook his head.

"Then where were you?" Heth demanded.

"My business, I told you."

Heth turned to Dana, and slapped both big hands on his thighs. "There you are, George."

Dana shifted uncomfortably in his chair.

"You feel like telling me in private where you were, Sam?"

"No, George. It's not your business either," Sam said irritably.

Heth stood up. "All right, George, arrest him."

Dana looked thoughtfully past Anse to the racing pictures on the wall. It seemed almost as if he had not heard Heth. Then he said mildly, "I don't think I will, Anse."

Heth stared at him in disbelief; lazily, Sam got up, saying, "You know where to find me, George."

"Wait a minute!" Heth said. "Why aren't you going to arrest him?"

"Well, Anse, like Sam just said, that's my business."

Sam started for the door. Heth put a big hand on his arm, saying, "You don't go—"

Instinctively, Sam drove his fist into Heth's face. The unexpected blow drove Heth back; the chair caught him behind the knees, and he sat down in the chair with a violence that tilted it over backward. Heth landed on his back with a crash that jarred the room.

"Don't ever do that to me," Sam said thinly.

With a soft curse, Heth got up off the floor, murder in his face, and lunged for Sam. Swiftly, Dana came out of his chair and, with a kick, sent the overturned chair kiting in Heth's path. Heth's feet drove into the rungs, tangled among them, and he crashed to the floor again.

Sam was already moving toward him, and now he stopped, waiting for Heth to get up. Suddenly, he felt the full weight of Dana on his back. Dana's forearm wrapped around his throat, bending his head back, choking the breath from him.

BY THE time Heth was off the floor, again lunging for Sam, Dana had maneuvered so that, still with an arm lock on Sam, he stood between them. He kicked out viciously at Heth, catching him in the thigh, and shouted, "Quit it, now! Quit it, both of you!"

Sam struggled against the arm lock until suddenly Dana kneed him in the back of his legs, and his knees buckled. He felt himself flung away, and then he was brought up against the wall with a jarring crash. Sam scrambled to his feet, again facing the room.

Dana had his gun out now, Sam saw, and it was jammed in Heth's belly. As Sam got to his feet Dana half turned to him and said mildly, "Sam, stay there now."

In that moment, the futility of this brawl came to him. He said resignedly, "All right, George," and glanced at Heth.

Heth looked down at Dana's gun and then batted it away from his belly, but he made no move toward Sam. The look in his eyes was hard and murderous as he pointed at Sam.

"Sam, you're through in the Basin. I'm warning you now! Get out or I'll drive you out!"

Dana calmly grabbed Heth's outstretched arm and spun him around.

"Listen, Anse," Dana said flatly. "Listen careful! If you carry this fight outside of this room, you better count me in on it. I'll fill Chainlink with so damn' many homesteaders you can't count 'em and I'll deputize every one of 'em!"

Heth only glared at him.

"I wish you'd go. I've seen too damn' much of you today," Dana said.

Without a word, Heth stalked across the room and picked up his hat. He did not glance back as he stepped through the door.

Sam moved over to his hat and picked it up. The sheriff was standing in the middle of the room, his gun holstered, and, when Sam glanced at him, he growled, "That goes for you, too, Sam."

"Well, I reckoned it did," Sam said. "So long, George."

(To be continued next week)

CLANCY

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FRED STEFFEN

Out popped a very creditable imitation of roast piglet—and with an apple in its mouth

Winning Recipe

By MILDRED CLINGERMAN

MISS MERSEY came downstairs one morning to find the wastebasket maliciously sucking away yesterday's mail before she was ready to discard it. The calendar clock announced the hour in a surprising falsetto, and Miss Mersey recognized the insolence the house machines reserved for her alone.

I ought to be firm, she thought. But her chin trembled as it always did when she felt timid. And Miss Mersey so often felt timid. She had no business feeling that way in the enlightened and peaceful year 2002. Her brother kept telling her so, but the more he stamped and yelled, the worse she got.

Miss Mersey shut off the wastebasket and stood quietly before the smug-faced clock, thinking of bullies in general and of the house machines in particular. She hated and feared every one of them. The house was full of mechanical things that sucked, chewed, or blew. Half her days were spent warily punching buttons, moving levers, and reading the tapes the machines stuck out at her like tongues to list their complaints and needs. And lately they seemed to sense her fear of them, spitting and hissing at her with a bully's contempt for weakness. Her brother John was a well-meaning man, she thought, but he couldn't resist gadgets.

"Show some gumption, Clare!" John bellowed when she complained wistfully that she would rather do the housework herself. "Forward! That's the watchword. Fancy not having house machines nowadays. Brace up, show some spunk, some spice!" And often as not, John would stamp right out and buy another machine, even more complicated and frightening—to help, he said, spice up her character.

Her brother came bounding in now, loudly demanding breakfast. The clock announced the hour with precise, baritone dignity.

"You're late again, Clare," John Mersey grumbled. "Can you rush things a bit? Now, none of your falderals, please. You spend too much time in the kitchen. I've been thinking—we ought to streamline that department, too. As a matter of fact, I know just the thing." He carefully avoided the stricken look Miss Mersey threw at him.

Until now, John had never interfered with the cooking arrangements. His sister was a superb cook, and John was a man who enjoyed his food. As for Miss Mersey, cooking was her life. Into it she poured all her imagination.

John ignored all her timid protests and finally admitted that the gadget was already ordered and paid for, and would be delivered at any moment. "The Kitchen Autocrat," John told her while he ate, "will cook anything. Now, Clare, stop sniveling. You'll get used to it. It doesn't require a skilled operator. It thinks for itself. You'll see."

With John fed and 'copted off to the city (where his sister suspected he bullied his employees), Miss Mersey sat in the living room and waited for her doom to arrive. She wept a little and thought a great deal, and after a while she was surprised to feel a stubborn resistance crowding out her usual timidity.

"This time," she whispered, "John's gone too far. I'll fight. I don't know just how. But no matter what kind of monster he's bought, I'll fight it to the finish."

Miss Mersey was belatedly discovering that sometimes courage is born of timidity pushed too far. Science, she thought, simply did not take into account people like herself. If science took a giant's stride one year, it took two strides the next. And who knew if science might not one day build mechanical sisters? John would like that. Miss Mersey's jaw hardened.

It was then that she became aware of pounding noises in the kitchen. Her hands fluttered with sudden fear. Had one of John's machines gone berserk? Her heart raced, and she was halfway through the door to the garden before she realized she was running away.

"No." Her face grew pink, and she raised her chin. It was probably only the delivery men with the *thing* John had ordered. She marched sturdily to the kitchen. "Remember, Clare," she told herself, "gumption, spunk, spice."

The two young men in the kitchen grinned at her while she stared at the massive metal contraption that covered three of the walls from floor to ceiling. The Autocrat resembled steel filing cabinets piled one on top of the other. Through the window, she could see her former kitchen appliances set haphazardly in the yard beside a long van.

"I hope we didn't startle you, Miss Mersey," one of the young men said. "Mr. Mersey said we should just walk in." And when she still stared, the young man shuffled his feet and looked at the ceiling. "This is a great little gadget. One of the few creative-thinking machines released for civilian use." He darted a quick look at the pamphlet in his hand. "It says here: *There is, of course, a limited creative area. While the Kitchen Autocrat is guaranteed by the manufacturer to give excellent service, even extraordinary service, the housewife is urged to refrain from demanding the impossible. Not too much, as yet, is known about machine psychology. The manufacturer cannot be held responsible for the results if the Autocrat is subjected to unusual frustration.*" He read a few more words to himself. "Oh, yeah, I'm supposed to give you the instruction book. I'll tell you what: You just go study this book while we finish up in here. Won't take long." He pushed Miss Mersey gently through the door and closed it. The pounding noises began again, but Miss Mersey didn't hear them. She was too busy going over the words of the man's speech. She had her weapon.

WHEN the men were gone, Miss Mersey stood before the Autocrat, ready to measure her foe. In one hand she held some of the most difficult of all the recipes she possessed—long, tedious ones requiring hours of human labor. In the other hand she held the instruction book, rapidly rereading it.

Speak clearly, the book ordered, *into the microphone on panel G7.* Miss Mersey found panel G7 and suffered instant stage fright. The book in her hand shook slightly, and she squared her jaw again. *The Autocrat,* she read, *will skillfully substitute when any ingredient called for is not to be found in its storage space.* Miss Mersey decided to play fair. She loaded the maw of the machine with a vast quantity of food from her supplies. Then for an hour she read recipes into the microphone, daring the machine to equal her own artistry.

In exactly thirty-seven minutes, the Autocrat disgorged such an array of food that Miss Mersey was forced to remove it or herself. The kitchen was not large enough for the banquets the Autocrat laid before her. And every dish was perfect. Moreover, the Autocrat surrendered the food all ready on serving dishes, and beautifully garnished. Miss Mersey called a 'copter to deliver it all to the Children's Hospital and wearily began again.

As she stood before the machine, watching the glow of the tiny red lights on the panels, listening to its chuckling purr, she imagined that the little red eyes were watching her with amusement.

"Just you wait," she told the panel. "I'm not licked yet. Take a pig," she ordered loudly, "from three to six weeks old . . ." Miss Mersey had no intention of thrusting a poor little pig into the Autocrat. The machine was supposed to be so wonderful at substitutions—let it worry over the impossibility of constructing a baby pig. This time the Autocrat grumbled a little (while Miss Mersey hummed sweetly to herself), but at the end of two hours out popped a very creditable imitation of roast piglet—and with an apple in its mouth. Now it was the Autocrat that hummed sweetly while Miss Mersey wept. . . .

It was almost time for John to come home. Miss Mersey sat drearily in the middle of the kitchen floor, surrounded by pickled oysters, quenelles of grouse, boned turkey and squirrel potpie. All simulated, to be sure, but delicious. She could just hear John's crowing remarks. "Not jealous, are you, Clare? Come, come. Show some spice. Trouble with your character, my girl, is too much sugar, not enough spice."

Suddenly Miss Mersey felt she had been raised to a mountaintop and had there received a vision. Trembling, she stood again before panel G7.

"Recipe for little boys," she cried in triumph. "Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails. That's what little *boys* are made of!"

The Autocrat's panels glowed a fiery red. The hum changed its pitch and became a siren wail. Miss Mersey fled to the safety of the garden. Above the terrible clashing and grinding sounds that followed her, there came a deafening roar. The explosion threw Miss Mersey to her knees, and then all was quiet.

Out of the silence, Miss Mersey haughtily addressed the empty garden. "I hope John's satisfied. It was spice he asked for, and from now on, it's spice he's going to get." ▲▲▲

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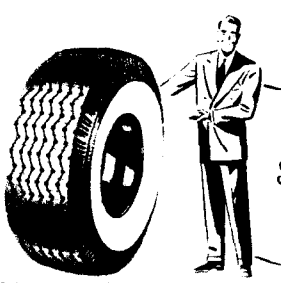

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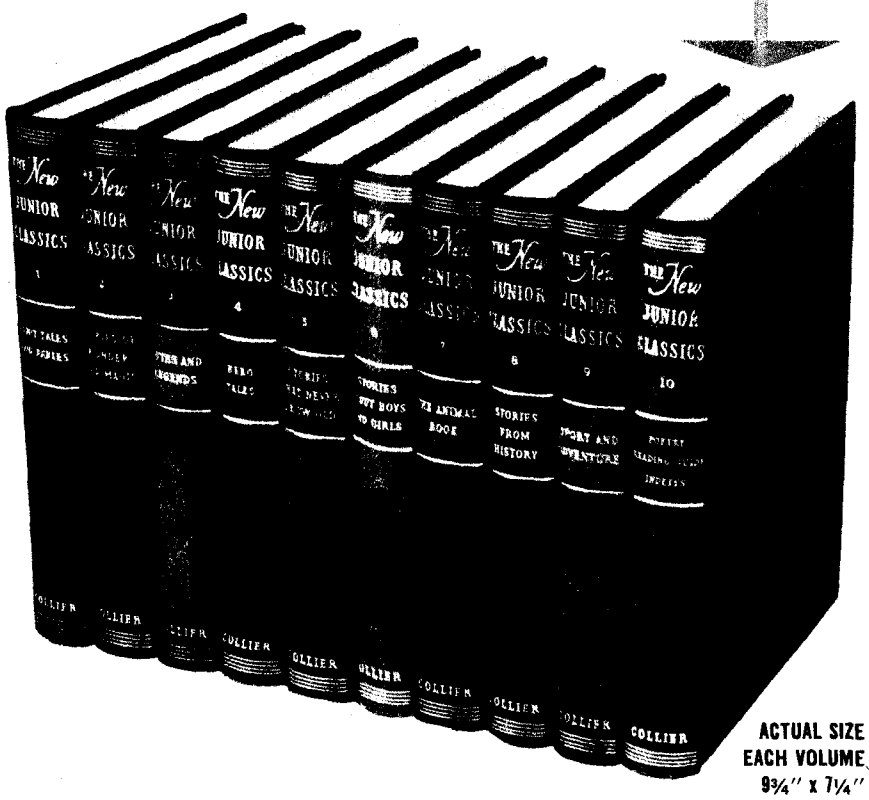

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Our Sub-Zero Heroes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

in the antarctic, joined the project as an Air Force captain; and Hubbard commissioned J. Glenn Dyer, of Alamosa, Colorado, an engineer and geographer, soon after that able gentleman had returned from the most recent Byrd antarctic expedition in May, 1941.

He also recruited, as a captain, a merchant-ship master named Jack Crowell, from Isle au Haut, Maine, who had pushed up into the arctic with explorer Donald MacMillan; plus another veteran of Labrador and the Byrd antarctic expeditions, Harvard-educated Edward E. Goodale, of Ipswich, Massachusetts. He also latched onto a retired Navy captain, Ike Schlossbach, of Bradley Beach, New Jersey, who made submarine trips under the arctic ice with Sir Hubert Wilkins and is justly renowned as the only man ever to have put a submarine through a "loop the loop."

Amazingly Fast Base Building

With this all-star aggregation (all of whom, with the exception of Schlossbach, are still active in the current Arctic Project), Hubbard amazed everyone by completing the steppingstone bases within the thought-to-be-impossible time limit of one year.

A base called Crystal One, commanded by Schlossbach, sprang up at Fort Chimo, Quebec; Crystal Two, under Crowell's command, was commissioned at Frobisher Bay, Baffin Island; and Crystal Three, commanded successively by Dyer and Goodale, was activated at Padloping Island, Baffin Island. Bluie West Eight was established at Sondrestromfjord on the southwest coast of Greenland, and it was from here that its first commanding officer, Major (now Colonel) Bernt Balchen, launched an air offensive, via Iceland, to bomb the Germans out of weather stations they had set up at Sabine Island and Clavering Island on Greenland's largely uninhabited northeast coast.

Two other bases, called Bluie West One, at Narsarssuak on Greenland's southern tip, and Bluie East Two, on the southeast coast, rounded out the major group of installations—and Hubbard, an Air Force colonel, had performed one of the minor miracles of the war.

He continued to perform miracles after the war was over. Having retired as chief of the Air Rescue Service of the Air Transport Command, he nonetheless continued to concentrate on the arctic. As a civilian, and on his own hook, Hubbard enrolled at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study the logistic angles of food and housing that would be involved in establishing weather installations farther north than any permanent base had ever been before—on the northern rim of the Western Hemisphere. Then he came up with a revolutionary idea. He proposed a private-enterprise Arctic Weather Service, to be called "Arctops," which would sell its information to the weather bureaus of all friendly nations which were interested enough to pay for it.

However, Dr. Francis W. Reichelderfer, chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau, took one look at the plan and decided it was too extensive and important to be anything but a government project. The Army and the Air Force then studied Hubbard's idea. Finally, an enabling act, appropriating $600,000, was fought through Congress, and after careful negotiations with the Canadians and the Danes (since the jointly operated bases were to be on Canadian and Greenlandic soil), the measure also passed the Canadian Parliament and Privy Council, and the Danish Parliament.

After that, Hubbard became "Chief of the Arctic Project of the U.S. Weather Bureau," and he rounded up pretty much the same crew of polar experts who had served under him as officers in the Air Force. He talked Dyer, Goodale, Crow and the others into becoming civilian o cials of the U.S. Weather Bureau—and t old team was back in business in the arc again.

The first of Hubbard's stations was esta lished at the tiny village of Thule, abc three quarters of the way up Greenlan west coast. (The name Thule was deriv from the Latin *ultima thule,* meaning "t last place on earth.") The venture nea precipitated an international incident. T installation got under way in the summ of 1946 when a U.S. Navy convoy, consi ing of a submarine, several spotter aircra the seaplane tender Norton Sound (now rocket-launching ship), the Coast Gua icebreaker North Wind and the cargo shi Beltrami and Alcona, fought its w through the ice and suddenly showed in North Star Bay off Thule—without n tice to the Danes and Eskimos in th village.

The Danes, whose homeland had be occupied by the Germans during the wa took one look at the warlike assemblage vessels and planes and concluded that t island was being invaded by the Unit States. They were so convinced of this th they would not allow two Danish nurs aboard a hydrographic boat from sou Greenland to land; they branded the "American collaborators" because the po women had shown up at the same tim by mere coincidence. The trouble w cleared up, of course, after an exchange radio messages between southern Gree land and Copenhagen, and the ubiquito U.S. Navy Seabees landed to build t weather station and airstrip.

The Thule weather station was finish in September, 1946. Hubbard's seco base, at Eureka Sound, was built in Apr 1947, with materials brought in by t Navy task force which had founded Thu the year before. Resolute Bay was carve out of the wilderness in August, 194 Its location was fixed on an alternate site.

Crippled Ship Lands Cargo

The station originally was supposed to established on Melville Island at a poi selected by Hubbard, but in attempting nose into the ice of Melville Sound to reac the site, the U.S. Coast Guard icebreak Edisto damaged a propeller on the floe The task force commander, Captain Robe Quackenbush, USN, of Westfield, Ne Jersey, under whom the Coast Guard ic breakers were serving, thereupon decide that this was as far as any ship reasonabl could be expected to go. So he dumped t supplies on some likely-looking flats alon the shore at the alternate site—and th spot, Resolute Bay, became the present-da station.

The Isachsen and Mould Bay installatio were finished in the spring of 1948, und Hubbard's watchful eye; and in August that same year, the U.S. Coast Guard ic breakers East Wind and Edisto got throug the polar ice north of Ellesmere Island f the first time, and deposited a cache on t shore of Dumbbell Bay, at a site whic later was to become the Alert installatio They unloaded a tractor, 12 drums of Dies fuel, an engine heater, some food, a canv arctic shelter and miscellaneous tools. Th cache lay there for almost two years, b cause 1949 was the period of the Berlin a lift, for which every available plane w needed.

But finally, on Easter Sunday in 195 a ski-equipped C-47 landed on the roug bay ice at the site, and out clambered party consisting of Charles Clifton, a American technician from Cabot, Arkan sas; Leo LaFranchise, who was to be th Canadian officer in charge; Stanley White man, an American radio operator; Majo Andrew B. Creo, of Washington, D.C., U.S. Air Force officer; and the fabulou

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. (Blowtorch) Morgan, an Oklahoman
us throughout the Far North for his
uity, especially with the blowtorch
ı, carried in his belt at all times, he
:o perform mechanical miracles.
›wtorch and his assistants spent an
or so searching for the cache; and
y they found it, covered by an enor-
snowdrift. After the tractor was un-
ed, Morgan cased the situation, and
he noted that the vehicle's battery had
fully charged before it had frozen
he judiciously applied heat to it with
lowtorch. Then there followed a bit
›wtorch-therapy on the crankcase and
vital parts of the engine—and soon,
ler of wonders, the tractor started right
'It is," observed Blowtorch, "in just as
shape as if it was left out on the farm
home in Watonga, Oklahoma."

he Airstrip on Dumbbell Bay

t that was not the last of the wonders
g that Easter season. Blowtorch
›ed onto the toylike little tractor and
n eight days he and his crew had
ed the snow from a 3,300-foot-long
of comparatively smooth ice on
bbell Bay, so that planes could land.
the air lift from the big north Green-
air base started. C-82s and C-54s, fly-
ıround the clock, flew in 345 tons of
rial to build the weather station. In
ıitter cold, Morgan and his crew then
the installation plank-by-plank, and,
; two small tractors, they scraped out
manent airstrip that could handle most
ıe largest Canadian and American
ports. By August 7th, the new station
ılert—the free world's northernmost
›st—was radioing weather reports
the top of the world.
›day, the five bases on Canadian soil
nanned by Canadians and Americans
equal representation in each crew—
a Canadian officer in charge and an
rican executive officer. The annual re-
ly of these bases in the Land of Frozen
here, which requires all the planning
goes into a complicated wartime am-
ious landing, also is a joint Canadian-
project.
'ery spring, the cargo for the bases is
nbled in Canadian and American ports
erally Halifax and Boston) by the Ca-
an Department of Transport, the U.S.
ther Bureau, the Royal Canadian Air
e and the U.S. Air Force. Then, when
ice begins to break up in June off the
paratively warm west coast of Green-
, the U.S. Navy collects the cargo and
sail in a convoy which usually includes
icebreakers and two cargo ships. The
o ships are loaded with the total needs
of all the arctic outposts for an entire year.

The convoy heads up along the Greenland west coast, often being stalled in the ice for days at a time. One icebreaker and one cargo ship head west into the Canadian archipelago toward the supply base at Resolute Bay; while the rest of the convoy continues on to the main American supply base in north Greenland.

When the annual cargo for the outposts is put ashore, the R.C.A.F. and the USAF begin their part in what they call "Operation Resupply." It is the R.C.A.F.'s responsibility to make the air lift from Resolute Bay to the westernmost bases, Mould Bay and Isachsen; the USAF resupplies the eastern bases, Eureka Sound and Alert, from Greenland. However, it takes nearly a year for Operation Resupply really to get under way.

Both air forces can do nothing but parachute essential items during July and early August, because the top few inches of usually frozen soil melts in the brief period of 30- to 40-degree-above-zero temperatures, making the airstrips soggy and unsafe for landings. With the beginning of winter, in September, they initiate the air lift, but it is an extremely limited one, restricted to delivery of basic items like batteries and spare parts. The winter storms already have begun, and the planes must operate in a dangerous period of rapidly increasing darkness.

Finally, in October, 24-hour-a-day darkness sets in. The planes are grounded and a great silence settles over our outposts on the top of the world. The silence is broken only at Christmastime, when an attempt is made from both Resolute Bay and Greenland to parachute mail and a Christmas tree to each of the outposts. Sometimes the Christmas planes get through. More often they do not.

The main resupply effort begins in the spring. The sun comes up for the first time on March 10th and the period of daylight progressively and rapidly increases so that, by April 15th, there is no darkness at all. Murderous storms still lash the arctic, and the temperatures range down to 30 and 40 degrees below zero, but the airstrips are frozen concrete-hard and this is the best time of the year for flying. So it is a period of reawakening at Resolute and at the north Greenland base, with planes and crews flying in from hundreds of miles away especially for this operation.

Crews That Man the Transports

C-54s arrive almost daily in Greenland from the main bases of the Northeast Air Command in Newfoundland and Labrador. The big transports are flown by some of America's most experienced arctic pilots and manned by hard-bitten, polar-trained navigators, engineers and radio operators, hand-picked from among the best crews in their outfits.

This year, for example, Captain Robert H. Campbell, of Scotch Plains, New Jersey, flew his plane up from Goose Bay, Labrador. Campbell handles his four-engine C-54 like a Piper Cub, jumping the big ship off, at times, from 1,500 feet of rough ice. He had, in his crew, eight arctic veterans, including top navigator Lieutenant Olyn S. Dowling, of Machias, Maine, and engineers Technical Sergeant Walter T. Ross, of Seattle, and Staff Sergeant Leonard Rubin, of Brooklyn, both of whom are so skillful at subzero mechanics that many generals request them as crew members whenever they fly north. As pilot Campbell put it, "You've *got* to hand-pick your crews for this job. Otherwise, you're just plain out of luck."

Photographer Lew Merrim and I did most of our flying with Campbell's crew, although

"May be a little bit late from club. Gin and crackers in cupboard. Vermouth and anchovies in refrig. Take internally and relax. Laura"

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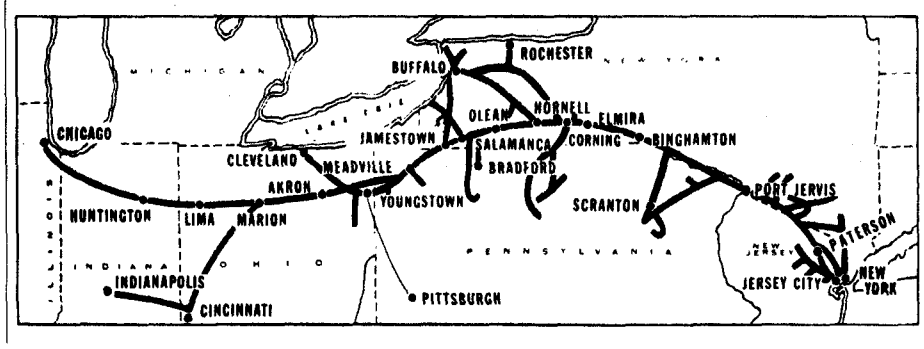

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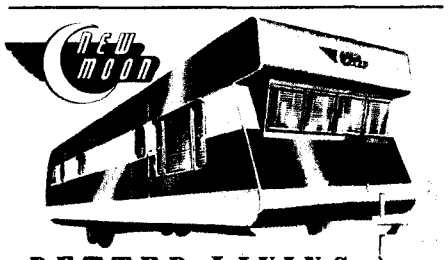

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we made the first resupply mission of 1952 into Alert with another crack arctic pilot, Major James T. Butts, of Thomaston, Georgia. We also were aboard the first plane to reach Eureka Sound—this time with a pair of arctic aces at the controls, Lieutenant Colonel Russell Cassity, of Spiceland, Indiana, and Major Edward E. Kilgore, of Prairie Village, Kansas. Only the thought that our lives were in the hands of men such as these enabled us to face up to the ominous knowledge that 16 planes already had crashed on these resupply missions.

On our first flight to Alert, we loaded up the mail and supplies at the main north Greenland base, and then Butts made the two-hour trip look easy, flying up the narrow channel which separates Greenland from Ellesmere Island by as little as 15 miles. It was a beautiful, sunny day (the ground temperature was only 20 degrees below zero), and the frozen white expanse of ice and the rugged mountains did not faze me until I looked down and saw the airstrip at Alert. It was frighteningly short and bumpy-looking, and it was distinguished from the surrounding terrain only in that its surface was a dirtier shade of white.

Then I saw the nine graves at the tip of Cape Belknap, just beyond the runway, and I held my breath while Butts circled the strip four times, winging out over the arctic toward the North Pole on each pass at the field. Finally, he went into a long, low-level approach and we bounced down onto the rough surface. As we jarred to a stop, the navigator, Lieutenant Richard R. Jarvis, of Reno, Nevada, looked out at the desolation and wryly remarked, "We better taxi to get out of the way of traffic."

Actually, there was extraordinarily little drama to the landing of this first supply plane in six months. Butts, grinning broadly, opened the cabin door and tossed out a sack of mail, shouting in his Georgia accent, "Is this what you all want?"

On the ground, a group of dirty, tired-eyed, bearded young men in furred parkas pounced on the sack of mail like hungry pigeons going after a thrown crust of bread. They fingered the sack longingly, but they didn't open it because it was too cold and because other sacks of mail were still hurtling out of the aircraft.

Then, two timbers were lowered out of the cabin door of the plane to the ground, at a 45-degree angle, and the crew of the plane, functioning with precision teamwork, began rolling and sliding oil drums and crates down the parallel timbers. Major Butts, Merrim, all of us worked on the unloading, because if the plane's engines were stopped for more than 30 minutes in the subzero cold, there was danger that they could not be started again. The whole operation took 20 minutes and it was acted out in a strange, all-encompassing silence, broken only by the thud of the oil drums as they hit the snow. No one talked. Then we closed the cabin door and took off, leaving the silent, bearded young men to lift the crates onto sleds and roll the drums to one side of the strip.

Later, we made a second trip to Alert, and Captain Campbell dropped us off to pay an extended visit. We felt a pang as we watched the C-54 take off. We knew that if the weather turned bad, we could be stranded there indefinitely—450 miles from the North Pole and hundreds of miles from the nearest habitation. But we climbed on a sled towed by a tractor, and drove along a track in the snow up the side of a gentle hill. We reached the top of the hill and a cluster of attractive red-and-orange buildings spread out beneath us.

We went into one of the buildings, and it was like walking into another world. The silent young men became talkative, colorful characters the moment they had found shelter from the deadening cold, and the outpost itself turned out to be an island of comfortable civilization in the desolate, frozen wilderness. We found a lean, handsome Australian soldier of fortune named John Lewis who had fought with Montgomery's Desert Rats, and with the Israeli Air Force in the war against the Arabs; and a former U.S. Army veteran and zoologist, Warner Chapman, of Gulfport, Florida, who was planning to use his arctic-earned money to set up a scientific lab in his home state.

Luxury at an Arctic Outpost

We heard symphony records, saw wondrous scientific devices, and ate the best food we had encountered anywhere in the arctic (fruit juice, soup, frozen roast beef and steak, frozen vegetables, puddings, pies). The men at the outpost had made pets of wild arctic foxes, and because of the quirks of radio reception in the arctic, they found it possible to listen simultaneously to dance music from Radio Moscow and boxing bouts from Madison Square Garden. We learned that a woman in St. Paul named Margaret Oldenburg (known as "the Angel of the Arctic") sent them books and magazines, and that a ham radio operator in far-off Peru, Indiana, J. S. Surber, was their contact with the outside world.

All this—plus their liberal earnings, their frustrations, their fears, their diversions, their daily routine, the constant dangers they faced—promised to add up to a fascinating story.

EXCLUSIVE!

Inside Perón's Secret TORTURE CHAMBERS

GEORGE KARGER

By Dr. Alberto Caride

One of Argentina's most honored physicians, now in voluntary exile, gives an eyewitness account of the horrors inflicted on the men who oppose Perón. The story exposes for the first time the dictator's "Gestapo" tactics

Next Week in Collier's

But first, on a sled drawn b tractor, we made the tortu three-mile trip out to Cha Hubbard's grave; then, having turned to the buildings, we set down to piece together what happened to him and to the e men with him on that fateful 31, 1950.

Alert was being built then, Blowtorch Morgan had run of spark plugs for the bulldo On July 30th, Hubbard's assis chief, Glenn Dyer, made an tempt to drop the spark plugs mail from an R.C.A.F. Lanca bomber, but bad weather obli ated the area and they coul find the outpost.

The next morning, the weat cleared and the flight was set again. For the first time in Dy memory, Hubbard said he di want to go along on a flight to of his beloved outposts. The pl was about to take off without h but at the last moment Hubb heard Commodore George Pe son, commander of the U.S. N task force, say, "If I could c get some idea of the ice conditi in the Polar Sea, maybe we co get in with more supplies speed up the work at Alert."

Hubbard's ears perked up, they always did at the mentior the Polar Sea, and he said, "Ok I'll check the ice for you." A he climbed aboard the Lancas

As the plane sped to Ellesm Island, the joyous word went by radio to Alert and Eure "Mail is coming!" and when Lancaster appeared in the over Alert, the entire base was waiting for it.

Aboard the plane, the mail the spark plugs were tied t parachute and the plane circ down until it was a few hund feet above the half-completed strip. The Lancaster's jump-d was opened and, at the cor moment, the pack was drop out. The events of the next seconds were a horror for the people on ground. Something happened to the li of the chute and, instead of falling free whipped back and wrapped itself around tail of the plane. The pilot tried desperat to pull the Lancaster up, but the parach cords had locked the elevators into a dc position—and the big bomber dived i the ground from an altitude of less th 600 feet. It crashed and exploded 400 ya west of the station. There were no survivc

On August 7th, Dyer arrived. Tender he had Hubbard's body loaded onto a s and towed it out to Cape Belknap. picked a flat, open spot so that Hubbar eight Canadian comrades could be bur side by side with him, if their families wished (they all later gave permission) and Blowtorch Morgan and the others gan to dig. They dug carefully and deep, that the grave would be secure fore against the depredations of the eleme and the wandering wolves and polar bea Every day they dug a few inches into permafrost. Then they waited for the b tom layer to melt. Then they dug aga

Finally, they put Hubbard's body in grave under a cairn. It is the northernm American grave in the Western He sphere. They placed him so that he fa out over the Polar Sea—in the direction the North Pole he had helped make sec for Americans.

The final installment of On Guard at the Pole, in next week's Collier's, tells what it is like to live in one of our isolated, icebound northern outposts for a year at a time. Order your newsstand copy of Collier's now

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Old Wives' Tales About Pregnancy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

ected. *But,* if the mother's diet during gnancy is poor, chances are she has er eaten properly and her "reserves" are dequate. A life history of bad eating bits can give the baby a bad start at its y conception; faulty eating during pregncy compounds the felony.

Much is still to be learned about the delie relation between maternal diet and al development, but this much we know: gnancy is easier, birth is safer and offing are healthier when the average ther concentrates on *balance,* not ballast.

If you smoke cigarettes when you're egnant, you'll have a yellow baby.

You may have a yellow baby anyway, for ew days. About half of all newborn bas turn yellowish, but they return to the nventional pink by the time they're a ek old. The condition is called jaundice the newborn and means nothing.

Your doctor may limit you to 10 cigates a day during pregnancy, but he probly won't make too much fuss if you stay thin one pack a day; he'd rather see you th yellow fingers than with the heebie bies. We know that the baby's heart eeds up a little when his mother smokes, t we have no proof that the speed-up is rmful. There's no proof, either, that oking does anyone any physical good. at's why most obstetricians like their pants to play it safe.

Only one baby in 10 is born on the ficial date calculated by the doctor; so u shouldn't count too much on meetg the deadline.

That's true! Modern women, with their entieth-century faith in science, usually gh when their mothers say, "Babies are t born until they're good and ready, no atter *what* the doctor says." The laughter rns hollow when the long-awaited child two weeks "late," and many an "early" by has caught its mother with her plans wn. Probably the baby is right on time: s "science" that's mistaken.

The day the doctor appoints is arrived at by adding 280 days (10 lunar months) to the first day of the mother's last menstrual period. If the baby is average, it will appear on that day.

But there's the rub. "Average" is a concept, not a particular woman or a particular baby. A perfectly normal 336-day pregnancy is on record; fully developed (not premature) infants weighing more than 5½ pounds are frequently born as early as the 250th day. The duration of pregnancy varies from woman to woman. (Incidentally, it has nothing to do with the sex of the child.) Because we still don't know much about why labor begins when it does, we have yet to improve on this old generalization; in any group of 100 women who carry beyond the fifth month, 10 will deliver on the 280th day when calculated from the first day of the last menstrual period, 50 within a week of this day and 75 within two weeks.

Dr. Guttmacher is obstetrician and gynecologist to New York City's famed Mount Sinai Hospital. He is also a consultant on obstetrics to the U.S Public Health Service and the U.S. Army. He formerly taught at Johns Hopkins. Mrs. Welch is a professional writer and the mother of two

If it happens that you are on the long end of the missing 25 per cent, here's one small consolation: lady elephants are pregnant for 18 to 21 months.

8. Reading good books and "thinking sweet thoughts" during pregnancy will result in an intelligent, happy baby.

More power to the mother who embarks on a course of self-improvement while she's waiting for her baby, but that's *all* it is—*self*-improvement. During pregnancy, it's either too early or too late to improve the disposition or mental capacity of the child. It's too early to set him a good example or otherwise help him to make the most of his potentialities. It's too late to change those potentialities—they were settled, along with the future size of his nose and the color of his eyes, even before his mother was aware of her pregnancy. His basic characteristics were endowed him by his parents' genes at the most critical moment of life, the precise minute when his father's sperm cell curtsied to his mother's egg cell.

During the nine months between conception and birth, the baby is completely oblivious to what his mother sees, does, thinks or dreams. She can listen to violin concertos by the hour without the slimmest chance of thus producing another Heifetz. She can laugh gaily or cry copiously without affecting her child's emotional outlook. She can neither help nor hurt him through her mind.

9. "For every child a tooth." (Every child she bears will cost the mother one tooth from her own mouth.)

That's a scare-saying that *can* come true if you believe its corollary: "It's dangerous to have dental work done during pregnancy." Tooth decay is not accelerated by pregnancy; dental work and local anesthetics cannot cause miscarriage. But nutritional needs are higher when the body is carrying the extra load of pregnancy, and any *neglected* condition of the mouth can cause extra trouble during this period. The measures which relegate this old wives' tale to the nonsense pile are simple: see your dentist when pregnancy begins and every three months thereafter; follow your doctor's instructions about diet.

10. If a pregnant woman sleeps on her stomach, she'll crush the baby and cause a miscarriage.

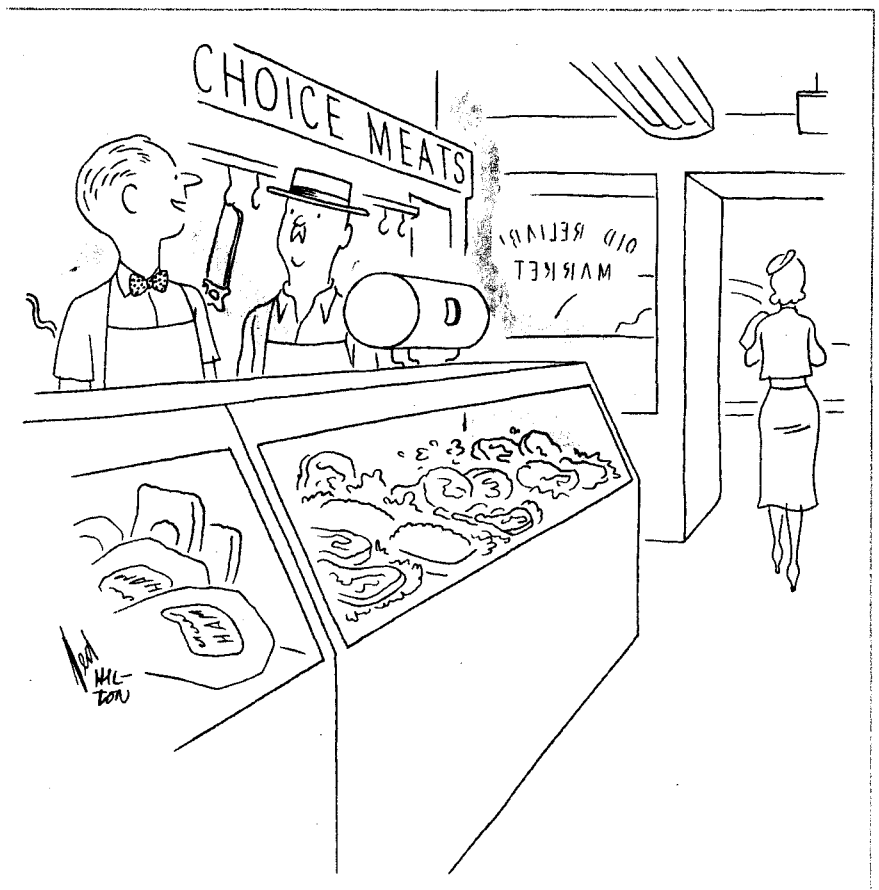
Pure bunk. The baby floats in a shock-absorbent liquid (amniotic fluid), in a resilient bag (the membranes) in the thick-walled uterus. Accidents ranging from bad falls to auto crashes can cause serious injury to the mother without affecting the fetus in the slightest. It is practically invulnerable.

Because of this hard fact, you can regard as fiction most of the things you hear about miscarriages. It is almost impossible to interrupt a normal, healthy pregnancy by any means short of surgery. It is equally impossible to prevent most miscarriages. From examination of aborted fetuses we know that 8 out of 10 miscarriages are caused not by stretching, falling, exercising or taking medicines but by *defective germ plasm.* The miscarriage is nature's way of preventing the birth of a dead or deformed child. By the way, if a mother-to-be understands the true nature of miscarriages, she can dismiss a second group of fears. Once she's carried her child into the second half of pregnancy, she can be pretty sure it's "normal." Because most imperfect embryos are passed off in the first few months, the chances of bearing a defective child are very, very slim.

11. One miscarriage breeds another.

If this were true, the race would be extinct by now; almost a quarter of the mothers have had a miscarriage at some time or other in their childbearing span. Sometimes the woman doesn't even know it; many a "late" menstrual period is in fact an aborted pregnancy. It's safe to say that at least a tenth of all pregnancies end in miscarriage, usually in the first three months.

Although there are some women who, for complicated reasons, cannot carry a pregnancy to term, they are extremely rare. Others, abnormally susceptible to miscarriage, may be advised to take special precautions or they may be helped along by



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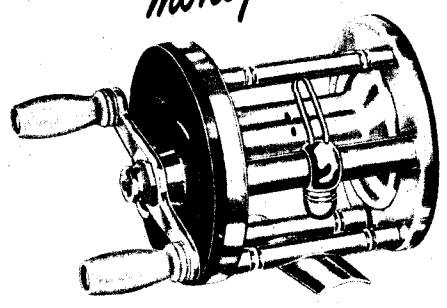

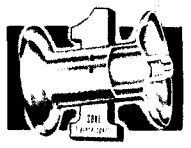

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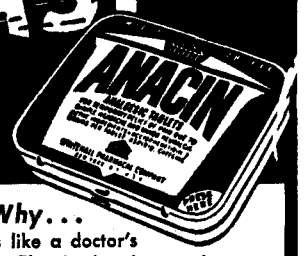

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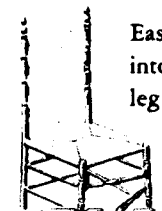

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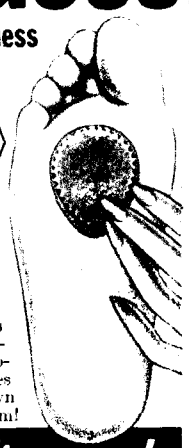


Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

hormones. For the average woman, however, a miscarriage means only that *an accident beyond human prevention or control* has produced a defective egg. The accident is not likely to repeat itself; so she has only to try again.

12. If an expectant mother contracts German measles during the first four months of her pregnancy, her baby will have defective eyes.

Unfortunately, this is usually *true!* A mother's tuberculosis does not affect her unborn child; she can have heart disease, anemia, even syphilis if it's treated early in pregnancy, and still produce a completely healthy child. Yet a simple case of the German measles affects the baby's eyes and sometimes his heart and brain as well. After the 16th week, German measles in the mother is as harmless as it seems. But before the 16th week, and particularly in the first eight weeks, the damaging effects are so certain that many authorities advise terminating the pregnancy at once.

Until 1941, when this startling discovery was made, the only outside agents known to affect the fetus were overdoses of X ray and radium in early pregnancy. Now cautious obstetricians are on guard against all virus infections. None of this gives added credence to old wives' tales about "marking" the baby. It *does* underline the case for prenatal care.

13. Frequent intercourse during pregnancy makes for an easy delivery.

This one goes back to Aristotle. And the Talmud taught that coitus in the last three months also made the child fair-skinned. Current old wives' tales about sex are countless; here are a few:

"Intercourse during early labor makes the birth easier by lubricating the birth canal." The *truth* is that it can cause a dangerous, perhaps fatal, infection by introducing bacteria into the womb. That's why most doctors prohibit sexual relations during the last six weeks of pregnancy, when labor can begin at any moment. (For the same reason, many obstetricians advise showers rather than tub baths during this period—a precaution more necessary when bathing was a weekly rather than a daily affair, and tub water was apt to be dirty.)

"Intercourse during pregnancy will make the child oversexed." Nonsense—even when stated in the pseudoscientific manner of the dianetics cult: "His parents' intercourse is a traumatic experience for the child *in utero*."

"Intercourse is safe only if the pregnant woman is not brought to climax." Perhaps this one derives from the Puritan idea that "nice" women do not enjoy sex. Perhaps it's an "apology" for the fact that all mammals except humans and the other primates abstain from intercourse during pregnancy. Or perhaps it stems from the fact that libido lies low in some pregnant women. In any case, it is not true. Some might say, in fact, that the reverse is true: incomplete coitus might make a woman nervous, irritable and unhappy, particularly during pregnancy when she's apt to be emotionally high-keyed. Many women find that pregnancy is their most sexually satisfying time of life. They have no reason to fear conception, they're enveloped in a warm glow of femininity, and life is good, on all levels.

14. "Morning sickness" is a necessary part of pregnancy.

Far from it! Most pregnant women do *not* experience this supposedly universal symptom. Those who are troubled with active vomiting (only about a third) can usually overcome it by simple measures their doctor will tell them about. In any case it will probably go away, of itself, by the third month, when the body will have adjusted to the change in metabolism brought about by pregnancy.

The woman who battles nausea doesn't like to hear this, but her trouble may very well be in her mind as much as in her tummy. The idea of having a baby takes a bit of emotional adjustment—even when the child has been planned and long hoped for. Fear, doubt, worry, tension, anxiety—however subconscious—have an undeniable effect on the body. And if you've ever shared a plane seat with an airsick passenger, you don't need to be told about the power of suggestion.

Women who expect to be sick during pregnancy probably *will* be; women who think of pregnancy as a natural, healthy function will probably feel *good*. More important, women who think that sickness is "normal" may fail to make a prompt report of illness to their doctors. Some discomforts are meaningless, to be sure, but others are important danger signals. Only the doctor, not the bridge-table obstetrician, can evaluate and correct his patient's particular malaise.

15. You can tell a boy from a girl before it's born by the mother's shape.

"They" say it's a boy if the mother has put on weight only in front, rather than all around her middle. Although different women do develop differently during pregnancy, the differences are due largely to the mother's size and build.

You'll also hear some version of "You're carrying that baby mighty low, so it must be a boy." Bunk. After its three- or four-day trip down the Fallopian tube into the uterus, the fertilized egg buries itself at some point in the lining membrane of the uterus. That point could be high or low in the womb; but sheer accident, not the sex of the child, decides.

In grandmother's day, they thought that if the fetal heartbeat was slow (124 or less), it meant a boy; if fast (144 or more), a girl. Actually, heartbeat has nothing to do with sex. A large baby may have a slower heartbeat than a small one, but the average weight difference between a boy and a girl is a bare half pound or so, not enough to register in a stethoscope. Besides, the baby's heart rate varies from hour to hour.

Nor can X ray ease the suspense. The child's sex organs are formed by the end of the second month, distinguishable (aborted fetuses) by the end of the thir but they are not, after all, bone. Th don't show up on the X-ray screen.

To listen to the "experts," the chil sex can be foretold by everything fro fetal activity (boys are supposed to ki harder than girls!) to the way the moth leans when she gets up off the floor (le on your left rather than your right hand getting to your feet and it's a boy!). Eve one of these methods has a 50 per ce chance of being right—perhaps a little be ter than 50 per cent if the prediction "boy," as there are 105 boys born to eve 100 girls. But none has any scientific bas

16. The size of the baby can be he down by careful dieting during pre nancy. If a woman has gained a lot weight, she is going to have a large bab

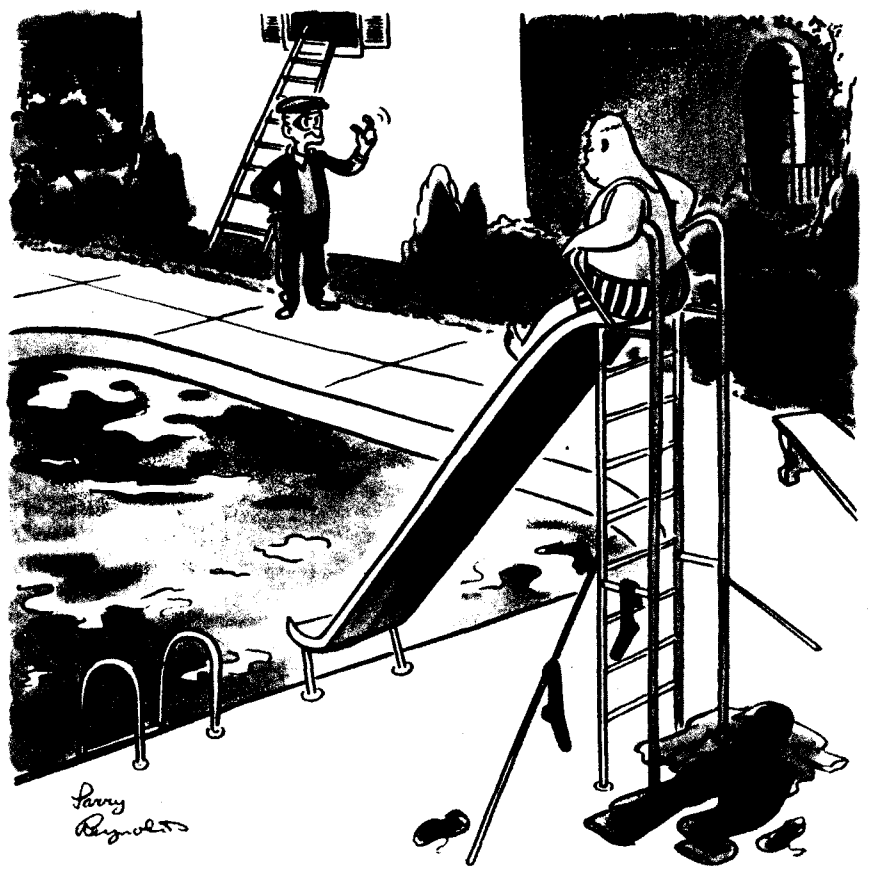
The baby's size depends on his sex ar his family tree. An abnormal weight ga sometimes means twins; a starvation di for the mother can produce a puny chil But within the extremes, what the moth eats has little or no effect on the child birth weight. The average white child bo of a first pregnancy weighs 7½ pound Oriental and Negro babies are smalle children born of women over thirty-five ar of women who have had previous childr are apt to be larger.

For some reason unfathomable to do tors, proud parents are prouder when th can say "he weighed nine pounds." Wishf thinking may have fathered many of t 12- and 15-pounders grandma talks abo You'll have to take her word for it, thoug those were the days of home deliverie sketchy records and unreliable scales.

17. A premature baby born in the se enth month has a better chance for li than one born in the eighth month.

Many old wives' tales are half true; least it's possible to imagine how they g started. But this one defies explanatio even the primitives must have seen that d velopment of the fetus is progressiv month by month and day by day. At th

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Woik, woik, woik! It's all you ever think of!"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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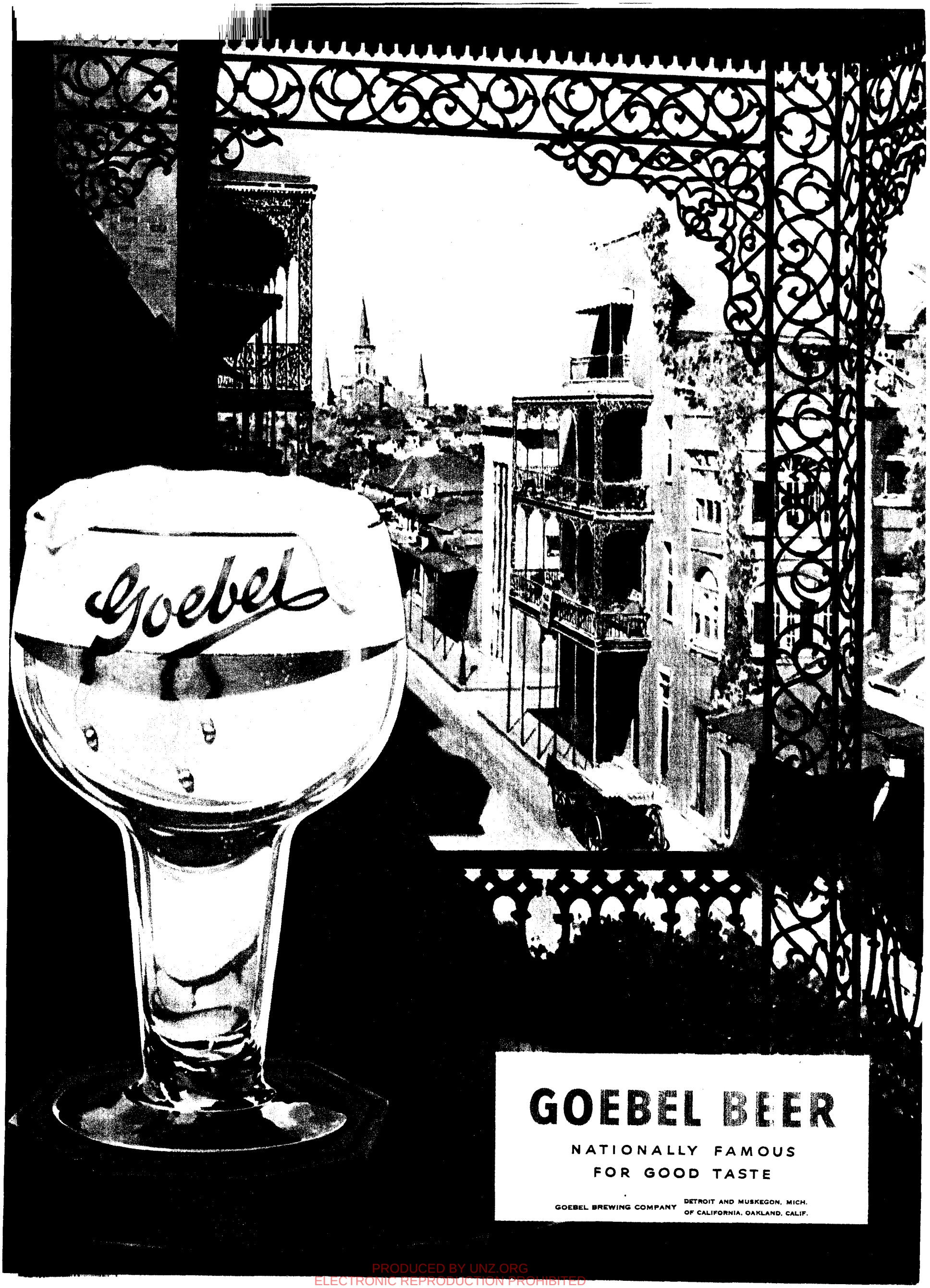

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end of the sixth month, when pregnancy is two thirds over, the baby has scarcely a *fifth* of its final weight. At the end of the seventh month, the average baby weighs 3⅛ pounds; at the end of the eighth, 5¼ pounds. In its last month, it gains two pounds—more than its total weight at six months. It develops a layer of fat without which it cannot regulate its own body heat at birth (hence incubators for premature babies). In short, the closer to term a baby is carried, the better equipped it is to cope with life independent of its mother.

18. Thanks to the modern methods, a woman can have a baby "without feeling a thing."

The woman who had her child with the maximum of drugs and anesthetic says this because the medicines were amnesic; she doesn't *remember* the pain. The woman who was physically and emotionally prepared for the event by "natural childbirth" training says it because the pain was secondary to her feeling of triumph. Both no doubt *mean* well—they mean to calm the pregnant woman's fears, to assure her that childbirth is *not* a terrifying "valley of death." But both are overstating the ease of labor and delivery, to the disservice of the expectant mother.

As a result, too many women today expect childbirth to be a picnic. They act as if they've been swindled when they are not "knocked out" for the entire process or—what is almost worse—they come to the hospital so buoyed up about the "ecstatic experience" of giving birth that they are first shocked to find it hurts and then guilt-ridden if they ask for help.

Both extremes could be avoided by a little plain talk. Here's a try at it:

The maximum pain of childbirth comes at two points: first when the bottle-necked mouth of the womb is finally widened to its utmost, to permit the exit of the baby; and second when the baby's head is pushed through the outer opening of the vagina, stretching and sometimes tearing the surrounding tissues. General or local anesthetics can safely be used for the actual birth, and the pain of early labor is not too disturbing; many patients say it's no worse than hard menstrual cramps.

So the pain of major concern here is the first high point—completing dilatation of the cervix. The mother cannot be absolutely "knocked out" for this phase because that might interfere with the work of the contracting uterine muscles, lengthening or stopping labor and harming mother and/or child. She *can* be helped to relax and l sensibility to pain *can* be reduced—withc need we add, besmirching her escutche —but she should *not* expect the process be completely painless.

Incidentally, recent work at New Y Hospital-Cornell Medical Center tends disprove the "pain-threshold" theory y may have heard. Doctors James D. Ha and Carl T. Javert, in measuring the p of labor, have concluded that it is not t that some people feel pain more quic than the average ("low threshold") or t others are less sensitive to pain ("h threshold"). They say that the same sti ulus produces the same sensation of pain every normal woman, but the *reaction* the pain is greater or lesser according the woman's attitude. Tension and fear then, make childbirth more difficult; edu tion and relaxation, as advanced by "n ural childbirth" advocates, do make bi less harrowing. But the pain is the same either case.

The pain at the two high points describ represents only a fraction of the total hou of labor, and it is not unendurable. But *is* as great a pain as any known to huma kind. The woman who expects and und stands the process will fare better than t one who is conditioned by old wives' ta at either extreme.

19. Second babies come faster than fi babies.

True, and each succeeding baby is a to be born more quickly than the last. T contracting muscles of the uterus meet l resistance from the tissues involved af those tissues have once been stretched previous childbirth. A study showed th a 7¼-pound first baby required an avera of 135 contractions, start to finish, while 7¾-pound second baby was delivered an average of 68 contractions. For so unknown reason, each child tends to slightly heavier than the previous one but even so, second labors are almost per cent shorter than first.

20. "Dry labors" are longer, more di cult and more dangerous than ordina labors.

On the contrary! A "dry labor" is o which begins not with the usual contra tions but with the rupture of the membran —or, if you will, the bursting of the bag waters containing the baby. This has be found to *shorten* labor in many instanc The "danger" lies in giving birth in a ta

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nce upon a time an occasional baby born with the membrane, called a caul, intact. These days, if the membranes ıot rupture of their own accord before birth, the doctor breaks them. So if believe that "a child born with a caul ıcky," you're out of luck.

Most babies are born at night.

tatistics say that births *and* the begin-gs of labor are distributed pretty evenly ınd the clock. Parents say something again, but it's understandable. The av-ge first labor is 17 hours long, so there's bably a little night watching involved in st births.

It's dangerous for a pregnant woman smell fresh paint.

Iot dangerous; sometimes uncomfort-e. Once there might have been a danger ead poisoning from the fumes, but paint o longer made of toxic lead. The only ard now is headache. Many an unpreg-t he-man develops a headache from the ell of paint; if a pregnant woman is at inclined to nausea she'd best stick to her tor's recommendation of fresh air.

If a mother is nursing one baby, she 't conceive another.

Many a child owes his existence to *this* taken belief! Equally mistaken is the ion that the menstrual cycle must be ewed before conception can take place. A new pregnancy is possible just as soon one of the woman's ovaries releases a v egg. If the egg is not fertilized, men-ıation will discharge it from the uterus, ng with the bed of blood which lined the mb in preparation for the baby that is to be. *But*—this sign of a "lost oppor-ity" will not come until 14 to 18 days r the fertilization might have occurred. he menses do not return within a rea-able time after childbirth, it could very l be because another life has begun. A "reasonable time" is four to eight eks after delivery if the mother is not sing the child, five or six *months* after ivery if she is nursing. Sometimes the sing mother does not menstruate until has weaned the baby. This delay ad-tedly brings suspense, but it does *not* ng immunity.

24. Having a baby can ruin a woman's figure.

Perhaps we shouldn't pick holes in a mother's only noble excuse for "letting herself go," but there is no little evidence that, given half a chance, childbirth can improve the feminine form. "Half a chance" could be defined as follows: good prenatal care, with all its control of diet and general health; firm support of breasts during pregnancy and nursing; exercises to strengthen abdominal muscles after delivery; and a little won't-power at the table. A young girl of athletic build may snap back to her prepregnant shape without lifting a finger; an older girl inclined to fat may have a fight on her hands at first. But her figure is always within a mother's control. The figure changes wrought by pregnancy are not permanent.

25. Having a baby is harder on the father than the mother.

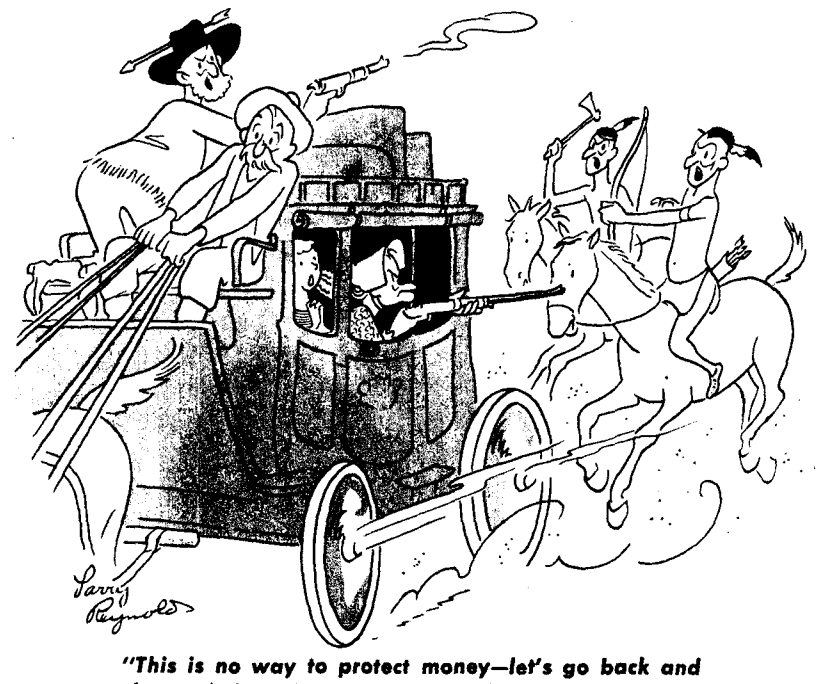
Don't laugh—this just *might* be true. Primitive peoples thought so. When a child was in the offing, it was the man who took to his bed—moaning, groaning and demanding constant service. The woman took a few hours off to deliver herself of the baby, but before and after the actual birth she nursed the father through his painful confinement. The tables are turned today. And sometimes "the little mother" can be a big headache.

Perhaps the hardest part for a man, psychologically, is simply "standing by." The caricature of father-in-the-waiting-room is too true to be funny. Something —not much, but something—can be done to ease the helpless frustration which is man's lot at such times. The mother can keep the father posted on what her doctor says; she can educate him on the mechanics of labor and convince him that over 90 per cent of all deliveries are normal. She can warn him that newborn babies can look peculiar without being peculiar. Above all, she can remember that her husband hears horror stories he's afraid to mention to her; she can give him the facts and forestall the fears.

The clever wife, then, combats old wives' tales not only for herself but for her husband. If she does, pregnancy and birth will be a great adventure, and a pleasant one, for them both. THE END

"You know, George—I just can't help feeling there's something very phony about those people"

COLLIER'S JACK TYRRELL



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HARRY DEVLIN

Tear Off That Gag, Mister

WHEN PEOPLE TALK about the American labor force, it is safe to say that many of them are thinking in terms of wage earners, or factory workers. But the fact is that employees who are paid by the hour do not form a majority of the country's 62,000,000 jobholders, and wage earners in factories account for a rather small percentage of American employment. The biggest group in the labor force is made up of the salaried or white-collar workers.

We are indebted for a reminder of this generally overlooked item of information to General Robert Wood Johnson, chairman of the board of Johnson & Johnson, with whom we had a visit the other day. There are, he pointed out, roughly 7,000,000 farm workers, 20,000,000 wage earners and 28,000,000 in the salaried bracket. Yet he does not think that this last and largest group is aware of its size or its importance. "I am convinced," he said, "that 99 per cent of those people believe themselves to be a part of an inconsequential political minority."

We would guess that the general's estimate is correct. And the impression of political unimportance is probably due to the fact that the increase in jobs for salaried workers has been so gradual and unpublicized. As more machines, and more complicated ones, have come into use, there has been a greater call for salaried technicians and engineers. The higher production which goes with greater mechanization has made more jobs for salesmen, clerks and other white-collar workers. The result is a new, important phase of the industrial revolution.

Yet the phase has come about so quietly that, as General Johnson said, its political importance is scarcely realized. Most of the farm group and the wage earners are well organized and influential. Their lobbies in Congress and the state legislatures have considerable effect on our government and our economy. Yet the white-collar workers—the executive and supervisory and technical people—are, as Senator George of Georgia has remarked, "the group in the structure of our nation which is seldom, if ever, represented by spokesmen before committees of the Congress or by lobbyists."

General Johnson is impressed by the situation, and is trying to do something about it. His aim is not to organize the unorganized. He is simply trying to stimulate political awareness and knowledge by means of Sound Government Committees throughout his company's plants.

The program is simple and informal, and can best be explained, perhaps, by stating some of the things that it isn't. It is not partisan. It is not dictatorial. There are no dues. It is not run by the "top brass." In fact, executives above a certain management level do not participate. Small groups of management and technical people meet for panel discussions during working hours. They talk to individuals and civic and business groups. They write to or visit officials of the government. And they vote.

It seems to us that Johnson & Johnson has an idea that is worth consideration by other businesses and industries. The white-collar workers are not only the country's most numerous, but also the most diversified in activities and interests. They certainly personify that famous character, the Average Citizen. As such, they are less likely to be special pleaders than the organizations of farmers, labor union members and business executives. We think a little less special pleading would be a mighty healthy thing for the country. And we're in favor of sensible moves like the Johnson & Johnson program, which will help the Average Citizen to make his wishes known, and thus make our representative government more truly representative.

Sounds Kind of Like Moscow

THANKS TO THE United Steelworkers of America, we are able to offer a new package definition of the words bias, misrepresentation, demagoguery and prejudice. The definition: expressing an opinion on a controversial subject.

This definition will also fit a number of other epithets. For the samples above are only a few of the hard words that the union, in convention assembled, flung at newspapers which saw fit to criticize Mr. Truman's seizure of the steel industry. Most people, we believe, would agree that the President's action was debatable, and that discussion of it was not only valid but necessary. The steelworkers apparently thought otherwise.

Their resolution sharply condemned "those publishers, editors and industrialists who have shamelessly seized the nation's press to conduct an assault against the steelworkers and against public servants who have acted in the public interest." The resolution might have added, "Moscow papers please copy." But they will, anyway. There were also accusations of "unfair treatment," "antidemocratic domination of the news" and "lies."

These charges made no distinction between news coverage and editorial comment. We read a good deal of both during the steel negotiations and the events that followed, and all the news stories that we saw seemed accurate and unbiased. The editorial criticism was directed chiefly at Mr. Truman. Nowhere did we see anything that we could possibly have construed as "an assault against the steelworkers."

We also read a review of the steel dispute which was part of a speech that Philip Murray, president of the CIO and of the steel union, made before the convention that passed this resolution. And unless the newspaper accounts of the steel negotiations and what followed were uniformly and collusively wrong, Mr. Murray is more than slightly vulnerable to the charges of bias that his union brought against the press.

The Murray speech and the convention resolution reflect an attitude on the part of several leaders of union labor, Mr. Murray among them, which we find rather disturbing. These union heads have come to feel that any criticism of their special treatment by the government is prejudice, misrepresentation and so on.

Thus, in this instance, their own prejudice allowed them to misread the newspaper comment and to forget that the chief issue was not the United Steelworkers and their demands, but Harry S. Truman and the Constitution. Fortunately for the country, the American press put the matter in its proper perspective.

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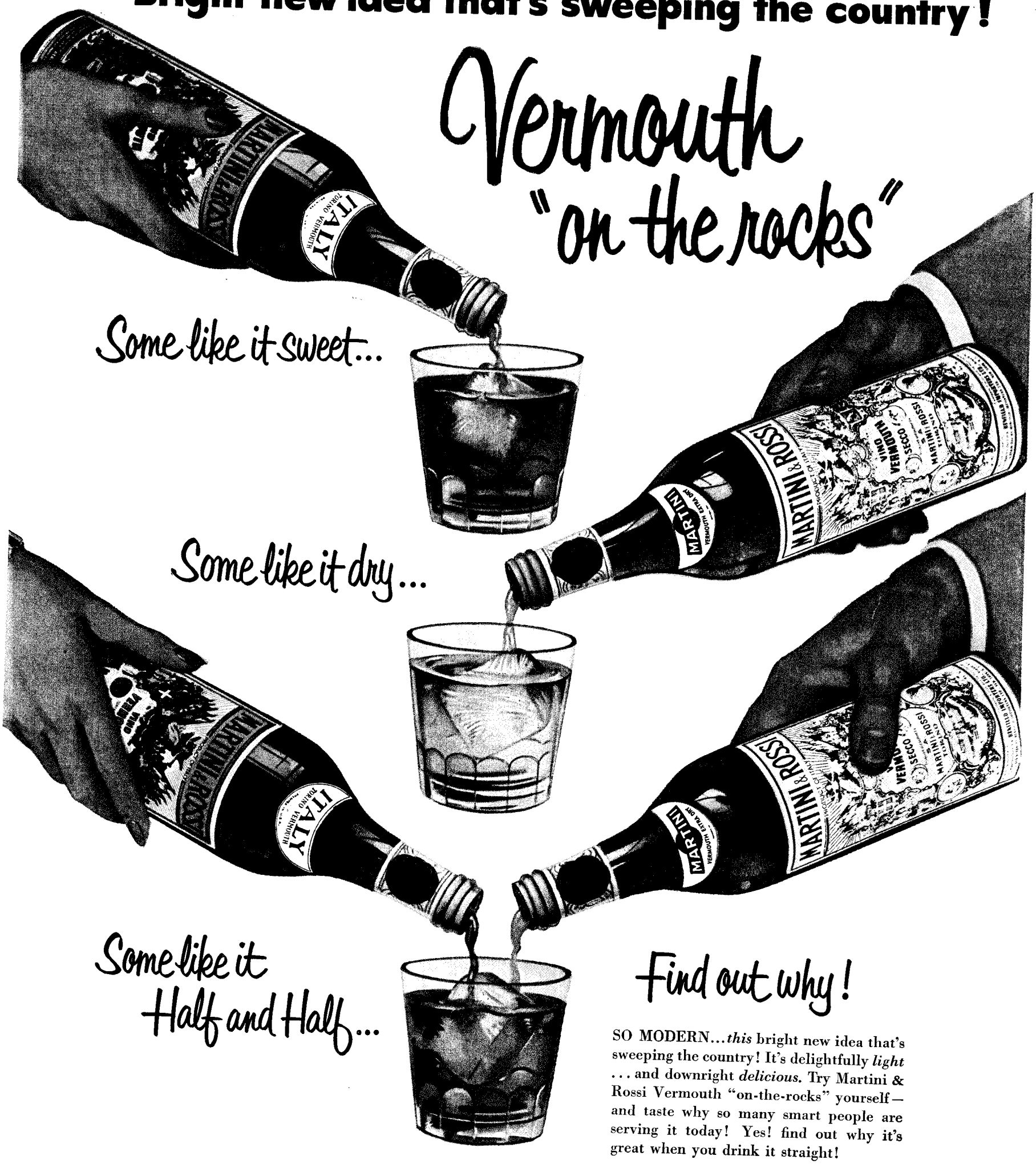

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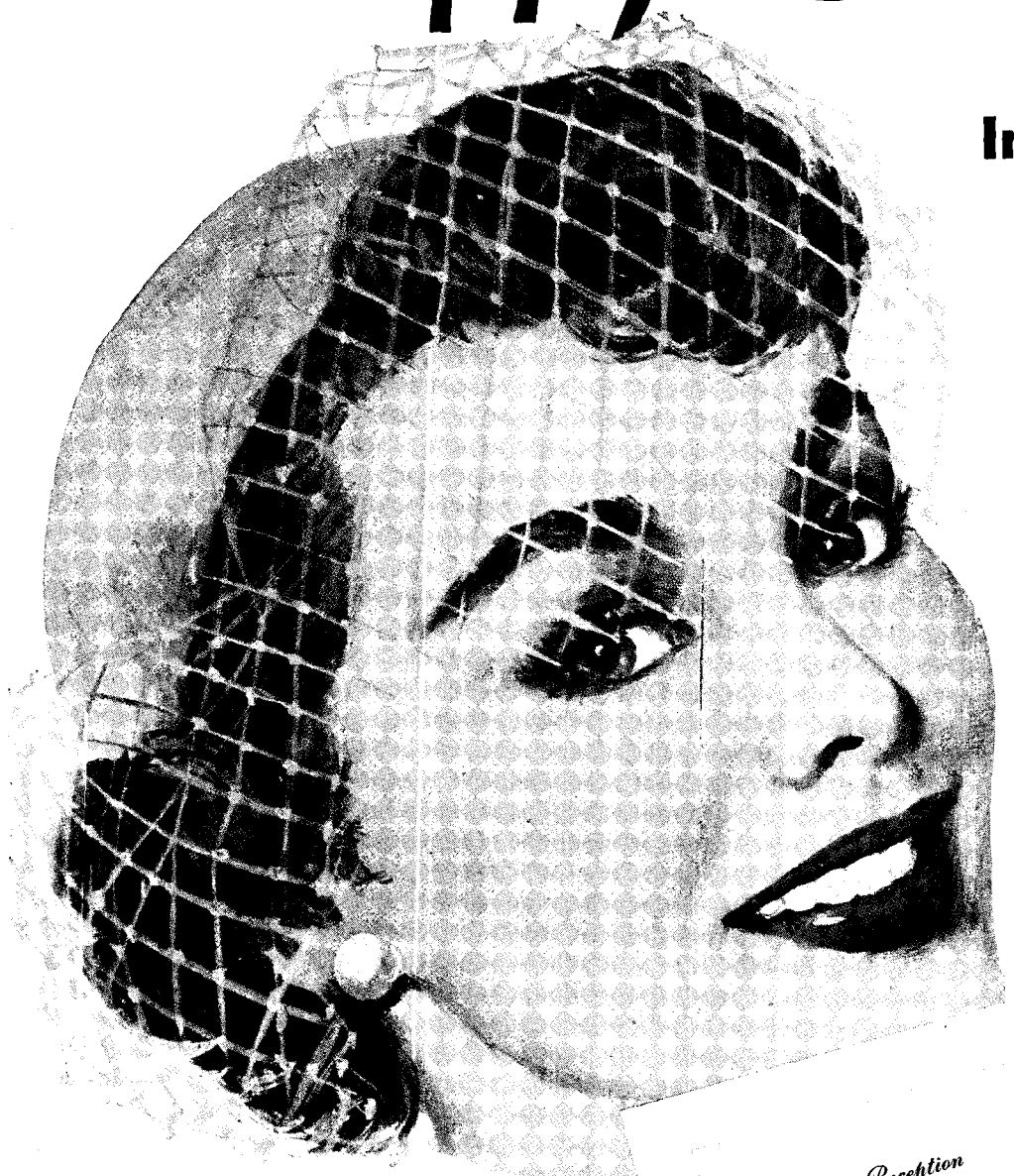

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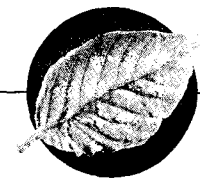

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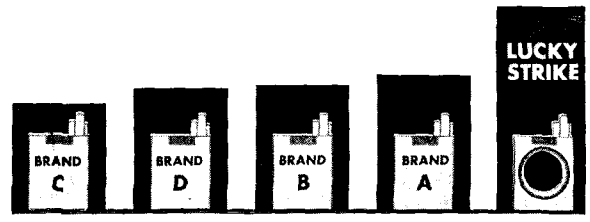

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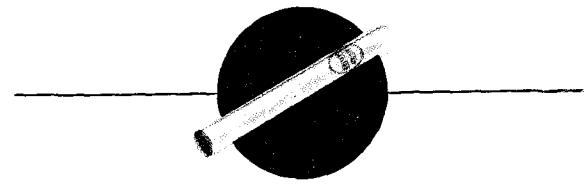

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